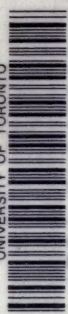


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BOOK

OF THE

Poets

THE

Modern Poets

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SCOTT, WEBSTER & GEARY,

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ESSAY
ON THE
ENGLISH POETRY
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE spirit of English poetry, with a few bright exceptions, presents a singularly faded and exhausted appearance during the greater part of the eighteenth century. Poetry, indeed, had almost dwindled into a mere mechanical process of versification. If the lines were of a certain specified length; if the rhymes accorded; if the pause of each line rested upon a certain foot, and if each idea was comprised within a couplet—the poem was complete. Variety there was little or none—all was reduced to a monotonous sing-song, with which the ear of society had been lulled into sluggish acquiescence. It is no wonder that, in such an age, the versification of Pope was reckoned immeasurably superior to that of Dryden and Milton; and that the rhythm of Addison's *Cato*, or Home's *Douglas*, was preferred to that of Shakspeare. It is no wonder, also, that blank verse in general had ceased to possess its wonted attractiveness. The majesty, the harmony, the variety, of which it is susceptible, were no longer attained, because they were no longer appreciated; and instead of the spirit of versification, the mechanism of rhyme was substituted, to indicate to the eye, or the ear, that the composition in question was actual poetry, and not prose.

The same frigid and artificial character, which regulated the frame-work of poetry, pervaded also its spirit. It was no longer a glowing delineation, a vivid picture, of either external or internal nature. If woods and lawns, hills and dales, trees

and rivers, were introduced, it was merely as objects possessing certain forms and colours; apart from these obvious qualities, they had no language or symbol of a deeper meaning with which to address the affections of humanity. If passions were delineated, it was merely by their external effects: their springs and their inward workings, their origin, progress, and development, independently of outward exhibitions, seemed to be matters undreamt of. Of all the objects of creation, indeed, it may be said, as of the moon and stars, that there is "no speech nor language where their voice is not heard;" but poets were deaf to that all-pervading appeal of which they should have been the legitimate organs and interpreters. How then could it be otherwise, than that before them the human heart lay cold and pulseless, and that the universe itself was musicless and without speech, when they had reduced the principles of the heaven-kindled science to such a narrow and artificial system? Still less is it to be wondered at, that they did not dare to exert the legitimate rights of poetry, by creating new worlds of thought and imagery, when that real and tangible world which lay before their eyes was approached so coldly, or shunned so carefully.

As might have been expected from such a mechanical state of poetry, a set of conventional phrases was formed by which the process of verse-making was rendered still more easy and unintellectual. Thus, if the poet wished to write a pastoral, the "snowy fleeces," the "verdant lawns," and "purling streams," were all at hand, and might be arranged without an effort. Like the canvas scenes of a panorama, they might be made to revolve before the on-lookers by the turning of a winch. If he commenced a production of some length, it was necessary, in the first place, to invoke his Muse, without which the poem would have looked like a sermon without a text; and after he had done this, to talk of his harp or his lyre, at decent intervals, to remind his reader that he was singing in tuneful numbers. The figments of the classical mythology, which had no meaning but in the classical ages, were also as sedulously pressed into the service of the poet as if they were still matters of public faith; and passions were attempted to be excited, and sympathies moved, by continual appeals to Jove, Mars, Apollo, the Fates, and the Furies, Venus, Cupid, and Minerva. A mere noun

substantive made a pitiful figure by itself in orthodox verse, and required to be propped by an adjective, and therefore the rhymers were supplied with some epithet for every object in nature: a mead was invariably a "flowery mead;" the rose must always be "blushing," and the zephyr "sighing." There were also certain every-day objects, the names of which it was thought necessary to aggrandise, before they could be fitted for the purposes of poetry. Thus, the sun could not shine in verse but under the name of Phœbus, nor the evening star arise unless it twinkled as Hesperus: even the sweet nightingale required to become Philomel, before she could be musical. Such was the manner in which sound was substituted for sense, and poetry itself was stifled, and buried under a mass of verbiage. So strong, also, was the enthralment of this established language, that the talented, as well as the inane, were obliged to succumb to it; and thus the finest poetry of this century, equally with the trash of Magazines and Miscellaneous Poems, is composed upon these established models. But what strength however great could have moved easily under such restrictions? What genius however brilliant could have shone through such a cloud? The most accomplished scholars, and even the poets of Nature's own creation, were born and nurtured in one common perversity; and, therefore, they were obliged to "weave the web and weave the woof," according to the scale of manufacture that had been decreed in the poetical market.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, however, there were several powerful causes under which the prosaic spirit of the classical poetry was fated to expire. And first of these, we may mention the popular feeling which, after having been lulled so long by those monotonous narcotic strains, began to arouse itself, and crave for something more exciting. This demand would of itself have been sufficient for the destruction of the old system, and the creation of something new. Two poets, each a powerful master in his respective path, responded to the call; and Cowper and Burns evinced in their writings the superiority of truth, nature, and feeling, over the mere poetry of art, while the popularity they acquired demonstrated the ripeness of the public mind for so desirable a restoration. How otherwise, indeed, could the humble ploughman of Ayrshire have been recognised as one of the greatest of our na-

tional poets? He wrote in a dialect which the people of England little understood, and cared still less to understand; and had he confined himself to the style and models of the period, his reputation would probably have never travelled beyond the limits of his native country. But his impassioned lays were the truthful utterances of nature; they were the outpourings of a heart giving vent to its genuine emotions, untrammelled by rules, and undeterred by the fear of censure, and therefore they found an echo, and created a responsive vibration, in every bosom that could feel in like manner, without possessing the power or the hardihood to give those feelings a voice. Thus it was that even his Doric dialect, which had always grated so harshly in the ears of England, suddenly acquired in popular estimation a richness and melody hitherto unthought of; and it was cherished and revered, because it had conveyed to them, however partially, that voice of true poetry which had been so long unheard. What the English loved they naturally endeavoured to imitate, and therefore a school of poetry arose—a school, not indeed influential either from talent or numbers, but important as the indication of a change in poetical taste; in which not only the spirit, but even the dialect, of Burns was endeavoured to be imitated. Still, however, the influence of such minds as Cowper and Burns would have been insufficient to produce a general change, had it not been for that great political event by which the intellectual as well as political world was shaken to its centre. This was the French Revolution, which, like an earthquake, was destined to shake and throw down both tower and temple, and create a new surface, for the erection of new systems and principles. While Europe was looking on in fearful expectation upon events of such tremendous interest, with every feeling wound to the utmost stretch, who, at such a crisis, could have expressed his emotions coldly and calmly, and by a tame mechanical process? Love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, all and each alternately raised to a species of madness, required a correspondent utterance for such a mighty inspiration, and hence the poetry of Europe at large assumed a wildness, a fervour, and a strength, commensurate with the grandeur of those political events by which every community was agitated.

Of all those countries which were so influenced, Germany was the chief. It was fortunate, in this case, that she had no previous national literature, and therefore she had little to unlearn. When the naturally strong and fervent spirit of her people was aroused to thought and inquiry, she advanced in consequence, with all the freshness and buoyancy of a first existence, to the creation of a national poetry; and instead of taking their models from the writers of the eighteenth century, the German poets went to a more congenial source—to Shakespeare, and the great English poets of the early ages. These they studied, until they had caught their spirit and inspiration; and thus when they sang, it often seemed as if our illustrious dead of England had awoke to life, under the shock and stir of the mighty passing events, and had added, to their own native grandeur of intellect, the treasures of modern science and philosophy. And how natural it was that England, when she had become weary of the effete poetry which she had endured so patiently, should turn and listen to those rich echoes of tones that had been flung abroad from her own lyre? The new race of English poets, who were to enlighten and adorn the nineteenth century, betook themselves to those streams of inspiration that had flowed from the fountain-head of England; and while they imbued their own minds with the impassioned spirit of the new-born Teutonic Muse, they prepared their countrymen, in many instances, for the change, by translations from the most distinguished of their German contemporaries. In this manner, Germany, our mother-land, reciprocated the benefits which she had previously derived from her illustrious child. And no national jealousy could intervene between such endeared relationships, to mar the mutual harmony, and interrupt the projected renovation. German and English poets laboured with united hand and heart, as the children of one race, in the production of a common good.

And now, the period of the literary revolution in England had arrived; a revolution as complete as that political change which had convulsed France, and agitated the whole of Europe. Like that of France, too, it was to be in the first instance a work of violence and havoc, in which the necessary task of destruction was to precede that of renovation. And with what fearful zeal the innovation commenced! The doors of the

poetical temple were burst open; the floor was desecrated by unholy feet; the gods of the popular idolatry were thrown down, and the carved work of the sanctuary was demolished with axe and hammer, and cast forth among the rubbish of by-gone ages. Such at least did the deed appear in the eyes of the worshippers, who looked on and trembled. Even Pope was not spared, even Addison was not safe; and as for the Pomfrets, the Akensides, and the Shenstones, of the former century, they were proclaimed to be little less than false prophets, who had taught delusion, and led the multitudes astray. And where was now the divinity of Phœbus and Jove; or who would have dared to invoke his Muse, or talk of the doves of Venus, and the darts of Cupid? The poetical crooks were broken; the sheep, that had bleated so tenderly in tuneful numbers, were sent to the shambles; the shepherdesses were confined to their milking-pails; and all the prettinesses of poetry, that had bedecked the woods, lawns, and meadows, vanished like a flimsy frost-work, in the hot blast that had passed over them. It was indeed a "Reign of Terror" that thus prepared the way for the coming of the new order of things; and, as in political revolutions, the recoil that was made was, at first, into the opposite extreme. Thus, instead of the tame, declamatory, moral drama, in which people made love, fought quarrels, and died according to the most perfect rules of etiquette, the overstrained horrors of the unreformed German stage were introduced in all their native grisliness. Roses and lilies, that had been the established flowers of the preceding poets, were abandoned for such humble things as pebbles and weeds—even a daisy was thought to savour too much of the exploded school, and a fragment of sea-weed was a poetical treasure. And now also, as it had been hitherto the fashion to introduce only the illustrious into poetry, while the commons were consigned to prose, the innovators, who had abased the proud, exalted the lowly in their room; and the philosophising of pedlars, or the woes of children, were thought worthy of long poems and sounding hexameters. A new language of poetry also, in which the principles of rhythm and accentuation seemed to have become as novel and extravagant as the ideas they embodied, was carefully cultivated, and new modes of illustration were created with a profusion that kept

the public gaze in a perpetual whirl of astonishment. Nothing less than such a thorough up-turning was necessary, to clear the whole surface of its accumulated rubbish; and, truly, there was no lack either of zeal or violence. The tree that had grown so long under a perverted and unnatural bias, was now as strongly bent, and held down in the opposite direction, that it might recover its original straightness. Of this, indeed, the agents themselves were not fully aware; but careful on-lookers, who kept aloof from the excitement, could anticipate the result. A better season was to follow, in which confusion would cease, and the spirit of innovation would be compelled to pause for lack of something to overturn; and when a nobler creative spirit would emerge from this scene of havoc, to replenish the waste with the forms and beings of a higher and more attractive existence.

No name can be more fitly mentioned as first in the front rank of the poets of the new school, than that of Wordsworth; for to him the high reputation is due, of having been the first of the poets of this century to emancipate himself from the bondage of the classical school. And never was act of resistance to an established despotism characterised by greater decision and self-devotedness. Perceptions of the pure, the beautiful, and the sublime, were stirring within his heart, with which the poetry of the day had no sympathy: the changing melodies of a thousand emotions were murmuring upon his ear, to which the scanty compass of the patent harp could give no utterance. He had seen and felt, that external nature was something more than mere form and colour—something more than the mere platform upon which actors were to be introduced, to recite a speech or enact a tale. The warm and living soul that stirred within it, and with which Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, had held such high and endearing communion—this he well knew was the real spirit of the poetry of external objects, but which had been suffered to slumber so long within its cold recesses, undisturbed and uninvoked. He was also aware that the poetry of inner nature, or the heart, had equally fallen into abeyance, because poets had merely looked abroad, instead of turning their view inwards; and thus their descriptions had delineated external action merely, without reference to the feelings and principles in which

it originates. When Wordsworth, therefore, listened to the voice of nature, which utters a whispered oracle from each of its works, and studied the heart that was lodged within his own bosom, he had mastered that knowledge both of the physical and moral world, without which there can be no poet. His principle was thus adopted, his lesson was studied, and nothing was wanting but the rehearsal. And what was the reward of his devotedness, and his labours? He had merely gone back to the genuine Hippocrene of the great masters of antiquity, and their successors of modern ages in England; and his whole offence consisted in following the universally recognised rules of nature, instead of the conventional authorities that had so lately usurped their place. But his poetry was as startling as if he had announced some new and monstrous heresy, and the astonishment which it produced was mingled with no small portion of indignation. The deed was an act of rebellion against the whole tuneful tribe, as well as a general defiance to the kingdom of criticism—and therefore the poet lampooned, while the critic condemned him. It is worthy of remark, too, that the radical defects of his poetry, and those from which he was subjected to deserved censure and ridicule, arose from that very quality which best fitted him to be a reformer. As it was the first principle of his creed, that all nature was pervaded with the spirit of poesy, from the moth to the mammoth, and from the mustard-seed to the cedar of Lebanon, no object therefore was too insignificant for a stanza, and, in the true spirit of a sturdy, uncompromising innovator, he selected for his first themes those that were the most humble and unpromising. The thread-like streamlet that scarcely glimmered to the sun as it wound, almost unnoticed, through the tall flags which it nourished—an exiled shell still echoing the sound of its native ocean—a pebble rounded and polished by the brook—a leaf dancing in the sunshine—a waggon, lumbering and creaking along the dusty highway—even a meek ass grazing upon the common, and shaking its passive ears at the oaths and blows of the tormentors—these, and such as these, were the subjects to which he gave the preference, and by which he attempted to illustrate his simple theory. Nor were even his heroes of a more ambitious character. Betty Foy and Peter Bell, the prattling of infants, and the stammering of idiots, usurped the

place of sages haranguing out of Cato and Seneca, and heroes raging in Ercles' vein. A roar of laughter was the poet's meed—but still he persevered. Whether he had carefully calculated the effect or not, it was necessary in the first instance to astound the world, that it might be provoked to inquire, and tempted to listen: this was certainly accomplished, and it was now his part to arm himself with a martyr's endurance, and continue his thankless labours, that the world might understand, and be convinced. This he did; and the opposition, at first so loud and high, gradually began to diminish. While all were obliged to confess that his poetical talents, independently of his impracticable themes, were of the highest quality, some began to suspect that in his theory of poetry he might after all be in the right. His first notes had been pitched upon the lowest key, and the ears of his hearers had been grated—but as he proceeded, the music rose, and embraced every tone in the ascending scale of poetical harmony. In this manner he exhibited, according to the variety of his subjects, at one time the strength, the terseness, and didactic clearness, which reminded us of Dryden; at another, an echo of the grandeur of Milton; and again, at another, something of the metaphysical analysis, and delineation of character, which formed the glory of our matchless Shakspeare. And could cavil continue against such a poet, or applause be withheld? Censure was gradually extinguished in admiration, or silenced by shame. And as the world seldom repents, and revokes its condemnation, by halves, not only the excellencies of Wordsworth were fully acknowledged, but even his blemishes were exalted into beauties; and the nursery rhymes and waggon lyrics, in which he had experimented perhaps too liberally, were thought to contain a depth of meaning which he had purposely hid beneath the surface, that none but profound thinkers and pains-taking inquirers might have the pleasure of the discovery.

While Wordsworth was adopting the lowliest themes as the subjects of poetical description, another poet was labouring in the same field, but in a very different spirit. This was Crabbe, the Morland of modern poetry, whose chief ambition was to paint things as they really existed, and describe them as they appeared to the eye, and who seems, like Dryden, to have selected heroic verse for his purpose, because it was “fittest

for his theme, and nearest prose." Crabbe even out-did Wordsworth in his predilection for humble life and trivial objects; but it was not from a similar desire to extract from them any subtle, metaphysical essence, or to aggrandize them with life and beauty. From the commencement of his career, he had resolved to become the laureate of the poor, and the recorder of their sorrows and sufferings; and therefore he shows no sympathy with beauty and grandeur, or any other quality that was foreign to his purpose. Let the fairest landscape open to his eye, and he only thinks of the poor reaper who is toiling there at the rate of a shilling a day, or the old ditcher broken down with rheumatism, and fainting upon his spade. The beautiful column of smoke ascends in the bright sunshine, and undulates in the light breeze, like a gently stirred plume; but the eye of Crabbe traces it to the miserable, mud-built cottage, while his heart revels by anticipation in the squalor with which it is tenanted. To him the valley of Tempe itself is nothing, compared with the charms of a dirty, narrow, crooked street, composed of rickety hovels; and all the nymphs and fauns that ever poetry created are worthless in his eyes, compared with a brood of ragged children discharged from the village school, the workhouse, or the factory. And what a dismal, heart-rending sketch would he have given us, if his theme had been "The Deserted Village!" The muse of Goldsmith could enter an humble alehouse; but it was only to select agreeable objects, and enhance them with the associations they called up—the nicely sanded floor, the well-polished furniture, the carefully preserved prints upon the wall, and the innocent festivities of the rustics to which all these had been subservient. But Crabbe, in a similar situation, sees nothing except the tables defiled with beer and tobacco, the chairs overturned and broken, and the floor littered with prostrate drunkards. The house of Goldsmith's country clergyman is a home of happiness and hospitality; but in the hands of Crabbe, a rural divine, with only forty pounds a year, would have been any thing but "passing rich." The poet would rather have dwelt upon his thread-bare coat, his scanty dinners, his miserable make-shifts, and his feverish struggles to obtain a better living. And where would have been the "ruined spendthrift," the "long-remembered beggar," and the "broken soldier?" Crabbe

would have quoted the statute against vagrants, and sent them to the stocks or the tread-mill. With him, guilt has no apology, poverty no charm, and suffering no mitigation: the loathsomeness, the paltriness, and the degradation, with which they are imbued, he describes with a force and fidelity in which nothing is softened or omitted. And then, too, his language, embodying as it does such prosaic subjects, is necessarily little more than rhymed prose; for any style of a more exalted description would have been not only inadequate, but absolutely ludicrous, like the caricature of Miltonic verse in the *Splendid Shilling* of Philips. And in all this, Crabbe was not only a daring innovator, but an acknowledged poet of very high order. He devoted himself to scenes, characters, and feelings, which had hitherto been fastidiously rejected; and he showed that poverty, wretchedness, and toil, had also their poetry, as well as pomp, and prosperity, and power. For the labours and sufferings of the poor at large, he did, in sad and sober earnest, what Gay accomplished for a segment of the same society in a spirit of merriment and caricature, when he described the loves and amusements of ploughmen and milk-maids. And the result was similar in both instances. The *Eclogues* of Gay became popular from their truthfulness, notwithstanding the lowly character of their subjects; and the delineations of Crabbe have obtained a still higher popularity, because to the same fidelity of description were added the charms of a wider variety and a more sincere and fervent enthusiasm.

As the poetry of humble life was not only reckoned low, but prosaic and unnatural, some years had to elapse before it acquired the attention it had so justly merited. While the writings of Wordsworth and Crabbe, therefore, were contending with critical obloquy, and making a progress that was almost unnoticed, the arena was comparatively unoccupied. But a poet entered upon the scene who had no such opposition to surmount. This was Sir Walter Scott, who rushed into the unclaimed territory like one of his own border warriors, and whose appearance created as strong a sensation as if he had entered into a modern contest arrayed in the panoply of the middle ages. He selected military glory for his theme,—a theme at all times too dear to the human heart, but more especially at this period, when a gigantic struggle was going on

in which the fate of Europe was imperilled. This was of itself enough to have ensured him popularity, had he even laboured in the beaten track. But a still sounder policy directed him in the choice of those subjects by which the ruling principle of his poetry was to be illustrated. He equally eschewed the worn-out slings, darts, and faulchions, of the old classical warfare, and the guns, drums, and "villainous salt-petre," of the modern school—and when men might have wondered what period, or what region, remained for him, he selected a sort of neutral ground still comparatively untrodden, and which he could occupy and people at pleasure. The fierce national wars between England and Scotland were neither too antiquated for the sympathies of the present generation, nor too recent to awaken former animosities; they abounded with heroes and stirring events that were admirably suited for the purposes of a martial poet; and they, as yet, remained unsung, except in those rude ballads which had long ceased to possess a public interest. Here then Scott took his stand, and "sounded his warrison"—and it was no wonder that the harpings of his more gentle contemporaries were drowned in the loud blasts of his war-trumpet. The whole land re-echoed, and every heart leaped into double life at such inspiring music, enhanced as it was by the boldness and originality of its character. Under the mastery of the poet, the chiefs of departed ages became something more than mere poetical impersonations; their arms, their dress, even their features, were so vividly and minutely described, that they were living men of flesh and blood: we heard their measured tread, and the rustling of their robes, as they paced the hall; and we saw the very sparks that flashed from their horses' hoofs, as they spurred to the encounter. The choice of the poet also in the articles of time and place, gave him the command of a rich variety, by which he could change the scene at pleasure, and produce a fresh interest with every change. Thus, the fierce border outlaw succeeded the equally fierce, but more haughty and high-minded baron; the clans of the Gael variegated, with their tartans, the sombre monotonous ranks of the Saxons; and the pastoral and woodland landscape of the Lowlands, was alternated with the wilder and grander scenery of the Highlands. But the feverish excitement which such poetry produced could

not be lasting, and the period of re-action came when men could calmly inquire wherefore they had been so moved and delighted. And what was the result? They found that they had been allured into a semi-barbarous state of society with whose principles and modes of life they had unwittingly fraternized. The grim baronial tower and its donjon, the haughty lord and his slavish retinue, the ferocity, the nakedness, and the abjectness, of the feudal ages, had constituted the framework of that state of existence with which they had been so highly enchanted. The phosphoric brilliancy of a chivalrous fancy had been flung over the scene, so that nakedness itself had been clothed with splendour, and men whose sole occupation was plunder and massacre, had been exalted into heroes and patriots. With the feelings of men who discover that they have not only been duped, but made ridiculous, society discovered that they had been deifying that mere brute courage which is common to the animal man at large, and which the brute-like savages of an American forest were capable of appreciating as fondly, and lauding as highly, as themselves. And this unwonted fit of sober calculation was marvellously aided by the peculiar state of the political season under which it occurred. Our country was upon the close of the war, and was retiring from the strife, crowned indeed with victory, but bleeding, breathless, and exhausted, while the terrible account-book which was now opened to her loathing view, persuaded her that military renown was not only the most profitless, but the most expensive, of all luxuries. When not only the merciless test of philosophical analysis, but the churlish spirit of political economy, was thus brought to bear upon such martial poetry, the advanced spirit, as well as the vanity and self-love of the age, was wounded by the remembrances of its former ascendancy, and the popularity of Sir Walter as a poet decreased as suddenly as it had risen. The bard of feudalism appeared as if he had been suddenly surrounded by a new and uncongenial race of beings; and he felt, that he had indeed become the "*Last Minstrel*," and that the age of chivalry was gone for ever.

But although society was convinced of the delusion under which it had laboured, it was not yet ripe for the abandonment of its literary follies; and, therefore, when Scott's extraordi-

nary popularity had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, it was only to exchange one source of poetical excitement for another. The craving for something new was universal, and such a demand was not likely to remain ungratified; it invariably finds or creates the luxury upon which it seeks to feed. Under this powerful feeling, Lord Byron was as completely evoked from his original obscurity, as was Napoleon himself from the first subsiding elements of the French Revolution—and, like Napoleon, he came forward to astonish, overthrow, and be dethroned. Nothing too could have been more startling or original than his commencement. Other poets had attempted to conciliate the public favour by assent and flattery; but in Byron's eyes it was valueless unless it was obtained by sheer violence, and therefore he carried it, like a conqueror, by storm. He took for his theme the worthlessness of those whom he addressed, the emptiness of their pursuits, and the hopelessness of their destinies, and branded them all with fierce and withering contempt. Such was constantly his world-defying theme, whether he spoke under the gloomy aspects of Harold, the Corsair, Lara, the Adrian Renegade, or the more sportive character of Don Juan; in every change he told society that their struggle for glory and happiness was a dream, and their fancied excellence a deceit, for that man was a ferocious, frivolous, and heartless being, as unworthy of life as he was unfitted for immortality. The universality of such a challenge prevented a reply: when the whole world was thus defied, who would throw the first stone at the maligner? And these odious and repulsive charges were delivered in far other language than that of common misanthropy. They were not only surrounded with a show of truth, but invested with a splendour of poetry that could only find a parallel in the brightest of past ages; and they were expressed with a vehement earnestness that swept before it the hearts of men, and deprived them of all power to pause or deliberate. Here was the luxury of a *new* sensation, for which much could be overlooked or forgiven. But there were ulterior considerations independent of mere poetic power, that gave a stronger attractiveness to such unpalatable doctrines. Each reader, for the time, was exalted above the rest of his species; and he could look down with an air of superior wisdom upon the dark valley

beneath his feet, and sneer at the earthlings who were toiling and fretting in the worthless struggle of existence. Thus the self-love of each was gratified at the expense of his fellows, and he was enabled to vent his petty scorn or hatred by a new and most overwhelming nomenclature of misanthropy. A powerful additional charm also to Byron's poetry arose from the history and personal feelings of its noble author. The lofty and isolated pinnacle upon which he stood, and the almost supernatural energy of bitterness with which he denounced and defied society, would have constituted him a demon rather than a man, so that the astonishment and admiration he at first excited would soon have been succeeded by abhorrence. But the poet declared that he had loved his species and been only recompensed with their hate—that he had trusted them and been deceived—and that they had driven him from among them, and forced him to retire to that unenviable pre-eminence from which he would fain still descend and mingle with them in affectionate sympathy, but they would not—and as he announced these his wrongs, whether real or imaginary, and bewailed his banishment, it seemed at times as if “tears such as angels weep burst forth,” to attest that his heart still yearned with the fondest sympathies of our nature. It was these keen sudden flashes of human feeling breaking through the darkness of his poetry, like lightning through a thunder-cloud, that invested with a glorious halo what would otherwise have been an unmitigated and forbidden gloom, so that hostility was softened, and sympathy wept over woes which had wrung from the poet's heart such throes and denunciations of agony. Here then was a cause, and an apology, for the misanthropical spirit of the poet, which exalted its most questionable attributes into beauties, and obtained for it a popularity that threw every other kind of poetry into the shade. The Byronic enthusiasm, when it had reached its height, was displayed by the public in correspondent exhibitions. It was thought, that a man who assassinated his neighbour in the dark, might have valid apologies for the deed: an infidel might elope with the wife of a Turk, and slay the unreasonable husband who presumed to punish her; and a pirate, who scuttled ships, and cut throats without compunction, might have his “thousand crimes” redeemed by his one virtue of domestic affection. All these were

heroes, and amiable personages, at whose excellencies men kindled, and over whose sorrows women wept. Every rhymer, also, who could construct a stanza, began to discover himself an afflicted, persecuted man, of whom the world was unworthy; and thus in every street and highway, there were to be found poetasters blaspheming humanity, or weeping to the moon and stars, and complaining that men and the very elements had joined in a conspiracy to annoy them. And yet, how miserably had they mistaken the nature of Lord Byron's misanthropy! It was not his kind in the abstract which he hated, but the artificial character that had been impressed upon them. He dreamt of certain noble elements as constituting the perfection of the human being, but which had been perverted or effaced by the corruptions of modern refinement. This was the only original sin through which man had fallen, while the only im-paradised Adam was the fierce barbarian roaming unchecked, and obeying nothing but the impulses of his own free will. He would fain have advanced, or rather thrown back, the whole human race into this Utopian condition, and made man a loving, hating, and slaying animal by turns, and a poetical being in every change, like his own Giaours and Corsairs, whom he invested with a few moral impulses, to redeem them from total depravity; and who, with hearts overflowing with benevolence, were constrained to deeds of murder and plunder by a sort of irresistible destiny. These were the unvarnished men whom he delighted to contemplate; the men of fearless impulses, to which he would have again reduced mankind, in preference to the cold and formal impersonations of modern civilization; but the insuperable obstacles to such a consummation threw him into a state of despair, that attained its climax in the withering contempt with which he branded the whole existing state of society, in the pages of Don Juan. Had he but taken a right estimate of the present state of man! —had he but seen it in reference to the past and the future! He would then have perceived that man does not live in vain; and that all, however untoward and unhopeful here, is finding, through its dark and rugged channels, that eternal ocean in which it seeks to terminate. But without faith there can be no hope, and therefore, like the blinded Cyclops, he continued to grope within his cave, and murmur his disappointments. In

such a state, it was a relief to throw himself into the whirlwind of warfare; and a thought still lingered within his heart that, by a desperate effort, his theories upon human nature might yet be realized, and that liberty, civilization, and happiness, might be engrafted upon the barbarian virtues of oppressed and alien Greece. He only lived long enough to witness the natural tendency of these wild unregulated energies, from which he had hoped so much, and to know that the half-savage state of man exceeds every other only in the magnitude of its crimes, and the completeness of its depravity.

But vast as were the merits of Lord Byron's poetry, its popularity even already has fallen greatly into abeyance. By universal consent, indeed, it has been raised to a high and permanent place in the literature of our country; but this concession has been made to its intellectual merits, rather than to its moral worth, or its influence upon the sympathies and affections of the public. The brightness with which it dazzled and astonished, the irresistible force with which it struck and overpowered, were followed by a reaction that left time for calm, dispassionate inquiry; and the sophisms which it had so eloquently inculcated, were reduced to their original nothingness or deformity. Were the endearing courtesies and mild virtues of the artificial state of society worth nothing? Were those delicate and manifold threads that so gently unite man to man a mere selfish union, and an inglorious bondage? Were those ameliorations of the ills of life, and those numberless facilities for human improvement, which our present social state has created, to be foregone for that poetical state of society in which love and hate might rage without disguise, and without control? And above all, was man in very truth that abject, shivering, helpless creature, whose beginning and end were equally in nothingness, and whose far-reaching soul left nothing but the crumbling church-yard skull which it had once tenanted? The wild glare of barbarism, and the thick, dismal gloom of atheism, were atmospheres of existence from which the better feelings of the age turned away with loathing and indignation: no poetry, however magnificent, could atone for the insult of having recommended them. And still, society in its estimate of Lord Byron, has done him ample justice. It acknowledges, that, as a poet, he was incontestably the greatest of his illus-

trious contemporaries, although his power had been that of a malignant sorcerer, instead of a spirit of health. His parallel is only to be found in past ages, among that illustrious pair whom he so nearly approached; but the comparison is only the more unfavourable, because these authors are, Shakspeare, the lover of humanity, and Milton, the poet of immortality.

This moral test, which has been acquiring the ascendancy during the nineteenth century, was imperiously needed, to check the extravagances of the Romantic school of poetry; and its existence is the most gratifying indication that could be afforded of the healthy spirit and improveable capacity of the age. During the supremacy indeed of the new race of great poets, and while the public mind was in a whirl of astonishment and delight, the language of scruple was unheard, or but faintly whispered, and society was unwilling to be roused from that delightful trance into which it had been thrown. The literary censorship, in most instances, assisted to confirm this acquiescence, by the unmeasured laudations in which it dealt; and a fundamental principle in the "cant of criticism" was, that the moral perversities of intellectual power were not to be scanned too closely. But the dream was exhausted, and men awoke, and instead of turning themselves once more to sleep, they betook themselves to examination and inquiry. The stern *cui bono*, with its reference to the highest and best interests of our species, was established as the criterion of popular approbation, and it has exhibited results which are, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of any former poetical period. This is the spirit that annihilated in an instant the obscenities of Little, and condemned the heartless immoralities of Don Juan—which will not tolerate either sneer or sophism against the sacred things of Revelation, nor even sympathise with the perversities of an alien creed, however beautiful may be the poetry with which they are adorned. The sanctities of humanity have equally banished the spurious sentimentalism of universal liberality, and the stern gloom of all-pervading misanthropy, so that they are no longer recognised as legitimate poetical elements; and as for the spirit of devotion, it can no longer be kindled by the poet who invokes a strange god, or eulogizes a false prophet. And then, too, the great pervading themes which have formed the chief delight of poets, the rose-wreathed

cup of festive sensuality, and the hero's conquering and destroying sword—even these have ceased to charm as they were wont, although they are seated in the master-principles of our nature. Even the graces must be clothed and veiled before they can step forth into public admiration. And that this feeling has been no mere transient whim, or prudish affectation, has been shown by that poetry of the present age which holds the highest place in public estimation. The devoted patriotism of Moore, and not his Epicureanism—the hearty Caledonian nationality that glows in the poetry of Scott, instead of his love of chivalrous exploits—the simple, heartfelt devoutness of Southey, rather than his pagoda divinities, and Dom-daniel wizards—the sudden bursts of elevated feeling, or melting tenderness, which are wrung by fits from the better nature of Lord Byron—and, above all, that buoyant, up-soaring spirit of faith and love which characterises the first great work of the Bard of Hope—these are the qualities of the great masters of modern song, which are now the most fondly and exclusively cherished, and without which no mere intellectual excellence could have saved them from neglect. Thus it is, that a home scene of domestic virtue and happiness outshines a Roman triumph, and a sacrifice to duty is of more account than a whole epic of heroic achievements. And to what is owing the great popularity of such poets as Milman, Croly, Heber, Pollok, and a whole host of inferior writers who have followed in their path? It was but a century ago that a religious bard of great power trembled to approach the public, because his theme was so unwonted, and so alien to the prevalent spirit, that he anticipated nothing except neglect or contempt. But now the religious poet is valued the more highly, and obtains a more universal popularity, by how much he succeeds in kindling the feelings of ardent devotion, and finding the most impressive language for its utterance.

Another great moral characteristic of the poetry of the present age has been evinced, in the closer approximation which it has made towards the history and feelings of the lower classes, and the manner in which it has connected them with literary and aristocratic sympathies. The stilted poetry of former ages could not descend to the “short and simple annals of the poor.” It was only with the heroic sufferings

and sentimental sorrows of high life that it could entertain a fellow-feeling. A king dethroned, or a hero expiring on the field, was the principal topic of the sublime; the faithlessness of a coroneted lady's lover, or the death of her pet parrot or lap-dog, was the chief argument of the pathetic. What indeed could the bard do more who depended for patronage or a dinner upon the wealthy and the noble? He was only acquainted with aristocratic joys and sorrows, and upon these alone he therefore expended his tuneful numbers. All that pertained to unadorned nature, and simple feeling, was only to be found by descending into the untitled world. The "herd," the "mob," the "lower orders," constituted a filthy Alsatia, into whose foul lanes the dainty and silk-shod Muse did not dare to penetrate. But this exclusive and fastidious spirit was broken when Crabbe and Wordsworth led the way. The world was startled to find, as if it had been a new discovery, that even the hamlet and the hovel contained the elements of true poetry as well as the castle and the palace; and that the unsophisticated feelings of an English and a Christian community, could furnish pictures more exciting than all the rude energies of semi-barbarians, or even the fictions of romance. The heroic struggle with the real ills of life; the grandeur of the victory, or the misery of the defeat—the love which difficulty could not daunt, nor poverty impair—the tenderness, the devotedness, the endurance, that so frequently warm and animate the otherwise cheerless fire-side of poverty and lowliness—these were topics of moral sublimity and tenderness which could now gratify the improved public taste, more especially after it had been dieted to the full upon the monotony of high life, or the mockery of fiction. When two such powerful and original minds as those we have mentioned thus gave the example and pointed the way, it was no wonder if others hurried into the unoccupied tract: the new principle rapidly widened, so that the history of the poor has now become as legitimate a source of poetry, as that of the regal and the noble. Thus the learned have been united with the illiterate, and the high with the low, by that eclectic spirit of poetry which constitutes one of the prevailing characteristics of the present day: the fire was so intense that a fusion inevitably followed, and the discordant elements of society have been resolved into one sympathetic

mass. And what great political as well as moral benefits may yet be evolved from this principle! Let but the spirit of sympathy, thus auspiciously commenced, be continued, and the hostile barriers within which the different ranks were entrenched will be removed; and the parties themselves, instead of being arrayed against each other for a warfare of extermination, will be able to meet in a spirit of mutual cordiality and love. The lord will no longer be branded as a tyrant, nor the peasant considered as a slave, but all, however different in degree, will reciprocate the amenities of life, as the inheritors of the same nature, and the children of one common family.

While adverting to the high moral character of the modern school of poetry, it would be ungenerous to omit the mention of one very important source in which it has originated. And here, it is only necessary to allude to that illustrious series of female writers by which the nineteenth century has been adorned. The development of female talent, and the consequent high rank which the sex have been enabled to assume in the scale of moral and intellectual being, is a circumstance altogether unprecedented in the history of civilized society. Learned and intellectual females, indeed, had appeared in almost every age, but it was as isolated examples: each stood alone, with a bright, but sad and solitary, lustre. Sometimes, also, in our own country, a talented woman had dared to step into the ranks of authorship, during the paroxysm of some literary excitement; but she was regarded as a marvel, or rather a monstrosity, and treated accordingly. She was banished from her own sex as a renegade, and kept aloof by the other as an interloper. It was thought that, by courting the public gaze, she had violated the rules of womanly decorum; and let her talents be what they might, she was called a deserter from her proper vocation of needlework and housekeeping. Such was the general feeling; and the result that ensued was natural. Authoresses deemed themselves bound to unsex themselves in self-defence; and having begun by a defiance of public opinion, they often ended by the forfeiture of their own esteem, so that they outdid the recklessness of a worthless age, by the looseness and profligacy of their writings. Upon this head, we need only advert to the Behns, the Heywoods, and the Manlys, of the beginning of the eighteenth century. But when the

education of both sexes was more justly equalized, so that female talent became less rare, and therefore less wondered at; and when such an endowment was not considered incompatible with female delicacy and gentleness, they could then venture to write from the overflowings of their hitherto suppressed hearts, without fear of being scowled into silence. And how natural was it, that their fondest and best efforts should be directed towards poetry! The first notes, indeed, with which they ventured to join the choral strain, were in a voice soft, gentle, and low—"an excellent thing in woman;"—but as the song of the age proceeded, and swelled into a wider grandeur, their sweet, clear, feminine accents were heard over the whole thunder-peal, like the notes of the high-toned flute over the deep crash of the orchestra. And how was it possible that poets could write indecorously in the company of such coadjutors? Or how could they fail to be elevated and refined by the force of such examples? A more than chivalrous delicacy was introduced by the entrance of these fair impersonations of the Muses, and a rivalry ensued of mutual courtesy, in which masculine strength was softened by female tenderness. Thus, war began to lose its glory, and havoc its magnificence; sublimity was mingled with softness and beauty; while the grandeur of public action was alternated with the virtues and the feelings of domestic life. It was as if an angel had descended, to rebuke the evil passions of humanity, and to show where real happiness was to be found, by irradiating all its secret springs and obscure recesses. Such a halo was thrown over all the gentle charms and virtues of human existence, as could only have emanated from the highest state of intellect, animated and directed by the fondest impulses of the female heart.

It is no mystery, that the political eras which occur in the intellectual history of man are both few and brief. In the course of a century, or even a single generation, a whole constellation of distinguished poets arises, after which ages of prosaic existence frequently intervene. This must necessarily be the case, from the nature of poetry itself. In those departments of intellect that merely depend upon calculation and research, the mind can proceed continuously; and thus the progress of general science can be calculated by a regular succession of steps. But poetry is subject to no such formal rule.

It is the result of impulse, and, like every impulse, it is irregular and transient. Some master-mind suddenly appears, and arrests the world with a new song: the spirit of melody awakens kindred echoes; and a tuneful throng are evoked, as if from the grave, until the enthusiasm expires, and leaves the world to its former silence. Such is now the situation of England. Her third poetical era is closing, and although sweet notes are still vibrating in our ears, they are swan-like notes, that speak of a dying close. The present generation of men who have arrived at maturity, are like the entranced audience of a theatre, who have fed upon glorious sounds and magnificent pageants—but the curtain is falling, and they must now hie them away to the cold realities of every-day life. But as these remembrances of the theatre will return in the light of day, and amidst the bustle of the world, so the recollections and delights of the poetical age will be cherished after its departure; and society, even in the midst of its labours in physical science and political economy, will pause, to speak of these past pleasures, and endeavour to revive them. This will suffice to secure the popularity of poetry even in an age of prose. But society is also performing a still higher task. It is now asking, wherefore, and for what good purpose, it was so moved and excited? The duty is now in process of weighing and estimating the moral worth of the performance, as well as the comparative excellence of the actors. In this manner, poets, who were unduly raised by adventitious circumstances, have been reduced to their proper level, while those who were lowered by calumny or neglect, have been restored to their fitting station. In this manner, also, a stern inquest has been held upon the tendencies of the poetry itself, to separate the morally bad from the good, and stamp the former with reprobation, and the latter with its merited immortality.

Another age of poetry will succeed—but at what distance of time, who shall venture to predict? A few generations only may intervene, or perhaps whole centuries: possibly, even the latter will be the case, if the length of the repose is to be measured by the greatness of the exertion that has preceded it. In the mean time, society will continue to cherish the rich poetical bequest of the nineteenth century until the cycle has revolved, when the intellectual character shall receive a fresh impulse,

and a new minstrelsy be produced. Other poets will then arise who will supersede with the freshness of youth their predecessors, then become venerable names, and who will devise new combinations of thought, and stamp with a new impress the generation over which they are called to preside. But let that time be as distant as it may, the labours of those who last preceded them have cleared for them the way, and furnished them with a glorious starting-point, from which they may soar to an excellence hitherto unattained. They have broken, and we trust for ever, the cold and narrow despotism of art, and restored nature to her legitimate authority. It is true, indeed, that while they fought for this great revolution, there was much in their efforts that partook of the nature of a political anarchy; much of fanaticism in their devotedness to that cause for which they laboured so nobly and so well. But the emancipation itself which they achieved for posterity is a boon so valuable, that its incidental extravagances will be forgotten, or only remembered as warnings and examples. And what a heart-inspiring picture might be drawn of the poetry of the future age, thus taught and invigorated from that of the past! By what majestic measures will the onward march of humanity be upheld and conducted, as it progresses towards those glorious destinies in which the world itself shall become like heaven, and man be but “a little lower than the angels!”

THE
BOOK OF THE POETS.



THE MODERN POETS
(OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY).

THIS eminent scholar, critic, and satirist, was a bright example of what genius can accomplish when it is directed by prudence and perseverance. Gifford was descended from a family of some consequence in Devonshire, but his father had commenced life under such evil auspices, that he was successively a sailor and a wandering tinker. William, the future reviewer, was born at Ashburton, in April, 1756; and after being sent to school in his childhood, where he acquired only the elements of a common education, he was turned adrift upon the wide world at the age of thirteen, having lost both his parents. He entered on board a coaster as ship-boy and cabin-boy, in which humble calling he remained nearly a twelvemonth, when in consequence of the commiseration which his forlorn condition excited among the fish-women of his native town he was recalled, and put once more to school, where his rapid progress justified the interference of those kind friends who had interposed in his behalf. In his fifteenth year, he resolved to devote himself to the occupation of a schoolmaster; but here he was again disappointed, by being obliged to bind himself apprentice to a shoemaker. Up to this time his reading had been extremely limited, but, with an unquenchable ardour for knowledge, he snatched every chance moment of improvement, and made himself master of algebra, at a time when, to use his own words, "pen, ink, and paper, were as completely out of his reach as a crown and sceptre," so that he was obliged to note down his calculations upon smooth pieces of leather, with the point of an awl. At this time, also, he was inspired with a tendency to rhyme. His verses were applauded among his humble friends, who thought them wonderful productions; and their admiration was sometimes expressed in the tangible form of a few pence, with which he furnished himself with the long-desired writing materials. Still, however, as at every future period, he did not allow himself to be led away from his other intellectual pursuits by a boyish enthusiasm for verse-making, so that he looked upon poetry merely as an auxiliary in his study of mathematics.

It was his poetry, however, that was to constitute the favourable turning-point in Gifford's eventful life. Mr. Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon, having seen several of the poetical shoemaker's verses, felt a strong interest in their author; and on examining into the nature of the youth's attainments, he was surprised to find so much perseverance in the acquirement of Latin and mathematics, combined with such utter ignorance of general science and literature. He fortunately saw, however, that Gifford only needed the means of improvement to attain the highest degree of proficiency, and his first effort was to relieve him from the thralldom of apprenticeship, and furnish him with the opportunity of improving himself in the knowledge of the English language. This was happily accomplished by a general subscription; and such was the progress of the emancipated scholar, that, in little more than two years afterwards, the situation of Biblical Reader was procured for him at Exeter College, Oxford. Here his energy and acquirements had full scope, his knowledge rapidly expanded, his rough verses acquired a classical polish, and through the kind patronage of Lord Grosvenor, with whose son he twice made a tour of the Continent, he was placed in a position to enter public life with distinction. The long career of Gifford after this period is well known. He distinguished himself by his translations of Juvenal and Persius, and by his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the best of his original productions, in which he lashed the fashionable poetry and fashionable vices of the day; and he edited the works of Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. He earned, however, his chief literary distinction as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which important office he held from the commencement of that work until the end of 1825. While he occupied the unenviable office of the *Zoilus* of the day, he showed a rigid zeal not only against intellectual, but moral delinquencies; and the lash, which he wielded with such merciless vigour, was as often laid upon the back of the sophist as the dunce. Even talent of the highest kind could find no favour in his eyes, unless it was devoted to the cause of truth and virtue. He died on the last day of the following year, in the seventy-first year of his age.



GIFFORD.

RIDICULE OF THE DELLA CRUSCA SCHOOL OF POETRY.

Lo, Beaufoy tells of Afric's barren sand,
 In all the flowery phrase of fairy land:
 There Fezzan's thumb-capp'd tribes, Turks, Christians,
 Jews,

Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with shoes;
 There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace,
 And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space*.
 Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefined,
 I blunder on; till, wilder'd, giddy, blind,
 Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
 And call for Mandeville, to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times! When all was new,
 And every hour brought prodigies to view,
 Our sires in unaffected language told
 Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
 Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art;
 And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.

Now all is changed! We fume, and fret, poor elves,
 Less to display our subject, than ourselves:
 Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
 Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
 Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
 In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
 While points with points, with periods periods jar,
 And the whole work seems one continued war!
 Is not this sad?

F. " 'Tis pitiful," Heaven knows,
 " 'Tis wondrous pitiful." E'en take the prose;
 But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
 I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
 You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
 Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
 We want their *strength*; agreed: but we atone
 For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.
 For instance—"Hasten to the lawny vale,
 Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
 And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw; I have it here.
 "A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
 Wond'ring I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
 More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
 A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose
 These lines, perhaps, too turgid; what of those?
 "THE MIGHTY MOTHER—"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
 For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
 Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
 Swells, like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
 And, envying the fane he cannot hope,
 Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
 —Reptile accursed!—O memorable long,
 If there be force in virtue or in song,
 O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
 Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
 With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly, lay!
 So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
 Inform the simple, and delight the sage;
 While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
 Stink in the nose of all succeeding times!

Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,
 Are samples of the high, heroic lay)

Where are the soft, the tender strains, which call
 For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl?
 Lo! here—"Canst thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
 And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too late!
 O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain
 Cannot the ponderous agony sustain;
 But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,
 And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the sun."

Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
 Could verse like this be written? or be read?
 Verse! that's the mellow fruit of toil intense,
 Inspired by genius, and inform'd by sense;
 This, the abortive progeny of Pride,
 And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;
 Begotten without thought, born without pains,
 The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

F. So let it be: and yet, methinks, my friend,
 Silence were wise, where satire will not mend.
 Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
 And grate their tender ears with odious truth?
 They cherish Arno and his flux of song,
 And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.
 Your fate already I foresee. My Lord,
 With cold respect, will freeze you from his board,
 And His Grace cry, "Hence with that sapient sneer!
 Hence! we desire no currish critic here."

From The Barrad.

ON THE FRIVOLOUS THEMES OF POETASTERS.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
 The dreadful truth which so alarms thy fears:
 THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES' EARS!
 Thou think'st, perhaps, this wayward fancy strange;
 So think thou still: yet would not I exchange
 The secret humour of this simple hit
 For all the Albums that were ever writ.
 Of this, no more.—O thou (if yet there be,
 One bosom from this vile infection free),
 Thou who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
 As the great masters of the song inspire;
 Canst bend enraptured o'er the magic page,
 Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage;
 Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods, the fierce contention share,
 And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair:
 Canst quake with horror, when Emelia's charms
 Against a brother point a brother's arms;

And trace the fortune of the varying fray,
 While hour on hour flits unperceived away—
 Approach: 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign,
 To cast a glance on this incondite strain:
 Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
 One sentence, higher finish'd than the rest,
 Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
 And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
 I ask no more. But far from me the throng,
 Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song;
 Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take,
 And over Edwin's mewlings keep awake;
 Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
 These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race;
 Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
 And hate the laurel by their followers worn!
 Let such (a task congenial to their powers)
 At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,
 While the dull noon away in Rumford's fane,
 And snore the evening out at Drury-lane.

From The Bazaar.

PERVERSION OF HISTORICAL TRUTH BY POETIC LICENSE

When Mason leads Elfrida forth to view,
 Adorn'd with virtues which she never knew,
 I feel for every tear; while, borne along
 By the full tide of unresisted song,
 I stop not to inquire if all be just;
 But take her goodness, as her grief, on trust,
 Till calm reflection checks me, and I see
 The heroine as she was, and ought to be,
 A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne,
 Thro' seas of blood, and crimes till then unknown:
 Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
 And blush to think how fondly I believed.
 Not so, when Edgar, made, in some strange plot,
 The hero of a day that knew him not,
 Struts from the field his enemy had won,
 On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
 Here I can only pity, only smile;
 Where not one grace, one elegance of style,
 Redeems th' audacious folly of the rest,
 Truth sacrificed, and history made a jest.

From The Merchant.

ADVICE TO POETS.

Then let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
 Nor, like Lorenzo, tire the labouring ear
 With a wild waste of words ; sound without sense.
 And all the florid glare of impotence.
 Still with your characters your language change,
 From grave to gay, as nature dictates, range ;
 Now droop in all the plaintiveness of woe,
 Now in glad numbers light and airy flow ;
 Now shake the stage with guilt's alarming tone,
 And make the aching bosom all your own ;
 Now—but I sing in vain ; from first to last,
 Your joy is fustian, and your grief bombast :
 Rhetoric has banish'd reason ; kings and queens,
 Vent in hyperboles their royal spleens ;
 Guardsmen in metaphors express their hopes,
 And “ maidens, in white linen,” howl in tropes.

Reverent I greet the bards of other days :
 Blest be your names, and lasting be your praise !
 From nature's varied face ye wisely drew,
 And following ages own'd the copies true.
 O ! had our sots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
 And think reflection still a foe to taste,
 But brains your pregnant scenes to understand,
 And give us truth, though but at second hand,
 'Twere something yet ! But no ; they never look—
 Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook ?
 Forbid it, inspiration ! Thus, your pain
 Is void, and ye have lived, for them, in vain.

From The Mæviad.

LIFE OF PETER PINDAR.

But what is he, that, with a Mohawk's air,
 “ Cries Havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war ?”
 A bloated mass, a gross, blood-bolter'd clod,
 A foe to man, a renegade from God ;
 From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
 Separate to infamy, in every stage.

CORNWALL remembers yet his first employ,
 And shuddering tells, with what infernal joy,
 His little tongue in blasphemies was loosed,
 His little hands in deeds of horror used ;

While mangled insects strew'd his cradle o'er,
And limbs of birds distain'd his bib with gore.

Anon, on stronger animals he flew,
For with his growth his savage passions grew,
And oft, what time his violence fail'd to kill,
He mix'd th' insidious dose with wicked skill;
Saw with wild joy, in pangs till then untried,
Cats, dogs, expire; and cursed them as they died!

With riper years a different scene began,
And his hate turn'd from animals to man:
Then letters, libels, flew on secret wings,
And wide around infix'd their venom'd stings;
All fear'd, where none could ward the coming blow,
And each man eyed his neighbour as his foe:
Till dragg'd to day, the lurking caitiff stood,
Th' accursed cause of many a fatal feud,
And begg'd for mercy in so sad a strain,
So wept, so trembled, that the injured train,
Who, crawling at their feet a miscreant saw,
Too mean for punishment, too poor for law,
O'erlook'd ('twas all they could) his numerous crimes,
And shipp'd him off "to ape and monkey climes."

THERE, while the negroes view'd, with strong disgust,
This prodigy of drunkenness and lust
Explore the darkest cells, the dirtiest styes,
And roll in filth at which their gorge would rise;
He play'd one master-trick to crown the whole,
And took, O Heavens! the sacerdotal stole!—
How shook the altar when he first drew near,
Hot from debauch, and with a shameless leer,
Pour'd stammering forth the yet unhallow'd prayers,
Mix'd with convulsive sobs, and noisome airs!—
Then rose the people, passive now no more,
And from his limbs the sacred vestments tore;
Dragg'd him with groans, shouts, hisses, to the main,
And sent him—to annoy these realms again.

CORNWALL, that fondly deem'd herself relieved,
Ill-fated land! once more the pest received;
But, wary and forewarn'd, observed his course,
And track'd each libel to its proper source;
Till indignation, wide and wider spread,
Burst in one dreadful tempest on his head.

From Epistle to Peter Pindar.

This highly gifted lady, whose works have been chiefly appreciated by the select few, was born in Glasgow, and was the daughter of Dr. Baillie, Professor of Divinity in the University of that city; her chief residence, however, from an early period of life, has been London, or its neighbourhood. Her principal work is a Series of Plays, each of which is confined to the illustration of a single passion; and they appeared in three volumes, published at intervals between 1798 and 1812; but on account of the artificial nature of such a plan, although they have charmed in the closet, they have never been produced on the stage. Miss Baillie is also the author of several miscellaneous Dramas, and minor Poems, and a collection of Metrical Legends of Eminent Characters, published in 1823.

THE VETERAN.

Rosinberg. What does this shouting mean?

Voltomer. O! I have seen a sight, a glorious sight!
Thou would'st have smiled to see it.

Rosin. How smile! methinks thine eyes are wet with tears.

Volt. (*Passing the back of his hand across his eyes*)
Faith, so they are; well, well, but I smiled too:
You heard the shouting?

Rosin. and Fred. Yes.

Volt. O! had you seen it!

Drawn out in goodly ranks, there stood our troops;
Here, in the graceful state of manly youth,
His dark face brighten'd with a generous smile,
Which to his eyes such flashing lustre gave,
As though his soul, like an unsheathed sword,
Had through them gleam'd, our noble general stood;
And to his soldiers, with heart-moving words,
The vet'ran showing, his brave deeds rehearsed;
Who by his side stood like a storm-scath'd oak,
Beneath the shelter of some noble tree,
In the green honours of its youthful prime.

Rosin. How look'd the veteran?

Volt. O! I cannot tell thee!

At first he bore it up with cheerful looks,
As one who fain would wear his honours bravely,
And greet the soldiers with a comrade's face;
But when Count Basil, in such moving speech,
Told o'er his actions past, and bade his troops
Great deeds to emulate, his count'nance changed;
High heaved his manly breast, as it had been
By inward strong emotion half convulsed;
Trembled his nether lip; he shed some tears.

The general paused, the soldiers shouted loud;
 Then hastily he brush'd the drops away,
 And waved his hand, and clear'd his tear-choked voice,
 As though he would some grateful answer make;
 When back with double force the whelming tide
 Of passion came; high o'er his hoary head
 His arm he toss'd, and, heedless of respect,
 In Basil's bosom hid his aged face,
 Sobbing aloud. From the admiring ranks
 A cry arose; still louder shouts resound.
 I felt a sudden tightness grasp my throat
 As it would strangle me; such as I felt,
 I knew it well, some twenty years ago,
 When my good father shed his blessing on me.
 I hate to weep, and so I came away.

From Count Basil, a Tragedy.

A LOVER'S WISH.

O! were I conscious that within her breast
 I held some portion of her dear regard,
 Though pent for life within a prison's walls,
 Where through my grate I yet might sometimes see
 E'en but her shadow sporting in the sun;
 Though placed by fate where some obstructing bound,
 Some deep impassable between us roll'd,
 And I might yet, from some high towering cliff,
 Perceive her distant mansion from afar,
 Or mark its blue smoke rising eve and morn;
 Nay, though within the circle of the moon
 Some spell did fix her, never to return,
 And I might wander in the hours of night,
 And upward turn mine ever-gazing eye,
 Fondly to mark upon its varied disk
 Some little spot that might her dwelling be;
 My fond, my fixed heart would still adore,
 And own no other Love.

From Count Basil, a Tragedy.

DESCRIPTION OF A LADY.

Page. Madam, there is a Lady in your hall,
 Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No, far unlike to them; it is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
For so she did to see me thus abash'd,
Methought I could have compass'd sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess, but she is fair;
For time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripling!
She hath bewitch'd thee. Is she large in stature?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it,
She is not deck'd in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

From De Montfort, a Tragedy.

SCENE FROM CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS.

Enter RODRIGO, with ELLA hanging fondly upon him, and continuing their way
as if intending to pass, when a trumpet sounds without, and they stop short.

Rodrig. It is the sound that summons us to meet;
There is no farther grace: therefore, sweet Ella,
My pretty Ella, my good loving Ella,
My gentle little one that hang'st upon me
With such fond hold, in good sooth we must part.
Here bid Heaven bless me, and no farther go.

Ella. Must it be so? I will bid Heaven bless thee,
And all good saints watch o'er thy precious life;

And they will bless and guard thee in the hour
Of fearful death. In this I have true faith;
Yet, on the very brink, to hold thee thus
Clasp'd in my grasp, and think how soon—Alas!
From many points will fly the whizzing balls,
And showering darts, and javelins sent afar,
Aim'd by fell strength; wilt thou escape all this?

Rodrig. Fear not, sweet Ella! whizzing balls there be
That, in midway, are from their course declined
By the poor orphan's little lisped prayer;
And there be arrows that are turn'd aside,
In their swift flight, by the soft sighs of love,
Unheard of earthly ears. This is a creed,
In the good faith of which poor seamen climb
Their rocking masts, in the full roar of battle,
And we'll believe it.

Ella. It is a blessed one: I would believe it.

Rodrig. Yes, we'll believe it. Whilst our battle roars,
Thou'lt think of me in thy lone distant tower,
And be to me a gallant armed mate,
With prayers and wishes striving powerfully.
Give me thy hand: we will not weep and wail:
We will part cheerfully.—God bless thee, Ella!
Nay, hang not on me thus!
Thou lov'st a brave man: be thou valiant then,
As suits a brave man's love.

Ella. O no! I've fondly fix'd myself upon thee,
Most worthless and unsuited to thy worth.
Like a poor weed on some proud turret's brow,
I wave, and nod, and kiss the air around thee,
But cannot be like thee.

Rodrig. Heaven bless thee, little flower! I prize thee
more
Than all the pride of female stateliness.

Ella. Dost thou? then I am happy: I am proud:
I will not wish me other than I am.

Rodrig. Ah, if we part not instantly, my Ella,
I feel, in faith, rude as my nature is,
I soon shall be like thee!—My friends approach:
Let us not meet their gaze—It must be so—
Sweet one, farewell!—Wilt thou still cling to me?

Ella. O no, I go: they shall not see thee weep,
Though I do bless thee for it.

THE AFRICAN PRINCE.

Enter the Keeper of the Prison.

Keeper (to Ohio). Thou canker-worm! thou black
envenom'd toad!

Art thou a playing thy malicious tricks?

Get from my sight, thou pitchy viper, go! [Exit *Ohio*.

Hardibrand. What black thing is it? it appears,
methinks,

Not worth thine anger.

Keeper. That man, may't please you, sir, was born a
prince.

Hardibrand. I do not catch thy jest.

Keeper. I do not jest, I speak in sober earnest;

He is an Afric prince of royal line.

Hardibrand. What say'st thou! that poor wretch who
sneaketh yonder

Upon those two black shanks?

Keeper. Yes, even he:

When but a youth, stolen from his noble parents,

He for a slave was sold, and many hardships

By sea and land hath pass'd.

Hardibrand. And now to be the base thing that he is!

Well, well, proceed.

Keeper. At last a surly master brought him here,

Who, thinking him unfit for further service,

As then a fest'ring wound wore hard upon him,

With but a scanty sum to bury him

Left him with me. He ne'ertheless recover'd;

And though full proud and sullen at the first,

Tamed by the love of wine which strongly tempts him,

He by degrees forgot his princely pride,

And has been long establish'd in these walls

To carry liquor for the prisoners:

But such a cursed, spite-envenom'd toad!—

Hardibrand. Out on't! thou'st told a tale that wrings
my heart.

Of royal line; born to command, and dignified

By sufferings and dangers past, which makes

The meanest man ennobled: yet behold him;

How by the wall he sidelong straddles on

With his base tankard!—O, the sneaking varlet!

It makes me weep to hear his piteous tale,

Yet my blood boils to run and cudgel him.

From Rayner, a Tragedy.

FROM THE KITTEN.

The nimblest tumbler, stage-bedight,
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,
 Who every limb and sinew strains
 To do what costs thee little pains,
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
 Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
 But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses, too, thy feats repay :
 For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
 While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides :
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy purr,—
 As, timing well the equal sound,
 Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose ;
 While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone, by cottage fire,
 Do rustics rude thy tricks admire ;
 The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
 The widest range of human lore,
 Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
 Through airy heights of poesy,
 Pausing, smiles, with alter'd air,
 To see thee climb his elbow chair ;
 Or, struggling on the mat below,
 Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
 The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
 Who in the still, but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turns a letter'd page ;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork, or paper ball ;
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,—
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the wit of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways ;

What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find,
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou, then, thou witless pus,
 The magic power to charm us thus?
 Is it, that in thy glaring eye
 And rapid movements, we descry,
 While we at ease, secure from ill,
 The chimney-corner snugly fill,
 A lion, darting on the prey?
 A tiger, at his ruthless play?
 Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
 With all thy varied wanton grace,
 An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,
 Of tricksy, restless infancy?
 Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
 To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.
 Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
 When thou becom'st a cat demure,
 Full many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board.

WELCOME BAT AND OWLET GREY.

O welcome bat and owlet grey,
 Thus winging lone your airy way;
 And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
 That to mine ear come humming by;
 And welcome shadows long and deep,
 And stars that from the pale sky peep!
 O welcome all! to me ye say,
 My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
 Her breath is in the dewy air,
 Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
 That steals along the stilly ground.
 O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
 What art thou in this witching hour?
 O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
 What art thou to the fall of night?

THIS talented and heavenly-minded advocate of pure religion and female excellence was born in the parish of Stapleton, Gloucestershire, in 1745. Her father, who was in impoverished circumstances, and designed her, as well as his other four daughters, for the office of a teacher of a school, taught her the elements of Geometry and Latin, as well as the usual branches of education, and these she acquired with great facility. Afterwards she removed from home to the boarding-school kept by her elder sisters, and here her progress in the more elegant departments of learning was so conspicuous, that she became the favourite of all those literary characters who obtained her acquaintanceship. Her first publication, in 1762, was *The Search after Happiness*, which originated in the noblest of motives. At that time exercises for the memory of young scholars were scarcely thought of, and Hannah wished to compose for them something more pure and select than had been hitherto attempted. By the time she had reached her twenty-second year, her talents and literary acquirements had obtained for her so high a reputation, that in London she numbered among her acquaintances Garrick, Mrs. Montague, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Johnson. Her next poetical productions to *The Search after Happiness* were the legendary tale of Sir Eldred of the Bower, and *The Bleeding Rock*. On perusing the first of these poems, Dr. Johnson declared that "Miss More had only one fault, that of suffering herself to gaze upon the barren rocks of Bristol, while the rich pastures of London had no fence to exclude her from them." In consequence of her love of the drama, and acquaintanceship with Garrick, Miss More afterwards produced the tragedy of *Percy*, which was brought upon the boards in 1777, and with great success, while four thousand copies of the work were sold within a fortnight after publication. Encouraged by the success of this attempt she wrote another tragedy, entitled *Fatal Falsehood*, but its good fortune was inferior to that of its predecessor.

The time, however, had now arrived when the pen of Miss More was to be employed in subjects especially connected with religion. For several years her masculine intellect had been exclusively directed to the subject of Theology, and she had studied it not merely as an exercise of the intellect, but with reference to its infinite importance upon her own character and destiny, both for time and eternity. It was impossible that such a labour could end otherwise than in an increased capacity and improved taste, of which the world was soon to reap the fruits. In 1782, she published her *Sacred Dramas*, a work not intended for the stage but the closet, and designed by the illustration of important historical events in scripture to allure the accomplished mind to a more careful study of the Bible. The success of this production was great, and even the religious world, that had been startled at the idea of dramatising any portion of holy writ, had their scruples completely overborne by the propriety with which the subjects were treated. In 1784, appeared her *Bas Bleu*, a poem in which she showed that religion had neither destroyed nor impaired her natural cheerfulness of spirit; after which appeared her prose work, entitled, *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, a work which Bishop Porteus wished to see in the hands of every person of fashion in London. The agitation upon the Slave Trade naturally interested her benevolent heart, and during the heat of the contest she produced a poem on Slavery, which procured her the friendship of the amiable Wilberforce, the uncompromising advocate of Negro emancipation. In the following year, Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters heroically devoted themselves to the instruction of the ignorant peasantry in the parish of Cheddar, by the opening of Sunday Schools, which were eminently successful, not only in their immediate and local effects, but by the powerful example which they afforded to those persons who, with similar desire to benefit society, had not the courage to be singular by commencing it.

It would exceed our limits to enumerate the several works that proceeded from the pen of this elegant and strong-minded writer, and which obtained such a wide celebrity in the religious and literary world as in some measure to eclipse her poetical reputation. After an active and benevolent life, protracted to the utmost limits, Mrs. More died on the 6th of September, 1832.



H. Corbould

J. Heath

HANNAH MORE.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
And shun the noon-tide hour,
The lovely bride in secret sought
The coolness of her bower.

Long she remain'd—th' enamour'd knight
Impatient at her stay;
And all unfit to taste delight
When Birtha was away;

Betakes him to the secret bower;
His footsteps softly move;
Impell'd by every tender power,
He steals upon his love.

O, horror! horror! blasting sight!
 He sees his Birtha's charms,
 Reclined with melting, fond delight,
 Within a stranger's arms.

Wild frenzy fires his frantic hand,
 Distracted at the sight,
 He flies to where the lovers stand,
 And stabs the stranger knight.

"Die, traitor, die! thy guilty flames
 Demand th' avenging steel!"—
 "It is my brother," she exclaims,
 "'Tis Edwy—O farewell!"

From Sir Eldred of the Bower.

THE DECEITFUL LOVER.

Young Polydore was rich in large domains,
 In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains;
 With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
 To win the prudent, and the cold to warm;
 The fairest semblance of desert he bore,
 And each fictitious mark of goodness wore;
 Could act the tenderness he never felt,
 In sorrow soften, and in anguish melt.
 The sigh elaborate, the fraudulent tear,
 The joy dissembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
 All these were his; and his each treach'rous art
 That steals the guileless and unpractised heart.
 Too soon he heard of fair Ianthe's fame,
 'Twas each enamour'd shepherd's fav'rite theme;
 Return'd the rising, and the setting sun,
 The shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
 They praised her wit, her worth, her shape, her air!
 And even inferior beauties own'd her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder moved;
 He saw, admired, nay, fancied that he loved:
 But Polydore no gen'rous passion knew,
 Lost to all truth in feigning to be true.
 No lasting tenderness could warm a heart,
 Too vain to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of Rhodope descend,
 And with the chilling waves of Hebrus blend;
 So cold the breast where vanity presides,
 And the whole subject soul absorbs and guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
 Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
 So oft he told the well-imagined tale,
 So oft he swore—how should he *not* prevail?
 The well-imagined tale the nymph believed;
 Too unsuspecting not to be deceived:
 She loved the youth, she thought herself beloved,
 Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approved.
 The conquest once achieved, the brightest fair,
 When conquer'd, was no longer worth his care;
 When to the world her passion he could prove,
 Vain of his power, he jested at her love.
 The perjured youth, from sad Ianthe far,
 To win fresh triumphs, wages cruel war.
 With other nymphs behold the wand'rer rove,
 And tell the story of Ianthe's love;
 He mocks her easy faith, insults her woe,
 Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.
 To sad Ianthe soon the tale was borne,
 How Polydore to treachery added scorn.

From The Bleeding Rock.

EULOGIUM OF MOTHER BUNCH'S TALES.

— Mother Bunch's morals tell
 How blest all were who acted well!
 How the good little girl's regarded,
 And boy who learns his book rewarded!
 How loss of favour follows rudeness,
 While sugar plums repay all goodness!
 How she who learns to read or write,
 Will get a coach or chariot by 't;
 And not a faggot-maker's daughter
 But has it at her christening taught her,
 By some invited fairy guest,
 That she shall wed a prince at least;
 And through the whole this truth's pursued,
 That to be happy 's to be good.

If these to life be contradictions,
 Mark the morality of fictions ;
 Axioms more popular they teach,
 That to be good is to be rich !
 For all the misses marry kings,
 And diamonds are but common things ;
 While dames in history hardly get 'em,
 Our heroines ope their mouths and spit 'em.

Oh, this is profitable learning,
 Past cold historians' dull discerning ;
 Who, while their annals they impart,
 Expose but seldom mend the heart.
 I grant, they teach to know mankind,
 To learn we're wretched, weak, and blind :
 But till the heart from vice is clear,
 Who wants to know what passes there ?
 Till Hercules to cleanse was able,
 No doubt they *shut* th' Augean stable.

Here too in high emphatic tone
 The power of female worth is shown ;
 Ev'n enterprising Joan of Arc
 Falls short of true heroic mark ;
 Thalestris was a mere home-keeper,
 And swift Camilla but a creeper.
 Here deeds of valour are as common
 As song or dance, to real woman ;
 And meekest damsels find it facile
 To storm a giant's moated castle ;
 Where draw-bridges do open fly
 If virgin foot approaches nigh ;
 And brazen gates with twenty locks,
 At which an army vainly knocks,
 Fly ope, nor on their hinges linger,
 At touch of virgin's little finger.

Then slow attacks, and tiresome sieges,
 Which history makes the work of ages,
 Are here, by means of fairy power,
 Achieved with ease in half an hour.
 Tactics ! *they* prove there's nothing in it,
 Who conquer kingdoms in a minute :
 They never hear of ten years' jars
 (For Troy's the average length of wars) ;
 And diplomatic form and rule
 Might learn from Mother Bunch's school,
 How rapidly are state intrigues
 Convey'd with boots of seven long leagues.

Here farther, too, our great commanders
 Who conquer'd France, and rescued Flanders,
 From Mother Bunch's Tales might hear
 Some secrets worth a general's ear;
 How armies need not stop to bait,
 And heroes never drink or eat;
 Wrapt in sublimer occupation
 They scorn such vulgar renovation.
 Your British generals cannot keep
 Themselves or followers half so cheap:
 For men and horses, out of books,
 Call, one for corn, and one for cooks;
 And dull historic nags must stay
 For provender of oats and hay:
 While *these* bold heroes wing their flight
 Through twenty kingdoms in a night;
 Of silvery dew they snatch a cup,
 Or on a slice of moonshine sup:
 And while they fly to meet their queen,
 With half the convex world between,
 Their milk-white palfreys scorning grass,
 Just crop a rose-leaf as they pass.

Then Mother Bunch's morals strike,
 By praising friend and foe alike.
 What virtue to the world is lost,
 Because on thy ill-fated coast,
 O Carthage! sung alone by foes,
 The sun of history never rose!
 Fertile in heroes, didst thou own
 The muse that makes those heroes known;
 Then had the bright reverse appear'd,
 And Carthaginian truth been clear'd:
 On Punic faith, so long reviled,
 The wily African had smiled;
 And, possibly, not much had err'd,
 If we of Roman fraud had heard.

Then leave your Robertsons and Bryants
 For John the murderer of giants;
 Since all mythology profane
 Is quite as doubtful, quite as vain.
 Though Bryant, learned friend of youth,
His fable consecrates to truth:
 And Robertson with just applause
 His finish'd portraits fairly draws.
 Yet history, great Raleigh knew,
 And knowing, grieved, may not be true;

For how the facts are we to know
 Which pass'd a thousand years ago;
 When he no just account could get
 Of quarrel in th' adjacent street?
 Though from his chair the noise he heard,
 The tale of each relater err'd.

*From An Heroic Epistle to a Child, written on the
 blank leaves of Mother Bunch's Tales.*

FOLLY OF THE DREAD OF DEATH.

And what is death?
 Is it so terrible to die, my brother?
 Or grant it terrible, is it for that
 The less inevitable? If, indeed,
 We could by stratagem elude the blow,
 When some high duty calls us forth to die,
 And thus for ever shun it, and escape
 The universal lot,—then fond self-love,
 Then cautious prudence, boldly might produce,
 Their fine-spun arguments, their learn'd harangues,
 Their cobweb arts, their phrase sophistical,
 Their subtile doubts, and all the specious tricks
 Of selfish cunning labouring for its end.
 But since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
 Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
 To put it off?—To breathe a little longer
 Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
 Small gain! which wisdom, with indifferent eye,
 Beholds. Why wish to drink the bitter dregs
 Of life's exhausted chalice, whose last runnings,
 E'en at the best, are vapid? Why not die
 (If Heaven so will) in manhood's opening bloom,
 When all the flush of life is gay about us;
 When sprightly youth, with many a new-born joy,
 Solicits every sense? So may we then
 Present a sacrifice, unmeet indeed,
 (Ah, how unmeet!) but less unworthy far,
 Than the world's leavings; than a worn-out heart,
 By vice enfeebled, and by vain desires
 Sunk and exhausted!

From David and Goliath.

THIS gentle and amiable poet of nature was born at Honington, near Bury, in the county of Suffolk, on the 3d of December, 1766. His mother being left a widow, with a family of six children, and in straitened circumstances, Robert had no other instruction during his boyhood except what he received from herself, and at the age of eleven he was obliged to enter into the service of a neighbouring farmer. Here, however, it was found that his small and delicate frame was unfitted for any kind of agricultural labour, upon which he was sent to London, to learn the trade of a shoemaker from his elder brother, who was settled there as a journeyman. But while he was employed at his work-stall, or in running errands for the workmen, the aspiring boy showed the innate force of his genius by his solicitude for knowledge, and the rapidity with which he acquired it. Thus he went on till his seventeenth year, when he made his first attempt in poetry; and when he had made the delightful discovery that he could express himself in rhyme, he persevered until his efforts became poetry. It was in a garret in London, and amidst the incessant hammering of six or seven fellow-workmen, that he composed his *Farmer's Boy*. But even such an effort of genius surmounting difficulty might have been fruitless, for the poem on being shown in manuscript to several literary persons was strangely neglected, until it came into the hands of Mr. Capel Loft. That amiable and talented gentleman perceived the extraordinary merits of the work, and resolved to befriend the author; the result of which kindness was, that *The Farmer's Boy* was published under favourable auspices, and with such remarkable success, that repeated editions were demanded, and Bloomfield himself was astonished to find it ranked among the chief productions of the day.

It is melancholy to add, that, notwithstanding the celebrity he had acquired, the steps of the poet still continued to be haunted by poverty: but this was owing to his liberal and affectionate disposition, that looked upon money only as valuable by how much it could relieve the distresses of his poor relations. He died in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August, 1823.

HARVEST.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below.
 The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,
 With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
 Ere yet the sun hath tinged its head with brown;
 Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
 Loud chirping *sparrows* welcome on the day,
 And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
 Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
 Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
 And round the grass-grown dewy border beats,
 On either side completely overspread,
 Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
 Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
 No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.

* * * *

Its dark-green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,
 And ripening harvest rustles in the gale.
 A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
 Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show,

*

O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning round,
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide :
What is there here to flatter human pride ?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the *architect* the praise ;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God :
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth ;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want ! for you the bounty flows :
And every cottage from the plenteous store,
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

From The Farmer's Boy : Summer.



HARVEST-HOME.

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
 And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
 The bustling day and jovial night must come,
 The long-accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.
 No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
 Can give the philosophic mind delight;
 No triumph please while rage and death destroy:
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
 And where the joy, if rightly understood,
 Like cheerful praise for universal good?
 The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
 But free and pure the grateful current flows.
 Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
 Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
 And generous host invite their friends around,
 While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
 Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;
 And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
 With artisans that lent their dext'rous aid,
 When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
 Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
 Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
 With all that made our great forefathers brave,
 Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,
 And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
 With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
 The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
 A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound
 As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
 Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
 To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
 Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
 In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
 And crackling Music, with the frequent Song,
 Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction lowers its crest,
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,
 Are equal all; and round the happy ring
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
 And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
 With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
 To serve at once the master and the friend;
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
 His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

From The Farmer's Boy: Summer.

MISERIES OF THE POST-HORSE.

E'en sober Dobbin lifts his clumsy heels
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheels.

Short-sighted Dobbin!—thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that *encompass* thee :
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose,
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes ;
Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold ;
Hired at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the traveller on from stage to stage :
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed ;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge :—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel ;
Till when, up hill, the destined inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around :
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides :
Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loosed, he welcomes eager-eyed
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starved mariner the friendly shore.

Ah, well for him if here his sufferings ceased,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeased !
But roused again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, though limping, maim'd, and
sore ;

He hears the whip ; the chaise is at the door :—
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflamed ; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injured day by day,
His piece-meal murderers wear his life away.

From The Farmer's Boy : Winter.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SPECTRE.

Whilst thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul
 Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
 And loosed *Imagination* soaring goes
 High o'er his home, and all his little woes,
 Time glides away; neglected Duty calls:
 At once from plains of light to earth he falls,
 And down a narrow lane, well known by day,
 With all his speed pursues his sounding way,
 In thought still half absorb'd, and chill'd with cold;
 When, lo! an object frightful to behold;
 A grisly SPECTRE, clothed in silver-grey,
 Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
 Stands in his path!—He stops, and not a breath
 Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death,
 Loud the owl halloos o'er his head unseen;
 All else is silent, dismally serene:
 Some prompt ejaculation whisper'd low,
 Yet bears him up against the threat'ning foe;
 And thus poor Giles, though half inclined to fly,
 Mutters his doubts, and strains his steadfast eye.
 " 'Tis not my crimes thou com'st here to reprove;
 No murders stain my soul, no perjured love:
 If thou 'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,
 Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.
 By parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,
 Still to approach each object of surprise,
 Lest Fancy's formful visions should deceive
 In moonlight paths, or glooms of falling eve,
 This then 's the moment when my heart should try
 To scan thy motionless deformity;
 But oh, the fearful task! yet well I know
 An aged ash, with many a spreading bough
 (Beneath whose leaves I've found a summer's bow'r,
 Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a show'r)
 Stands singly down this solitary way,
 But far beyond where now my footsteps stay.
 'Tis true, thus far I've come with heedless haste;
 No reck'ning kept, no passing objects traced:—
 And can I then have reach'd that very tree?
 Or is its reverend form assumed by thee?"
 The happy thought alleviates his pain:
 He creeps another step; then stops again;
 Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,
 Its perfect lineaments at once appear;

Its crown of shivering ivy whispering peace,
 And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.
 Now, whilst his blood mounts upward, now he knows
 The solid gain that from conviction flows;
 And strengthen'd Confidence shall hence fulfil
 (With conscious Innocence more valued still)
 The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,
 By churchyard dark, or grove, or fairy ring:
 Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
 Till loitering Reason hoists the scale of Truth.
 With these blest guardians Giles his course pursues,
 Till numbering his heavy-sided ewes,
 Surrounding stillness tranquillize his breast,
 And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest.

From The Farmer's Boy: Winter.

THE ORPHAN.

Near the high road upon a winding stream
 An honest Miller rose to wealth and fame:
 The noblest virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,
 And all the country echoed with his praise.
 His wife, the doctress of the neighb'ring poor,
 Drew constant prayers and blessings round his door.

One summer's night (the hour of rest was come)
 Darkness unusual overspread their home;
 A chilling blast was felt: the foremost cloud
 Sprinkled the bubbling pool; and thunder loud,
 Though distant yet, menaced the country round,
 And fill'd the heavens with its solemn sound.
 Who can retire to rest when tempests lour—
 Nor wait the issue of the coming hour?
 Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain;
 He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain
 That batter'd furiously their strong abode,
 Roar'd in the dam, and lash'd the pebbled road:
 When, mingling with the storm, confused and wild,
 They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming *child*:
 The voice approach'd; and 'midst the thunder's roar,
 Now loudly begg'd for mercy at the door.

Mercy was *there*: the Miller heard the call;
 His door he open'd; when a sudden squall
 Drove in a wretched Girl; who weeping stood,
 Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.
 With kind officiousness the tender Dame
 Roused up the dying embers to a flame;

Dry clothes procured, and cheer'd her shivering guest,
 And soothed the sorrows of her infant breast.
 But as she stript her shoulders, lily-white,
 What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight!
 Weals, and blue wounds, most piteous to behold
 Upon a child yet scarcely ten years old.

The Miller felt his indignation rise,
 Yet, as the weary stranger closed her eyes,
 And seem'd fatigued beyond her strength and years,
 "Sleep, Child," he said, "and wipe away your tears."
 They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was done;
 When thus the generous man again begun:
 "See, fluttering sighs that rise against her will,
 And agitating dreams disturb her still!
 Dame, we should know before we go to rest,
 Whence comes this Girl, and how she came distrest.
 Wake her, and ask; for she is sorely bruised:
 I long to know by whom she's thus misused."

"Child, what's your name? how came you in the storm?

Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?
 Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders show?
 Where are your parents? Whither would you go?"

The stranger, bursting into tears, look'd pale,
 And this the purport of her artless tale.
 "I have no parents, and no friends beside:
 I well remember when my mother died—
 My brother cried; and so did I that day;
 We had no father—he was gone away.
 That night we left our home new clothes to wear;
 The Work-house found them; we were carried there.
 We loved each other dearly; when we met
 We always shared what trifles we could get.
 But George was older by a year than me:—
 He parted from me and was sent to sea.
 'Good bye, dear Phœbe,' the poor fellow said!
 Perhaps he'll come again; perhaps he's dead.
 When I grew strong enough I went to place,
 My mistress had a sour ill-natured face;
 And though I've been so often beat and chid,
 I strove to please her, Sir; indeed, I did.
 Weary and spiritless to bed I crept,
 And always cried at night before I slept.
 This morning I offended; and I bore
 A cruel beating, worse than all before.
 Unknown to all the house I ran away,
 And thus far travell'd through the sultry day;

And, O don't send me back! I dare not go—
 "I send you back!" the Miller cried, "no, no."
 Th' appeals of wretchedness had weight with him,
 And sympathy would warm him every limb;
 He mutter'd, glorying in the work begun,
 "Well done, my little wench; 'twas nobly done!"
 Then said, with looks more cheering than the fire,
 And feelings such as pity can inspire,
 "My house has childless been this many a year;
 While you deserve it you shall tarry here."
 The orphan mark'd the ardour of his eye,
 Blest his kind words, and thank'd him with a sigh.

Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal'd!
 Thus were her spirits raised, her bruises heal'd:
 Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,
 Thus little Phœbe was the Miller's Maid.
 Grateful they found her; patient of control:
 A most bewitching gentleness of soul;
 Made pleasure of what work she had to do:
 She grew in stature, and in beauty too.

From The Miller's Maid: A Tale.

ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE VALE.

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
 Thou dear green valley of my native stream!
 Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,
 And every nook of thine is fairy land,
 And ever will be, though the axe should smite
 In Gain's rude service, and in Pity's spite,
 Thy clustering alders, and at length invade
 The last, last poplars, that compose thy shade:
 Thy stream shall then in native freedom stray,
 And undermine the willows in its way;
 These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,
 This scythe of desolation, call'd "Reform."
 No army pass'd that way! yet are they fled,
 The boughs that, when a schoolboy, screen'd my head:
 I hate the murderous axe; estranging more
 The winding vale from what it was of yore,
 Than e'en mortality in all its rage,
 And all the change of faces in an age.
 "Warmth," will they term it, that I speak so free?
 They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me!

From The Broken Crutch: A Tale.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
 Companion of the lonely hour!
 Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
 And clothed with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
 On chest or window by my side:
 At every birth still thou wert near,
 Still spoke thine admonitions clear,—
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
 And seen the growing mountain rise,
 And often found Life's hopes to stand
 On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
 Again heap'd up, then down again;
 The sand above more hollow grew,
 Like days and years still filtering through,
 And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing
 (For now and then my heart will glow),
 Thou measurest Time's expanding wing:
 By thee the noontide hour I know:
 Though silent thou,
 Still shalt thou flow,
 And jog along thy destined way:
 But when I glean the sultry fields,
 When earth her yellow harvest yields,
 Thou gett'st a holiday.

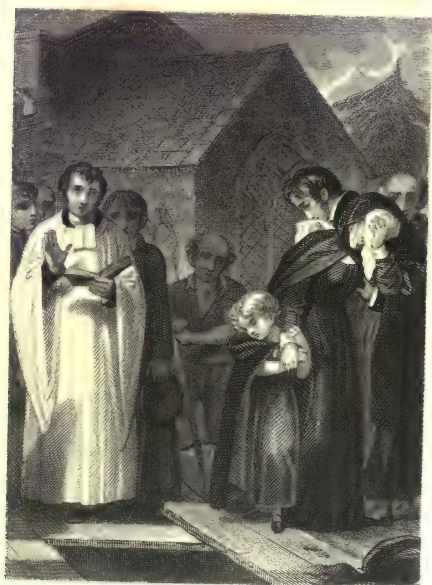
Steady as truth, on either end
 Thy daily task performing well,
 Thou 'rt meditation's constant friend,
 And strik'st the heart without a bell:
 Come, lovely May!
 Thy lengthen'd day
 Shall gild once more my native plain;
 Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower;
 "Companion of the lonely hour,
 I'll turn thee up again."

THIS accurate and minute painter of humble life was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754, and was the son of a salt-master, or collector of the duties on salt. The boyhood of the poet was spent in listening to every tale and legend with which that part of the country abounded, and reading every book that fell in his way. After receiving a scanty education, in consequence of his father's poverty and dissipated habits, George began to display his inclination for poetry by writing in the poet's corner of several provincial magazines. In this exercise he had been flattered by the approbation of his readers, when in consequence of a prize poem on the subject of Hope being announced by the Lady's Magazine, Crabbe, at the age of eighteen, entered the competition, and was successful. This event determined him to become a poet. After several disappointments in his efforts to settle himself in some regular profession, he resolved to repair to London, and there try his fortune in authorship—a perilous expedient, but justified by the fact, that no other remained. He went accordingly to the metropolis a helpless stranger, with only three pounds in his pocket—offered his manuscripts to several publishers, and was rejected—and having expended his resources, had no prospect before him but starvation. The struggle that succeeded was arduous and painful, but his habitual piety and constitutional cheerfulness enabled him to bear with equanimity those hardships that would have crushed a less regulated spirit. His endurance was at last crowned with success; for on having addressed himself, when his difficulties were greatest, to Edmund Burke, that eminent statesman and orator perceived the merits of the neglected poet, and instantly took him under his protection. In consequence of the patronage of his illustrious friend, Crabbe was enabled to publish *The Library* under the most favourable circumstances, and the celebrity which he acquired in consequence recommended him to the favour of Lord-Chancellor Thurlow, who ever after proved to him a generous and effective friend and patron.

As Crabbe, notwithstanding the want of a regular education, possessed a great amount of general knowledge, and was of a religious disposition, Burke advised him to turn his thoughts to the church, and in 1782 he was licensed as Curate to the rector of Aldborough, upon which he returned to his native place to commence his clerical duties. He remained, however, only a few months in this humble station, being appointed to the office of Chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Burke's recommendation; and here he married Miss Elmy, after a mutual attachment that had subsisted unshaken through thirteen years of poverty and disappointment. Lord Thurlow afterwards bestowed upon him two crown livings in the vale of Belvoir, worth nearly 500*l.* per annum, which subsequently were exchanged for that of the large town of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and the incumbency of Croxton, near Belvoir. As a clergyman, Crabbe was distinguished, not only by devotedness to his sacred duties, but by gentleness, liberality, and charity, in which few have surpassed him. He died on the 3d of February, 1832.

Crabbe had no liking to authorship as a profession, and therefore when he had acquired a competence his productions appeared at very long intervals. In 1783, he published *The Village*—a work that had been perused in manuscript by Burke and Johnson with great delight; and in 1785 appeared *The Newspaper*, which added to the high reputation he had already acquired. But his next poem, *The Parish Register*, did not appear till twenty-two years after, and it was only published that he might realize a sufficient sum from the work to give his second son a University education. During this long interval he had remained dead to fame, and wholly employed in the self-denying duties of his profession.

As a poet, Crabbe had nothing of that high quality called Imagination. To him the ideal world was an utter *terra incognita*. Even external nature too he was unable to exalt and to beautify, and leaves and flowers were in his eyes nothing but small objects, distinguished by certain shapes and colours. But his merit consisted in the correct and minute delineation of what he saw, a faculty in which no writer of poetry has ever surpassed him.



CRABBE.

THE SUDDEN DEATH AND FUNERAL.

Then died lamented, in the strength of life,
 A valued Mother and a faithful Wife;
 Call'd not away, when time had loosed each hold
 On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
 But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
 She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind;—
 Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
 The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
 And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
 Loosed from life's charm and willing to depart;—
 But all her ties the strong invader broke,
 In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
 Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
 And terror grew, till every hope was gone:

Still those around appear'd for hope to seek,
 But view'd the sick and were afraid to speak.—
 Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead :
 When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed,
 My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
 Awe in each eye, alarm in every face ;
 So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
 That fear with pity mingled in each mind ;
 Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend ;
 For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
 The last-born boy they held above the bier,
 He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear ;
 Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
 In now a louder, now a lower, strain ;
 While the meek father, listening to their tones,
 Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
 The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
 And soothing words to younger minds applied ;
 " Be still, be patient," oft she strove to say ;
 But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.
 Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
 The village lads stood melancholy still ;
 And idle children, wandering to and fro,
 As Nature guided, took the tone of woe.

From The Parish Register.

NEWSPAPERS.

Now be their arts display'd, how first they choose
 A cause and party, as the bard his muse ;
 Inspired by these, with clamorous zeal they cry,
 And through the town their dreams and omens fly :
 So the Sibylline leaves were blown about,
 Disjointed scraps of fate involved in doubt ;
 So idle dreams, the journals of the night,
 Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle wrong with
 right.—
 Some, champions for the rights that prop the crown,
 Some, sturdy patriots, sworn to pull them down ;
 Some, neutral powers, with secret forces fraught,
 Wishing for war, but willing to be bought :
 While some to every side and party go,
 Shift every friend, and join with every foe ;
 Like sturdy rogues in privateers, they strike
 This side and that, the foes of both alike.

A traitor crew, who thrive in troubled times,
 Fear'd for their force, and courted for their crimes.

Chief to the prosperous side the numbers sail,
 Fickle and false, they veer with every gale;
 As birds that migrate from a freezing shore,
 In search of warmer climes, come skimming o'er,
 Some bold adventurers first prepare to try
 The doubtful sunshine of the distant sky;
 But soon the growing Summer's certain sun
 Wins more and more, till all at last are won:
 So, on the early prospect of disgrace,
 Fly in vast troops this apprehensive race;
 Instinctive tribes! their failing food they dread,
 And buy, with timely change, their future bread.

Such are our guides: how many a peaceful head,
 Born to be still, have they to wrangling led!
 How many an honest zealot stolen from trade,
 And factious tools of pious pastors made!
 With clews like these they tread the maze of state,
 These oracles explore, to learn our fate;
 Pleased with the guides who can so well deceive,
 Who cannot lie so fast as they believe.

From The Newspaper.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Counter and Clubb were men in trade, whose pains,
 Credit, and prudence, brought them constant gains;
 Partners and punctual, every friend agreed,
 Counter and Clubb were men who must succeed.
 When they had fix'd some little time in life,
 Each thought of taking to himself a wife:
 As men in trade alike, as men in love
 They seem'd with no according views to move;
 As certain ores in outward view the same,
 They show'd their difference when the magnet came.
 Counter was vain: with spirit strong and high,
 'Twas not in him like suppliant swain to sigh:
 "His wife might o'er his men and maids preside,
 And in her province be a judge and guide;
 But what he thought, or did, or wish'd to do,
 She must not know, or censure if she knew;
 At home, abroad, by day, by night, if he
 On aught determined, so it was to be:

How is a man," he ask'd, "for business fit,
 Who to a female can his will submit?
 Absent awhile, let no inquiring eye
 Or plainer speech presume to question why,
 But all be silent; and, when seen again,
 Let all be cheerful—shall a wife complain?
 Friends I invite, and who shall dare t' object,
 Or look on them with coolness or neglect?
 No! I must ever of my house be head,
 And, thus obey'd, I condescend to wed."

Clubb heard the speech—"My friend is nice," said he;
 "A wife with less respect will do for me:
 How is he certain such a prize to gain?
 What he approves, a lass may learn to feign,
 And so affect t' obey till she begins to reign;
 Awhile complying, she may vary then,
 And be as wives of more unwary men;
 Beside, to him who plays such lordly part,
 How shall a tender creature yield her heart?
 Should he the promised confidence refuse,
 She may another more confiding choose;
 May show her anger, yet her purpose hide,
 And wake his jealousy, and wound his pride.
 In one so humbled, who can trace the friend?
 I on an equal, not a slave, depend;
 If true, my confidence is wisely placed,
 And being false, she only is disgraced."

Clubb, with these notions, cast his eye around
 And one so easy soon a partner found.
 The lady chosen was of good repute;
 Meekness she had not, and was seldom mute;
 Though quick to anger, still she loved to smile;
 And would be calm if men would wait awhile:
 She knew her duty, and she loved her way,
 More pleased in truth to govern than obey;
 She heard her priest with reverence, and her spouse
 As one who felt the pressure of her vows:
 Useful and civil, all her friends confess'd—
 Give her her way, and she would choose the best;
 Though some indeed a sly remark would make—
 Give it her not, and she would choose to take.

All this, when Clubb some cheerful months had spent,
 He saw, confess'd, and said he was content.

Counter meantime selected, doubted, weigh'd,
 And then brought home a young complying maid;—
 A tender creature, full of fears as charms,
 A beauteous nursling from its mother's arms;

A soft, sweet blossom, such as men must love,
 But to preserve must keep it in the stove :
 She had a mild, subdued, expiring look—
 Raise but the voice, and this fair creature shook ;
 Leave her alone, she felt a thousand fears—
 Chide, and she melted into floods of tears ;
 Fondly she pleaded, and would gently sigh
 For very pity, or she knew not why ;
 One whom to govern none could be afraid—
 Hold up the finger, this meek thing obey'd ;
 Her happy husband had the easiest task—
 Say but his will, no question would she ask ;
 She sought no reasons, no affairs she knew,
 Of business spoke not, and had nought to do.

Oft he exclaim'd, " How meek ! how mild ! how kind !
 With her 'twere cruel but to seem unkind ;
 Though ever silent when I take my leave,
 It pains my heart to think how hers will grieve ;
 'Tis heaven on earth with such a wife to dwell,
 I am in raptures to have sped so well ;
 But let me not, my friend, your envy raise,
 No ! on my life, your patience has my praise."

His friend, though silent, felt the scorn implied—
 " What need of patience ?" to himself he cried :
 " Better a woman o'er her house to rule,
 Than a poor child just hurried from her school ;
 Who has no care, yet never lives at ease ;
 Unfit to rule, and indisposed to please ;
 What if he govern ? there his boast should end,
 No husband's power can make a slave his friend."

From Tales.

SIR HECTOR BLANE.

Sir Hector Blane, the champion of the school,
 Was very blockhead, but was form'd for rule :
 Learn he could not ; he said he could not learn,
 But he profess'd it gave him no concern.
 Books were his horror, dinner his delight,
 And his amusement to shake hands and fight ;
 Argue he could not, but, in case of doubt,
 Or disputation, fairly box'd it out :
 This was his logic, and his arm so strong,
 His cause prevail'd, and he was never wrong ;

But so obtuse—you must have seen his look,
Desponding, angry, puzzled o'er his book.

Can you not see him on the morn that proved
His skill in figures? Pluto's self was moved—
“Come—six times five?” th' impatient teacher cried;
In vain, the pupil shut his eyes, and sigh'd.
“Try—six times count your fingers; how he stands!—
Your fingers, idiot!”—“What, of both my hands?”

With parts like these his father felt assured,
In busy times, a ship might be procured;
He too was pleased to be so early freed,
He now could fight, and he in time might read.
So he has fought, and in his country's cause
Has gain'd him glory, and our hearts' applause.
No more the blustering boy a school defies,
We see the hero from the tyrant rise,
And in the captain's worth the student's dulness dies.

From Tales of The Hall.

THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

I sought a village priest, my mother's friend,
And I believed with him my days would end:
The man was kind, intelligent, and mild,
Careless and shrewd, yet simple as the child;
For of the wisdom of the world his share
And mine were equal—neither had to spare;
Else, with his daughters, beautiful and poor—
He would have kept a sailor from his door:
Two then were present, who adorn'd his home,
But ever speaking of a third to come;
Cheerful they were, not too reserved or free,
I loved them both, and never wish'd them three.

The vicar's self, still further to describe,
Was of a simple, but a studious tribe;
He from the world was distant, not retired,
Nor of it much possess'd, nor much desired:
Grave in his purpose, cheerful in his eye,
And with a look of frank benignity.
He lost his wife when they together past
Years of calm love, that triumph'd to the last.

He much of nature, not of man had seen ;
 Yet his remarks were often shrewd and keen ;
 Taught not by books t' approve or to condemn,
 He gain'd but little that he knew from them ;
 He read with reverence and respect the few,
 Whence he his rules and consolations drew ;
 But men and beasts, and all that lived or moved,
 Were books to him ; he studied them and loved.

He knew the plants in mountain, wood, or mead ;
 He knew the worms that on the foliage feed ;
 Knew the small tribes that 'scape the careless eye,
 The plant's disease that breeds the embryo-fly ;
 And the small creatures, who on bark or bough
 Enjoy their changes, changed we know not how ;
 But now th' imperfect being scarcely moves,
 And now takes wing and seeks the sky it loves.

He had no system, and forebode to read
 The learned labours of th' immortal Swede ;
 But smiled to hear the creatures he had known
 So long, were now in class and order shown,
 Genus and species—"Is it meet," said he,
 "This creature's name should one so sounding be ?
 'Tis but a fly, though first-born of the spring—
 Bombilius majus, dost thou call the thing ?
 Majus, indeed ! and yet, in fact, 'tis true,
 We all are majors, all are minors too,
 Except the first and last—th' immensely distant two.
 And here again—what call the learned this ?
 Both Hippobosca and Hirundinis ?
 Methinks the creature should be proud to find
 That he employs the talents of mankind ;
 And that his sovereign master shrewdly looks,
 Counts all his parts, and puts them in his books.
 Well ! go thy way, for I do feel it shame
 To stay a being with so proud a name."

From Tales of the Hall.

EDUCATION AFTER MARRIAGE.

And now 'tis time to fill that ductile mind
 With knowledge, from his stores of various kind :
 His mother, in a peevish mood, had ask'd,
 "Does your Augusta profit ? is she task'd ?"

"Madam!" he cried, offended with her looks,
 "There 's time for all things, and not all for books :
 Just on one's marriage to sit down, and prate
 On points of learning, is a thing I hate.—"

"'Tis right, my son, and it appears to me,
 If deep your hatred, you must well agree."

Finch was too angry for a man so wise,
 And said, "Insinuation I despise!
 Nor do I wish to have a mind so full
 Of learned trash—it makes a woman dull :
 Let it suffice, that I in her discern
 An aptitude, and a desire to learn."

The matron smiled, but she observed a frown
 On her son's brow, and calmly set her down ;
 Leaving the truth to Time, who solves our doubt,
 By bringing his all-glorious daughter out—
 Truth! for whose beauty all their love profess,
 And yet how many think it ugliness!

"Augusta, love," said Finch, "while you engage
 In that embroidery, let me read a page ;
 Suppose it Hume's ; indeed he takes a side,
 But still an author need not be our guide ;
 And as he writes with elegance and ease,
 Do now attend—he will be sure to please.
 Here at the Revolution we commence,—
 We date, you know, our liberties from hence."

"Yes, sure," Augusta answer'd, with a smile,
 "Our teacher always talk'd about his style ;
 When we about the Revolution read,
 And how the martyrs to the flames were led ;
 The good old bishops, I forget their names,
 But they were all committed to the flames ;
 Maidens and widows, bachelors and wives,—
 The very babes and sucklings lost their lives.
 I read it all in Guthrie at the school,—
 What now !—I know you took me for a fool ;
 There were five bishops taken from the stall,
 And twenty widows, I remember all ;
 And by this token—that our teacher tried
 To cry for pity, till she howl'd and cried."

"True, true, my love, but you mistake the thing,—
 The Revolution that made William king

Is what I mean ; the Reformation you,
In Edward and Elizabeth."—" 'Tis true :
But the nice reading is the love between
The brave lord Essex and the cruel queen ;
And how he sent the ring to save his head,
Which the false lady kept till he was dead.

"That is all true : now read, and I'll attend :
But was not she a most deceitful friend ?
It was a monstrous, vile, and treacherous thing,
To show no pity, and to keep the ring ;
But the queen shook her in her dying bed,
And 'God forgive you,' was the word she said,
'Not I, for certain : '—Come, I will attend,
So read the Revolution to an end."

Finch, with a timid, strange, inquiring look.
Softly and slowly laid aside the book
With sigh inaudible—"Come, never heed,"
Said he, recovering, "now I cannot read."

They walk'd at leisure through their wood and groves,
In fields and lanes, and talk'd of plants and loves,
And loves of plants.—Said Finch, "Augusta, dear,
You said you loved to learn,—were you sincere?
Do you remember that you told me once
How much you grieved, and said you were a dunce?
That is, you wanted information. Say,
What would you learn? I will direct your way."

"Goodness!" said she, "what meanings you discern
In a few words! I said I wish'd to learn,
And so I think I did; and you replied,
The wish was good: what would you now beside?
Did not you say it show'd an ardent mind;
And pray what more do you expect to find?"

"My dear Augusta, could you wish indeed
For any knowledge, and not then proceed?
That is not wishing—"

"Mercy, how you tease!

You knew I said it with a view to please;
A compliment to you, and quite enough:
You would not kill me with that puzzling stuff!
Sure I might say I wish'd; but that is still
Far from a promise; it is not—'I will.'

"But come, to show you that I will not hide
My proper talents, you shall be my guide;

And lady Boothby, when we meet, shall cry,
She's quite as good a botanist as I."

"Right, my Augusta;" and, in manner grave,
Finch his first lecture on the science gave;
An introduction—and he said, "My dear,
Your thought was happy—let us persevere;
And let no trifling cause our work retard."
Agreed the lady, but she fear'd it hard.

Now o'er the grounds they rambled many a mile;
He show'd the flowers, the stamina, the style,
Calyx and corol, pericarp and fruit,
And all the plant produces, branch and root;
Of these he treated, every varying shape,
Till poor Augusta panted to escape:
He show'd the various foliage plants produce,
Lunate and lyrate, runcinate, retuse;
Long were the learned words, and urged with force,
Panduriform, pinnatifid, premorse,
Latent and patent, papulous and plane—
"Oh!" said the pupil, "it will turn my brain."
"Fear not," he answer'd, and again, intent
To fill that mind, o'er class and order went;
And stopping, "Now," said he, "my love attend."
"I do," said she, "but when will be an end?"
"When we have made some progress—now begin,
Which is the stigma, show me with the pin:
Come, I have told you, dearest, let me see,
Times very many—tell it now to me."

"Stigma! I know—the things with yellow heads,
That shed the dust, and grow upon the threads;
You call them wives and husbands, but you know
That is a joke—here, look, and I will show
All I remember." Doleful was the look
Of the preceptor, when he shut his book
(The system brought to aid them in their view),
And now with sighs return'd—"It will not do."

A handsome face first led him to suppose,
There must be talent with such looks as those;
The want of talent taught him now to find
The face less handsome with so poor a mind;
And half the beauty faded, when he found
His cherish'd hopes were falling to the ground.

From Tales of the Hall.

LOVE NOT OMNIPOTENT.

The widow answer'd : " I had once, like you,
 Such thoughts of love ; no dream is more untrue :
 You judge it fated and decreed to dwell
 In youthful hearts, which nothing can expel ;
 A passion doom'd to reign, and irresistible.
 The struggling mind, when once subdued, in vain
 Rejects the fury or defies the pain ;
 The strongest reason fails the flame t' allay,
 And resolution droops and faints away :
 Hence, when the destined lovers meet, they prove
 At once the force of this all-powerful love :
 Each from that period feels the mutual smart,
 Nor seeks to cure it—heart is changed for heart ;
 Nor is there peace till they delighted stand,
 And, at the altar—hand is join'd to hand.

" Alas ! my child, there are who, dreaming so,
 Waste their fresh youth, and waking feel the woe ;
 There is no spirit sent the heart to move
 With such prevailing and alarming love ;
 Passion to reason will submit—or why
 Should wealthy maids the poorest swains deny ?
 Or how could classes and degrees create
 The slightest bar to such resistless fate ?
 Yet high and low, you see, forbear to mix ;
 No beggars' eyes the hearts of kings transfix ;
 And who but amorous peers or nobles sigh
 When titled beauties pass triumphant by ?
 For reason wakes, proud wishes to reprove ;
 You cannot hope, and therefore dare not love :
 All would be safe, did we at first inquire—
 ' Does reason sanction what our hearts desire ? ' "

From Tales.

APPROACH OF AGE.

Six years had pass'd, and forty ere the six,
 When Time began to play his usual tricks :
 The locks, once comely in a virgin's sight,
 Locks of pure brown, display'd th' encroaching white ;
 The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
 And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man :
 I rode or walk'd as I was wont before,
 But now the bounding spirit was no more ;

A moderate pace would now my body heat,
 A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
 I show'd my stranger guest those hills sublime,
 But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
 At a friend's mansion I began to dread
 The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed ;
 At home I felt a more decided taste,
 And must have all things in my order placed ;
 I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less,
 My dinner more ; I learn'd to play at chess ;
 I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
 Was disappointed that I did not shoot ;
 My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
 And bless'd the shower that gave me not to choose :
 In fact, I felt a languor stealing on ;
 The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;
 Small daily actions into habits grew,
 And new dislike to forms and fashions new ;
 I loved my trees in order to dispose,
 I number'd peaches, look'd how stocks arose,
 Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

From Tales of the Hall.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens!
 Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
 And mighty monarchs thundering from your throne ;
 Then step behind, and all your glory's gone :
 Of crown and palace, throne and guards, bereft,
 The pomp is vanish'd, and the care is left.
 Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel
 When the full house secures the plenteous meal ;
 Flattering and flatter'd, each attempts to raise
 A brother's merits for a brother's praise :
 For never hero shows a prouder heart,
 Than he who proudly acts a hero's part ;
 Nor without cause ; the boards, we know, can yield
 Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.

Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
 The prince we honour, and the knave we spurn ;
 Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
 The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud :
 These are their parts—and he who these sustains
 Deserves some praise and profit for his pains

Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
 Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
 No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depress'd,
 Your days all pass'd in jeopardy and jest;
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
 Not warn'd by misery, not enrich'd by gain;
 Whom justice pitying, chides from place to place,
 A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
 Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
 Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
 Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
 Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,
 Distress and hope—the mind's, the body's wear,
 The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
 Alternate times of fasting and excess
 Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.

Slaves though ye be, your wandering freedom seems,
 And with your varying views and restless schemes,
 Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.

Yet keen those griefs—ah! what avail thy charms,
 Fair Juliet! what that infant in thine arms;
 What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
 What all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
 Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain,
 With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?

Nor is there lack of labour—To rehearse,
 Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
 To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
 To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
 To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
 The mind to think on the appointed course;—
 This is laborious, and may be defined
 The bootless labour of the thriftless mind.

There is a veteran dame; I see her stand
 Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
 Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
 Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
 Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
 And fits her features for the Danish throne;
 To-night a queen—I mark her motion slow,
 I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.

Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
 For strength of arms and energy of eye;
 With vigour lost, and spirits worn away,
 Her pomp and pride she labours to display;

And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
 To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
 When struggles more and more severe are seen
 In the plain actress than the Danish queen—
 At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
 And fancies all the plaudits of the night:
 Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
 And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach;
 But as the mist of vanity again
 Is blown away, by press of present pain,
 Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
 For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies;
 Then to her task she sighing turns again—
 "Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"

And who that poor, consumptive, wither'd thing,
 Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
 Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
 And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
 Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
 Laugh'd off at night the labours of the day;
 With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
 And sister converse pass'd the evening hours;
 But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
 Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong;
 The morning call and counter were her dread,
 And her contempt the needle and the thread:
 But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
 Her woe, her wish!—she had them all by heart.

At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
 Who spake of love till sigh re-echo'd sigh;
 He told in honey'd words his deathless flame,
 And she his own by tender vows became;
 Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
 Alphonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
 And thus the simple girl, to shame betray'd,
 Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismay'd.

Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
 See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
 A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
 Her woe insulted, and her praise denied:
 Her humble talents, though derided, used,
 Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;
 All that remains—for she not long can brave
 Increase of evils—is an early grave.

Ye gentle Cynthia's of the shop, take heed
 What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read.

From The Borough.

THE QUACK NURSE.

Who would not lend a sympathizing sigh,
 To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry?
 That feeble sob, unlike the new-born note,
 Which came with vigour from the opening throat;
 When air and light first rush'd on lungs and eyes,
 And there was life and spirit in the cries;
 Now an abortive, faint attempt to weep
 Is all we hear; sensation is asleep:
 The boy was healthy, and at first express'd
 His feelings loudly, when he fail'd to rest;
 When cramm'd with food, and tighten'd every limb,
 To cry aloud was what pertain'd to him;
 Then the good nurse (who, had she borne a brain,
 Had sought the cause that made her babe complain)
 Has all her efforts, loving soul! applied
 To set the cry, and not the cause, aside;
 She gave her powerful sweet without remorse,
 The sleeping cordial—she had tried its force;
 Repeating oft: the infant, freed from pain,
 Rejected food, but took the dose again,
 Sinking to sleep; while she her joy express'd,
 That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest:
 Soon may she spare her cordial; not a doubt
 Remains but quickly he will rest without.

From The Borough.



THIS poet, whose works have been consigned in the present day to unmerited neglect, was born in London, on the 9th of November, 1757. He was educated at Harrow, and at the age of seventeen he followed the steps of his father, who was a Colonel in the Guards, by purchasing a commission in the 10th Dragoons. The spare time of the young officer, while his companions were engaged in amusement or dissipation, was honourably and usefully spent in the pursuits of literature; and on quitting the army, which he did in 1780, he purchased Beirs Mount, near Southampton, once the residence of the Earl of Peterborough, and a favourite visiting place of Pope, and there continued his studies in the Classics and poetry for several years. In 1791, however, his love of literary society induced him to settle permanently in London, and seven years afterwards he published his admired translation of Wieland's *Oberon*. In 1816, he visited Italy, where he wrote a series of poems upon the scenery and ancient remembrances of that country, and published it under the title of *Italy*, which work constitutes the best of his poetical productions. Even when he had passed the age of seventy, such was still the energy and activity of his mind, that he commenced a translation of Homer, and lived to complete it. He died in London, on the 30th of December, 1833.

The writings of Sothey were numerous, consisting, besides original poems, of translations from the Latin and Greek Classics, and from the German authors, the latter of which he was one of the first to introduce to the knowledge of English readers. During his life-time, his reputation as a poet was chiefly limited to a literary circle; and since that period, his works, notwithstanding their merits, have made no progress towards general celebrity. The cause of this it is impossible to assign: it forms one of the thousand literary anomalies of the present age, into the discussion of which we have no desire to enter. It is enough to say, that a perusal of his neglected volumes, and especially of his *Italy*, will convince an unbiassed reader that he was more worthy of popularity than many whose names are more frequently before the public.

HYOLLI

Spirit! who lov'st to live unseen,
 By brook, or pathless dell,
 Where wild woods burst the rocks between,
 And floods, in streams of silver sheen,
 Gush from their flinty cell!

Or where the ivy weaves her woof,
 And climbs the crag alone,
 Haunts the cool grotto, daylight proof,
 Where loitering drops that wear the roof
 Turn all beneath to stone.

Shield me from summer's blaze of day,
 From noon-tide's fiery gale,
 And as thy waters round me play,
 Beneath the o'ershadowing cavern lay,
 Till twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon
Rests on Mæcnas' wall,
And echoes at night's solemn noon
In Tivoli's soft shades attune
The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight,
The bower, the flood, the glade;
Again on yon romantic height
The Sybil's temple towers in light,
Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way
Along the dim retreat,
And, 'mid the torrents' deafening bray,
Dash from my brow the foam away,
Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,
And issuing forth from night,
View on the flakes that sun-ward flow,
A thousand rainbows round me glow,
And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,
Fresh flowers my path perfume,
Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreath,
And from the groves that bend beneath
Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,
Dark flood, and rivulet clear,
That wind, where'er you wander by,
A stream of beauty on the eye,
Of music on the ear:—

And thou, that when the wandering moon
Illumed the rocky dell,
Did'st to my charmed ear attune
The echoes of Night's solemn noon,
Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—o'er many a realm I go,
My natal isle to greet,
Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,
And sea-winds health and freshness blow
O'er Freedom's hallow'd seat.

Yet there, to thy romantic spot
 Shall Fancy oft retire,
 And hail the bower, the stream, the grot,
 Where Earth's sole Lord the world forgot,
 And Horace smote the lyre.

THE GROTTA OF EGERIA.

Can I forget that beauteous day,
 When, shelter'd from the burning beam,
 First in thy haunted grot I lay,
 And loosed my spirit to its dream,
 Beneath the broken arch, o'erlaid
 With ivy, dark with many a braid
 That clasp'd its tendrils to retain
 The stone its roots had writhed in twain?
 No zephyr on the leaflet play'd,
 No bent grass bow'd its slender blade,
 The coiled snake lay slumber-bound;
 All mute, all motionless around,
 Save, livelier, while others slept,
 The lizard on the sunbeam leapt,
 And louder, while the groves were still,
 The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill,
 As if their chirp could charm alone
 Tired noontide with its unison.

Stranger! that roam'st in solitude!
 Thou, too, 'mid tangling bushes rude,
 Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
 A rill more pure than Hippocrene,
 That from a sacred fountain fed
 The stream that fill'd its marble bed.
 Its marble bed long since is gone,
 And the stray water struggles on,
 Brawling through weeds and stones its way
 There, when o'erpower'd at blaze of day,
 Nature languishes in light,
 Pass within the gloom of night,
 Where the cool grot's dark arch o'ershades
 Thy temples, and the waving braids
 Of many a fragrant brier that weaves
 Its blossom through the ivy leaves.
 Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
 Where the moss mats its thickest woof,

Shalt hear the gather'd ice-drops fall
 Regular, at interval,
 Drop after drop, one after one,
 Making music on the stone,
 While every drop, in slow decay,
 Wears the recumbent nymph away.
 Thou, too, if ere thy youthful ear
 Thrill'd the Latian lay to hear,
 Lull'd to slumber in that cave,
 Shalt hail the nymph that held the wave;
 A goddess, who there deign'd to meet
 A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
 And, o'er the gushing of her fount,
 Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

ADDRESS TO NAPLES.

Naples! awake! awake!
 Each stone whereon thy swarms in sunbeams sleep,
 Sprung from the riven womb of central night;
 Where'er thou turn'st thy sight,
 Round thee thy earth, thy sea, thy every isle,
 One element of fire.—On yonder brow
 The blazing flood, that drank the deep below,
 Tower'd in its rage o'er Epomeo's pile;
 The blast sulphureous from Agnano flows,
 And green Astroni's woods the crater's womb enclose.

Ask of yon palace, round whose marble crest
 The sea-winds softly breathe;
 On what foundation based, securely rest
 The pillars of its strength?—Securely rest!
 On Herculaneum—on a sea of fire,
 Whose deluge swept the revellers from earth
 In madness of their mirth:
 Their gods, their arts, their science, swept away.
 Their winding-sheet a flame; and on their grave,
 Where never earth-worm pierced th' unyielding clay,
 And banqueted on death, the lava lay;
 Nor aught remain'd for future time to trace
 A relic of the race,
 Save when relentless toil forced up to light
 Through the rent rock, whose subterranean bed
 Dissevers day from night,
 The living from the dead,

Th' equestrian statue, and the fire-bound scroll :
 Or, where the torrent, as it ceased to roll,
 Slow hardening on a Hebe's living breast,
 In the eternal stone that beauteous mould imprest.

From Naples.

THE SYREN'S SONG.

Rest, Wanderer, rest! all nature sleeps :
 'Tis noon-tide's slumberous hour :
 O'er the smooth rock no lizard creeps,
 No serpent stirs the bower ;
 And curtain'd in the blushing rose,
 The bees their wearied wings repose.

The bird, at rest, forgets her song,
 No cloud through heaven's blue zone
 Strays while the noon-sun moves along,
 And walks in light alone :
 A quiet stills the world of waves,
 And sea-nymphs sleep in coral caves.

Then lay thee on my lap to rest,
 While lazy suns wheel by,
 There dream of her thou fanciest,
 And wake, and find her nigh :
 And I will lead thee to a grove
 Where hangs a lute attuned by love.

That lute by Love to me was lent,
 Sweet notes, and sad, there dwell ;
 Sweet as his voice that wins assent,
 Sad as his breathed farewell :
 Yet—in its sadness, moving more
 Than all that won thy smile before.

DANTE'S EXILE.

Athens of Italy! where Dante's urn?
 Was thine the gate that on the Exile closed?
 The gate that never witness'd his return?
 Not on thy lap his brow in death reposed :
 Not, where his cradle rock'd, Death seal'd his eyes ;
 Beneath Ravenna's soil Hetruria's glory lies.

Yet—when o'er stranger earth the Exile stray'd
 His thoughts alone had rest
 In the loved spot that first his foot had press'd.
 His spirit linger'd where the boy had play'd,
 And join'd the counsels where the man bore part.
 And could his lofty soul have stoop'd to shame,
 There had the Eld in peace his breath resign'd.
 But—to harsh exile with unbending mind
 Went Dante, went the muse, went deathless fame;
 And his pure soul, where'er the wanderer trod,
 Dwelt communing with God.

What reck's it that thy sons, in after age,
 When centuries had seen his stranger tomb,
 Reversed the Exile's doom?
 That Florence tore the record from her page,
 And woo'd the remnant of his ancient race
 To greet their native place?—
 They may return, and in their birth-place die,
 Shrouded in still obscurity:
 But sooner shall the Appennine
 On Arno's vale recline,
 And Arno's crystal current cease to flow,
 Ere that again in man a Dante's genius glow.

From Florence.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I knew a gentle maid : I ne'er shall view
 Her like again : and yet the vulgar eye
 Might pass the charms I traced, regardless by :
 For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue,
 Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
 Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight :
 Yet Beauty never woke such pure delight.
 Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance :
 Her voice was music, in her silence dwelt
 Expression, every look instinct with thought :
 Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,
 Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
 The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt :
 And on her lips, when gleam'd a lingering smile,
 Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while :
 Thy like, thou gentle maid ! I ne'er shall view.

ONE of the most important characteristics of the literary world in the present day is, the universality with which literature is cultivated. Readers are no longer composed of the select few, but of the many, so that the expression of "the reading public," is almost tantamount to that of the public at large. And such is also the case with authorship. It is no longer the exclusive vocation of him who has devoted the greater part of his life to retirement and study, or of the poor and unbefriended scholar to whom no other of the numerous outlets of active life is patent. But people of both sexes, and of every occupation—the soldier, the sailor, the senator, the merchant, the artisan—all write, print, publish, and add their peculiar forms of thought to the general mass of intellect, which thus grows and expands beyond all former conception. And one of these novel additions to be found in the walks of literature is, the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*. A hundred years ago it would have been deemed an astounding phenomenon for a wealthy banker to be also an eminent poet.

Samuel Rogers was born in London, in 1762. Little or nothing is known of the manner in which he spent his early days. That his education was carefully attended to, and conducted upon the most liberal scale, is evident, from his taste and acquirements. During his youth, he enjoyed the society of the talented men of the last age—of Sheridan, Fox, Windham, and their renowned contemporaries, as at a latter period he was the companion of Byron and the illustrious of the present century. As poetry had occupied much of his early attention, Rogers had naturally composed verses, and at last he ventured before the public in his *Ode to Superstition*, and other Poems, which was published in 1786. This work was so favourably received, that the author was encouraged to persevere, and in 1792 appeared his principal poem, *The Pleasures of Memory*, which was received by the public with extraordinary approbation. In 1798, he published *An Epistle to a Friend*, and other Poems; and in 1812, *The Voyage of Columbus*. It will be seen, from these dates, that the works of Rogers appeared after considerable intervals; but this was owing to that fastidious delicacy of taste which appears in every line of his writings, and which forms one of the principal qualifications of his works. Two years afterwards he published, in the same volume with Byron's *Lara*, the poem of *Jacqueline*—a poem in itself possessing considerable merit, but which showed to great disadvantage on account of the splendid production with which it was associated. Indeed, no two authors could have been more strongly contrasted than Rogers and his noble friend; and the fastidious delicacy and cautious smoothness of the former appeared almost ludicrous, when contrasted with the dashing, fearless energy, and powerful light and shade, of the latter. *Jacqueline*, therefore, came into the world a dead twin in company with its vigorous, long-lived brother. This failure, however, was amply redeemed by Rogers' next poem, entitled *Human Life*, and by his subsequent work, *Italy*, the last and also the best of his productions, which was published in 1823. This last poem was also published in 1830, in a very splendid form, illustrated with numerous engravings from Turner and Stothard, and, on account of the expense of such a bold experiment, it was feared that the work would prove a complete failure. But, contrary to all expectation, it became one of the most profitable literary speculations of modern times. His other poems were therefore published on a similar plan in 1834. This zealous subserviency of painting and sculpture as faithful handmaids to poetry, is one of the grateful indications of improving taste, which are so abundant in the present day.

As a poet, Rogers is scarcely entitled to the praise of boldness and vigour. For this he is too scrupulous and careful, and he never ventures beyond sight of his land-mark. Such, indeed, were the extreme care and labour which he bestowed upon *The Pleasures of Memory*, that not satisfied with his own corrections, he read the poem many times over with a learned friend, and in every variety of mood and situation, before he ventured to commit it to the press. But if correctness, delicacy, and tenderness, can compensate for those high flights of imagination which constitute the chief requisite of poetry, and in which he is wanting, Rogers in these minor qualities will be found superior to any poet of the present day.



Dean.

J. G. Thompson.

ROGERS.

THE NUN.

'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,

She will awake as though she still was there,
 Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell
 Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discern'd,
 Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
 And the grey habit lying by to shroud
 Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
 Entering the solemn place of consecration,
 And from the latticed gallery came a chant
 Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
 Verse after verse sung out, how holily !
 The strain returning, and still, still returning,
 Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
 And she was casting off her earthly dross ;
 Yet was it sad as sweet, and ere it closed
 Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
 And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
 That she might fling them from her, saying, " Thus,
 Thus I renounce the world and worldly things !"
 When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments,
 Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
 That she might say, flinging them from her, " Thus,
 Thus I renounce the world !" When all was changed,
 And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
 Veil'd in her veil, crown'd with her silver crown,
 Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
 Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
 Fail in that hour ! Well might the holy man,
 He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
 ('Twas in her utmost need ; nor, while she lives,
 Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
 That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
 And pity !

Like a dream the whole is fled ;
 And they, that came in idleness to gaze
 Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
 Are mingling in the world ; thou in thy cell
 Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
 None were so form'd to love and to be loved,
 None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now
 A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
 For ever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,
 Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
 A languor and a lethargy of soul,

Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?
As nothing!

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncall'd. The young and innocent heart,
How is it beating! Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

The sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say, what remains when Hope is fled?"
 She answer'd, "Endless weeping!"
 For in the herdsman's eye she read
 Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
 The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
 The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
 And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
 When near the cabin in the wood,
 In tartan clad and forest green,
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood
 The Boy of Egremond was seen.
 Blithe was his song, a song of yore;
 But where the rock is rent in two,
 And the river rushes through,
 His voice was heard no more!
 'Twas but a step! the gulf he pass'd;
 But that step—it was his last!
 As through the mist he wing'd his way
 (A cloud that hovers night and day),
 The hound hung back, and back he drew
 The master and his merlin too.
 That narrow place of noise and strife
 Received their little all of life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;
 The "Miserere!" duly sung;
 And holy men in cowl and hood
 Are wandering up and down the wood.
 But what avail they? Ruthless lord!
 Thou didst not shudder when the sword
 Here on the young its fury spent,
 The helpless and the innocent.
 Sit now and answer groan for groan,
 The child before thee is thy own.
 And she who wildly wanders there,
 The mother in her long despair,
 Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
 Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
 Of those who would not be consoled
 When red with blood the river roll'd.

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Yet, when Slavery came,
 Worse follow'd. Genius, valour, left the land,
 Indignant—all that had from age to age
 Adorn'd, ennobled; and headlong they fell,
 Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,
 Done in broad day and more than half redeem'd
 By many a great and generous sacrifice
 Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,
 The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by
 Unnoticed, in slouch'd hat and muffling cloak,
 That just discover'd, Caravaggio-like,
 A swarthy cheek, black brow, and eye of flame,
 The Bravo took his stand, and o'er the shoulder
 Plunged to the hilt, or from beneath the ribs
 Slanting (a surer path, as some averr'd)
 Struck upward—then slunk off; or, if pursued,
 Made for the sanctuary, and there along
 The glimmering aisle, among the worshippers
 Wander'd with restless step and jealous look,
 Dropping thick gore.

Misnamed to lull suspicion,
 In every palace was The Laboratory,
 Where he within brew'd poisons swift and slow,
 That scatter'd terror till all things seem'd poisonous,
 And brave men trembled if a hand held out
 A nosegay or a letter; while the great
 Drank from the Venice-glass, that broke, that shiver'd,
 If aught malignant, aught of thine, was there,
 Cruel Tophana; and pawn'd provinces
 For the miraculous gem that to the wearer
 Gave signs infallible of coming ill—
 That clouded, though the vehicle of death
 Were an invisible perfume.

Happy then
 The guest to whom at sleeping-time 'twas said,
 But in an under voice (a lady's page
 Speaks in no louder), "Pass not on. That door
 Leads to another which awaits your coming,
 One in the floor—now left, alas, unbolted,
 No eye detects it—lying under-foot,
 Just as you enter, at the threshold stone;
 Ready to fall and plunge you into darkness,
 Darkness and long oblivion!

Then, indeed,
 Where lurk'd not danger? through the fairy-land,

No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down—
 No hunting-place—but with some damning spot
 That will not be wash'd out! There, at Caïano,
 Where, when the hawks were hooded and night came,
 Pulci would set the table in a roar
 With his wild lay—there, where the sun descends,
 And hill and dale are lost, veil'd with his beams,
 The fair Venetian died—she and her lord,
 Died of a posset drugg'd by him who sate
 And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge,
 The murderer on the murder'd.

DON GARZIA.

Among the awful forms that stand assembled
 In the great square of Florence, may be seen
 That Cosmo, not the father of his country,
 Not he so styled, but he who play'd the tyrant.
 Clad in rich armour like a paladin,
 But with his helmet off—in kingly state,
 Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
 And they, who read the legend underneath,
 Go and pronounce him happy. Yet there is
 A chamber at Grosseto, that, if walls
 Could speak, and tell of what is done within,
 Would turn your admiration into pity.
 Half of what pass'd, died with him; but the rest,
 All he discover'd when the fit was on,
 All that, by those who listen'd, could be glean'd
 From broken sentences and starts in sleep,
 Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia
 (The eldest had not seen his sixteenth summer),
 Went to the chase; but one of them, Giovanni,
 His best beloved, the glory of his house,
 Return'd not; and at close of day was found
 Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas!
 The trembling Cosmo guess'd the deed—the doer;
 And having caused the body to be borne
 In secret to that chamber—at an hour
 When all slept sound, save the disconsolate mother,
 Who little thought of what was yet to come,
 And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
 Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
 A winking lamp, and in the other a key

Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
 And, having enter'd in, and lock'd the door,
 The father fix'd his eyes upon the son,
 And closely question'd him. No change betray'd
 Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
 The bloody sheet. "Look there! look there!" he cried,
 "Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
 —Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.
 What!" he exclaim'd, when, shuddering at the sight,
 The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard—"
 "Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wrong'd thee,
 Who would not set his foot upon a worm?—
 Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
 And thou should'st be the slayer of us all."
 Then from Garzia's side he took the dagger,
 That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
 And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he cried,
 "Grant me the strength to do an act of justice.
 Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,
 How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
 Grant me the strength, the will—and oh forgive
 The sinful soul of a most wretched son.
 'Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
 Long on Garzia's neck he hung, and wept
 Tenderly, long press'd him to his bosom;
 And then, but while he held him by the arm,
 Thrusting him backward, turn'd away his face,
 And stabb'd him to the heart.

Well might De Thou,
 When in his youth he came to Cosmo's court,
 Think on the past; and, as he wander'd through
 The ancient palace—through those ample spaces,
 Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
 Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
 Together, as of two in bonds of love,
 One in a cardinal's habit, one in black,
 Those of the unhappy brothers, and infer
 From the deep silence that his questions drew,
 The terrible truth.

Well might he heave a sigh
 For poor humanity, when he beheld
 That very Cosmo, shaking o'er his fire,
 Drowsy and deaf and inarticulate,
 Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
 In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale;
 His wife, another, not his Eleonora,
 At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE GIPSY.

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blazed
 The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gazed;
 Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
 Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
 Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—
 And heroes fled the sibyl's mutter'd call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years!

AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF THE DOG.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
 Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
 And who will first his fond impatience meet?
 His faithful dog 's already at his feet!
 Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
 Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,
 His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
 With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—
 And see, the master but returns to die!
 Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
 The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
 The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
 These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
 Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

THE RETURN OF THE BEE TO THE HIVE.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn,
 O'er thymy bounds she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.

'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
 Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
 Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
 With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
 Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
 Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

—— Man is born to suffer. On the door
 Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
 Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
 As of a mother singing to her child.
 All now in anguish from that room retire,
 Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
 And innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
 But she who gave it birth—from her alone
 The medicine cup is taken. Through the night,
 And through the day, that with its dreary light
 Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
 Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
 While they without, listening below, above,
 (Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
 From every little noise catch hope and fear,
 Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
 Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
 That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
 When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
 'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
 At midnight in a sister's arms to die!
 Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
 And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
 And, when recall'd to join the blest above,
 Thou died'st a victim to exceeding love,
 Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
 When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
 Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;
 And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

From Human Life.

THIS poet is descended from a respectable family in Wiltshire, and was born in the village of King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, on the 24th of September, 1762. He was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on the Siege of Gibraltar. In 1792, he took his degree of Master of Arts; and having afterwards entered into holy orders, he served a curacy in Wiltshire, from which he was promoted to the living of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire, and finally in 1803 to the prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral.

The long life of this venerable divine has been chiefly spent in the country, amidst the charms of rural life, and the duties of his profession. His chief poems are, *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea*, which is considered the best of his works; and *The Missionary*. He was also distinguished by a keen controversy which he waged with Campbell and Byron upon the poetry of Pope, and the "invariable principles" of poetry in general: and it is greatly to his credit to record, that in this his conflict with the Titans, he departed without the shame of defeat.

The poetry of Bowles, with a very few exceptions, is too near mediocrity to be decidedly popular. He never sinks, but it is because he attempts none of those venturous flights that distinguish his great contemporaries. His works, however, will continue to be read with pleasure, on account of the elegance and amiable spirit with which they are every where pervaded.

DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

She left

The Severn's side, and fled with him she loved
O'er the wide main; for he had told her tales
Of happiness in distant lands, where care
Comes not, and pointing to the golden clouds
That shone above the waves, when evening came,
Whisper'd, "Oh! are there not sweet scenes of peace,
Far from the murmurs of this cloudy mart,
Where gold alone bears sway, scenes of delight,
Where Love may lay his head upon the lap
Of Innocence, and smile at all the toil
Of the low-thoughted throng, that place in wealth
Their only bliss? Yes, there are scenes like these.—
Leave the vain chidings of the world behind,
Country, and hollow friends, and fly with me
Where love and peace in distant vales invite.
What wouldst thou here? O shall thy beauteous look
Of maiden innocence, thy smile of youth, thine eyes
Of tenderness and soft subdued desire,
Thy form, thy limbs—oh, madness!—be the prey
Of a decrepit spoiler, and for gold?—
Perish his treasure with him! Haste with me,
We shall find out some sylvan nook, and then

If thou shouldst sometimes think upon these hills,
 When they are distant far, and drop a tear,
 Yes—I will kiss it from thy cheek, and clasp
 Thy angel beauties closer to my breast;
 And while the winds blow o'er us, and the sun
 Goes beautifully down, and thy soft cheek
 Reclines on mine, I will enfold thee thus,
 And proudly cry, My friend—my love—my wife!"

So tempted he, and soon her heart approved,
 Nay woo'd, the blissful dream; and oft at eve,
 When the moon shone upon the wandering stream,
 She paced the castle's battlements, that threw
 Beneath their solemn shadow, and, resign'd
 To fancy and to tears, thought it most sweet
 To wander o'er the world with him she loved.
 Nor was his birth ignoble, for he shone
 'Mid England's gallant youth in Edward's reign—
 With countenance erect, and honest eye
 Commanding (yet suffused in tenderness
 At times), and smiles that like the lightning play'd
 On his brown cheek,—so nobly stern he stood,
 Accomplish'd, generous, gentle, brave, sincere,—
 Robert à Machin. But the sullen pride
 Of haughty D'Arfet scorn'd all other claim
 To his high heritage, save what the pomp
 Of amplest wealth and loftier lineage gave.
 Reckless of human tenderness, that seeks
 One loved, one honour'd object, wealth alone
 He worshipp'd; and for this he could consign
 His only child, his aged hope, to loathed
 Embraces, and a life of tears! Nor here
 His hard ambition ended: for he sought
 By secret whispers of conspiracies
 His sovereign to abuse, bidding him lift
 His arm avenging, and upon a youth
 Of promise close the dark forgotten gates
 Of living sepulture, and in the gloom
 Inhume the slowly-wasting victim.—

So

He purposed, but in vain: the ardent youth
 Rescued her—her whom more than life he loved,
 E'en when the horrid day of sacrifice
 Drew nigh. He pointed to the distant bark,
 And while he kiss'd a stealing tear that fell
 On her pale cheek, as trusting she reclined

Her head upon his breast, with ardour cried,
 "Be mine, be only mine; the hour invites;
 Be mine, be only mine." So won, she cast
 A look of last affection on the towers
 Where she had pass'd her infant days, that now
 Shone to the setting sun—"I follow thee,"
 Her faint voice said; and lo! where in the air
 A sail hangs tremulous, and soon her steps
 Ascend the vessel's side: The vessel glides
 Down the smooth current, as the twilight fades,
 Till soon the woods of Severn, and the spot
 Where D'Arfet's solitary turrets rose,
 Are lost—a tear starts to her eye—she thinks
 Of him whose grey head to the earth shall bend,
 When he speaks nothing:—but be all, like death,
 Forgotten. Gently blows the placid breeze,
 And oh! that now some fairy pinnacle light
 Might flit along the wave (by no seen power
 Directed, save when Love, a blooming boy,
 Gather'd or spread with tender hand the sail),
 That now some fairy pinnacle, o'er the surge
 Silent, as in a summer's dream, might waft
 The passengers upon the conscious flood
 To scenes of undisturbed joy.

But hark!

The wind is in the shrouds—the cordage sings
 With fitful violence—the blast now swells,
 Now sinks. Dread gloom invests the farther wave,
 Whose foaming toss alone is seen, beneath
 The veering bowsprit.

O retire to rest,

Maiden, whose tender heart would beat, whose cheek
 Turn pale to see another thus exposed:—
 Hark! the deep thunder louder peals—O save—
 The high mast crashes; but the faithful arm
 Of love is o'er thee, and thy anxious eye,
 Soon as the grey of morning peeps, shall view
 Green Erin's hills aspiring!

The sad morn

Comes forth: but Terror on the sunless wave
 Still, like a sea-fiend, sits, and darkly smiles
 Beneath the flash that through the struggling clouds
 Bursts frequent, half revealing his scathed front,
 Above the rocking of the waste that rolls
 Boundless around:—

No word through the long day
 She spoke:—Another slowly came:—No word
 The beauteous drooping mourner spoke. The sun
 Twelve times had sunk beneath the sullen surge,
 And cheerless rose again:—Ah, where are now
 Thy havens, France? But yet—resign not yet—
 Ye lost sea-farers—oh, resign not yet
 All hope—the storm is pass'd; the drenched sail
 Shines in the passing beam! Look up, and say,
 “Heav’n, thou hast heard our prayers!”

And lo! scarce seen,
 A distant dusky spot appears;—they reach
 An unknown shore, and green and flowery vales,
 And azure hills, and silver-gushing streams,
 Shine forth, a Paradise, which Heav’n alone,
 Who saw the silent anguish of despair,
 Could raise in the waste wilderness of waves.—
 They gain the haven—through untrodden scenes,
 Perhaps untrodden by the foot of man
 Since first the earth arose, they wind: The voice
 Of Nature hails them here with music, sweet,
 As waving woods retired, or falling streams,
 Can make; most soothing to the weary heart,
 Doubly to those who, struggling with their fate,
 And wearied long with watchings and with grief,
 Sought but a place of safety. All things here
 Whisper repose and peace; the very birds,
 That ’mid the golden fruitage glance their plumes,
 The songsters of the lonely valley, sing
 “Welcome from scenes of sorrow, live with us.”—

The wild wood opens, and a shady glen
 Appears, embower’d with mantling laurels high,
 That sloping shade the flowery valley’s side;
 A lucid stream, with gentle murmur, strays
 Beneath th’ umbrageous multitude of leaves,
 Till gaining, with soft lapse, the nether plain,
 It glances light along its yellow bed.
 The shaggy inmates of the forest lick
 The feet of their new guests, and gazing stand.—
 A beauteous tree upshoots amid the glade
 Its trembling top; and there upon the bank
 They rest them, while the heart o’erflows with joy.

Now evening, breathing richer odours sweet,
 Came down: a softer sound the circling seas,

The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
 Her murmurs interposing, tenderness
 Awaked, yet more endearing, in the hearts
 Of those who, sever'd far from human kind,
 Woman and man, by vows sincere betrothed,
 Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon
 Arose—they saw it not—cheek was to cheek
 Inclined, and unawares a stealing tear
 Witness'd how blissful was that hour, that seem'd
 Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss
 Stole on the listening silence; never yet
 Here heard: they trembled, e'en as if the Power
 That made the world, that planted the first pair
 In Paradise, amid the garden walk'd,—
 This since the fairest garden that the world
 Has witness'd, by the fabling sons of Greece
 Hesperian named, who feign'd the watchful guard
 Of the scaled Dragon, and the Golden Fruit.
 Such was this sylvan Paradise; and here
 The loveliest pair, from a hard world remote,
 Upon each other's neck reclined; their breath
 Alone was heard, when the dove ceased on high
 Her plaint; and tenderly their faithful arms
 Enfolded each the other.

Thou, dim cloud,
 That from the search of men, these beauteous vales
 Hast closed, oh doubly veil them! But, alas,
 How short the dream of human transport! Here,
 In vain they built the leafy bower of love,
 Or cull'd the sweetest flowers and fairest fruit.
 The hours unheeded stole; but ah! not long—
 Again the hollow tempest of the night
 Sounds through the leaves; the inmost woods resound;
 Slow comes the dawn, but neither ship nor sail
 Along the rocking of the windy waste
 Is seen: the dash of the dark-heaving wave
 Alone is heard. Start from your bed of bliss,
 Poor victims! never more shall ye behold
 Your native vales again; and thou, sweet child!
 Who, listening to the voice of love, hast left
 Thy friends, thy country,—oh may the wan hue
 Of pining memory, the sunk cheek, the eye
 Where tenderness yet dwells, atone (if love
 Atonement need, by cruelty and wrong
 Beset), atone e'en now thy rash resolves.
 Ah, fruitless hope! Day after day thy bloom

Fades, and the tender lustre of thy eye
Is dimm'd; thy form, amid creation, seems
The only drooping thing.

Thy look was soft,
And yet most animated, and thy step
Light as the roe's upon the mountains. Now,
Thou sittest hopeless, pale, beneath the tree
That fann'd its joyous leaves above thy head,
Where love had deck'd the blooming bower, and strew'd
The sweets of summer: Death is on thy cheek,
And thy chill hand the pressure scarce returns
Of him, who, agonized and hopeless, hangs
With tears and trembling o'er thee. Spare the sight,—
She faints—she dies!—

He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living, and upon her tomb,
Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclined,
Placed the last tribute of his earthly love.

* * * *

He placed the rude inscription on her stone,
Which he with faltering hands had graved, and soon
Himself beside it sunk—yet ere he died,
Faintly he spoke; “If ever ye shall hear,
Companions of my few and evil days,
Again the convent's vesper bells, O think
Of me! and if in after-times the search
Of men should reach this far-removed spot,
Let sad remembrance raise an humble shrine,
And virgin choirs chant duly o'er our grave—
Peace, peace.” His arm upon the mournful stone
He dropp'd—his eyes, ere yet in death they closed,
Turn'd to the name till he could see no more—
“ANNA.” His pale survivors, earth to earth,
Weeping consign'd his poor remains, and placed
Beneath the sod where all he loved was laid:—
Then shaping a rude vessel from the woods,
They sought their country o'er the waves, and left
The scenes again to deepest solitude.
The beauteous Ponciana hung its head
O'er the grey stone; but never human eye
Had mark'd the spot, or gazed upon the grave
Of the unfortunate, but for the voice
Of Enterprise, that spoke, from Sagre's towers,
“Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown wastes,
Speed we to Asia!”

From The Spirit of Discovery by Sea.

THIS distinguished poet, who was so long the victim of critical obloquy, and whose talents have finally, although so late, obtained so signal a triumph, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. At the age of eight he was sent to Hawkeshead school, in Lancashire, where he distinguished himself by proficiency in classical learning, and devotedness to the study of poetry, in which last department his juvenile attempts gave indication of that future eminence he attained. From Hawkeshead, Wordsworth removed to the University of Cambridge, in 1787. While a student, he made a tour on foot through part of France, Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy, during which he wrote the greater part of his *Descriptive Sketches in Verse*. He was in Paris during the commencement of the French Revolution, and lodged in the same house with Brissot; but the atrocities of the Reign of Terror obliged him to take a hasty leave of the French capital. After several years of travelling, during which he stored his mind with images of the beautiful and sublime from the works of nature, and profound knowledge of human character from the societies with which he mingled, he settled in 1797 near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he arranged the fruits of his observations, and commenced those immortal strains which were afterwards to acquire such popularity. It was here, also, while he occasionally visited the village inn, that he remarked, among the society that visited there, a young man who entered into the political topics of the day, and defended the cause of ultra liberalism with an eloquence and force of argument that have been seldom equalled. This interesting person was no other than Coleridge, and Wordsworth, who had listened in silence and with delight, was not long in securing the acquaintanceship of so congenial a character. In 1798, Wordsworth made a tour through part of Germany, where he joined his friend Coleridge, and, on his return, took up his abode at Grasmere, a small village in Westmoreland, from which place he afterwards removed to his present picturesque residence at Rydal. Here the venerable patriarch, who has outlived so many of his illustrious and talented contemporaries, enjoys the homage and love with which his writings have inspired the present generation, and exercises himself in occasional productions that evince the still healthy vigour of his mind, and untiring power of imagination. As he is not only theoretically, but practically a philosopher, his desires have been always moderate, and his habits of life simple and elegant, for which his small patrimonial estate, combined with the office which he holds under government, are more than sufficient. Thus, free from ambition and care, and in the midst of affectionate and admiring friends, the Bard of Rydal has grown old, amidst an uninterrupted flow of tranquil happiness seldom accorded to those who live and labour for poetical fame.

When Wordsworth commenced his labours, nothing could be more superior to the perverted taste of the day than his method of coming before the public as an author. The noisy thunder and lightning of sentiment, and the stiltedness of style, by which the many had been captivated, were rejected by him with marked contempt—and it might be, that he erred too much in the opposite extreme, by a severity that rejected all ornament, and a simplicity that was sometimes puerile. His poetry, therefore, became the game of the critics; and even some of his gifted brethren, from whom a more generous conduct might have been expected, united in the general sneer. This was especially the case with Lord Byron, who discharged the most reckless ribaldry upon a bard whom he yet condescended to imitate. But Wordsworth's heart was full, and it would have poured forth its inspirations even had there been not an ear to listen, or single voice to applaud. The flowers, the trees, the streams, the winds, of which he sang, were his auditory, and with these he was content. "He has dwelt," writes Hazlitt, "among pastoral scenes, till each object has become connected with a thousand feelings, a link in the chain of thought, a fibre of his own heart. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart: no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years."



WORDSWORTH.

THE WAGGONER AND THE COUNTRY INN.

That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
 Mix'd with a faint yet grating sound
 In a moment lost and found,
 The wain announces—by whose side,
 Along the banks of Rydal Mere,
 He paces on, a trusty guide,—
 Listen! you can scarcely hear!
 Hither he his course is bending;—
 Now he leaves the lower ground,
 And up the craggy hill ascending
 Many a stop and stay he makes,
 Many a breathing fit he takes;—
 Steep the way and wearisome,
 Yet all the while his whip is dumb!

* * *

Here is no danger,—none at all!
 Beyond his wish is he secure;
 But pass a mile—and *then* for trial,—
 Then for the pride of self-denial;
 If he resist that tempting door,

Which with such friendly voice will call;
 If he resist those casement panes,
 And that bright gleam which thence will fall
 Upon his leaders' bells and manes,
 Inviting him with cheerful lure;
 For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
 Some shining notice will be *there*,
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well
 Is known, and by as strong a spell
 As used to be that sign of love
 And hope—the "Olive-bough and Dove!"
 He knows it to his cost, good man!
 Who does not know the famous "Swan?"
 Uncouth although the object be,
 An image of perplexity;
 Yet not the less it is our boast,
 For it was painted by the host;
 His own conceit the figure painted,
 By his colour'd all by his own hand;
 And that frail child of thirsty clay,
 Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
 Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
 Quaint stories of the bird's attraction!

WE ARE SEVEN.

— A simple child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
 She was eight years old, she said;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad:
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
 —Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brotner, little maid,
 How many may you be?"
 "How many? seven in all," she said,
 And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-set, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
 "If they two are in heaven?"
 The little maiden did reply,
 "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in heaven!"
 'Twas throwing words away: for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LOUISA.

I met Louisa in the shade;
 And having seen that lovely maid,
 Why should I fear to say
 That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong;
 And down the rocks can leap along,
 Like rivulets in May?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
 Smiles, that with motion of their own
 Do spread, and sink, and rise;
 That come and go with endless play,
 And ever as they pass away,
 Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
 In weather rough and bleak;
 And, when against the wind she strains,
 O might I kiss the mountain rains
 That sparkle on her cheek!

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
 If I with her but half a noon
 May sit beneath the walls
 Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
 When up she winds along the brook
 To hunt the waterfalls.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE STOCK-DOVE.

O nightingale! thou surely art
 A creature of a fiery heart:—
 These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce!
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
 Had help'd thee to a valentine;
 A song in mockery, and despite
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
 And steady bliss, and all the loves
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
 His homely tale, this very day;
 His voice was buried among trees,
 Yet to be come at by the breeze:
 He did not cease; but coo'd—and coo'd;
 And somewhat pensively he woo'd:
 He sang of love with quiet blending,
 Slow to begin and never ending;
 Of serious faith and inward glee;
 That was the song—the song for me!

 TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice;
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 That seems to fill the whole air's space,
 As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird: but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listen'd to; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place;
 That is fit home for thee!

—

ODE.—INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
 OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time, when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday;
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While the Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are pulling,
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a tree, of many one,
 A single field which I have look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six-years' darling of a pigmy size !
 See where mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st th' eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by th' eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet! seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy Being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

 O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man, nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
 Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound,
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight ;
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.
 And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Think not of any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquish'd one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"And shall," the pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
 From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
 From Bethlehem—from the mounts of agony
 And glorified ascension? Warriors go,
 With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
 Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
 Have chased far off by righteous victory
 These sons of Amalec, or laid them low!"
 "God willeth it," the whole assembly cry;
 Shout which th' enraptured multitude astounds!
 The council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
 "God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
 And in awe-stricken countries far and nigh
 Through "Nature's hollow arch," the voice resounds.

DION.

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
 Where'er he turn'd, a natural grace
 Of haughtiness without pretence,
 And to unfold a still magnificence,
 Was princely Dion, in the power
 And beauty of his happier hour.
 Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
 On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
 Softening their inbred dignity austere;—
 That he, not too elate
 With self-sufficing solitude,
 But with majestic lowliness endued,
 Might in the universal bosom reign,
 And from affectionate observance gain
 Help, under every change of adverse fate.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
 Each crown'd with flowers, and arm'd with spear and
 shield,
 Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
 To Syracuse advance in bright array.
 Who leads them on?—the anxious people see
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
 He also crown'd with flowers of Sicily,
 And in a white, far-beaming corslet clad!
 Pure transport undisturb'd by doubt or fear
 The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
 Salute those strangers as a holy train
 Or blest procession (to the immortals dear)
 That brought their precious liberty again.
 Lo! when the gates are enter'd, on each hand,
 Down the long street, rich goblets fill'd with wine
 In seemly order stand,
 On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
 He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown:
 And flowers are on his person thrown
 In boundless prodigality;
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
 As if a very deity he were!



FACTORY CHILDREN.

Domestic bliss
 (Or call it comfort, by an humbler name),
 How art thou blighted for the poor man's heart!
 Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
 The habitations empty! or perchance
 The mother left alone,—no helping hand
 To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
 No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
 Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
 Of household occupation; no nice arts
 Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
 Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
 Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
 Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!
 —The father, if perchance he still retain
 His old employments, goes to field or wood,
 No longer led or follow'd by the sons;
 Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;
 Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
 Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
 Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
 Economists will tell you that the State
 Thrives by the forfeiture——unfeeling thought,
 And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive
 By the destruction of her innocent sons?
 In whom a premature necessity
 Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes
 The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
 The infant being in itself, and makes
 Its very spring a season of decay!
 The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
 Whether a pining discontent survive,
 And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued
 The soul depress'd, dejected—even to love
 Of her dull tasks, and close captivity.
 —Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
 A native Briton to these inward chains,
 Fix'd in his soul, so early and so deep,
 Without his own consent, or knowledge, fix'd!
 He is a slave to whom release comes not,
 And cannot come. The boy, where'er he turns,
 Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
 Among the clouds and in the ancient woods;
 Or when the sun is shining in the east,

Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
 Of his attainments? no; but with the air
 Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.
 His raiment, whiten'd o'er with cotton flakes,
 Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.
 Creeping his gait and cowering—his lip pale—
 His respiration quick and audible;
 And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
 From out those languid eyes could break, or blush
 Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,
 Of no mean being? One who should be clothed
 With dignity befitting his proud hope;
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear
 Sublime—from present purity and joy!
 The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
 Is gone for ever; this organic frame,
 So joyful in her motions, is become
 Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;
 And even the touch, so exquisitely pour'd
 Through the whole body, with a languid will
 Performs her functions; rarely competent
 To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
 Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
 The gentle visitations of the sun,
 Or tapse of liquid element—by hand,
 Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived.
 —Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
 On such foundations?

From The Excursion.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From that abstraction I was roused,—and how?
 Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
 Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
 Of these wild hills. For lo! the dread Bastile,
 With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
 Fell to the ground:—by violence o'erthrown
 Of indignation; and with shouts that drown'd
 The crash it made in falling! From the wreck
 A golden palace rose, or seem'd to rise,
 The appointed seat of equitable law
 And mild paternal sway. The potent shock
 I felt: the transformation I perceived,

As marvellously seized as in that moment
 When, from the blind mist issuing, I beheld
 Glory—beyond all glory ever seen,
 Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
 Dazzling the soul! Meanwhile, prophetic harps
 In every grove were ringing, “War shall cease;
 Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
 Bring garlands, bring forth choicest flowers, to deck
 The Tree of Liberty.”—My heart rebounded;
 My melancholy voice the chorus join’d;
 —“Be joyful, all ye nations! in all lands,
 Ye that are capable of joy be glad!
 Henceforth, whate’er is wanting to yourselves
 In others ye shall promptly find;—and all
 Be rich by mutual and reflected wealth.”

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
 Society became my glittering bride,
 And airy hopes my children.—From the depths
 Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
 Of institutions, and the forms of things;
 As they exist in mutable array,
 Upon life’s surface. What, though in my veins
 There flow’d no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed
 The air of France, not less than Gallic zeal
 Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web
 Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
 There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
 And acclamation, crowds in open air
 Express’d the tumult of their minds, my voice
 There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song
 I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
 Return’d,—a progeny of golden years
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
 —With promises the Hebrew scriptures teem:
 I felt the invitation; and resumed
 A long-suspended office in the house
 Of public worship, where, the glowing phrase
 Of ancient inspiration serving me,
 I promised also,—with undaunted trust
 Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;

The admiration winning of the crowd ;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed !
But History, Time's slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appear'd ;
Some, tired of honest service ; these, outdone,
Disgusted, therefore, or appall'd, by aims
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reign'd,
And the more faithful were compell'd to exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, " Liberty,
I worshipp'd Thee, and find thee but a Shade !"

From The Excursion.

L I N E S

COMPOSED AT GRASMERE, DURING A WALK, ONE EVENING, AFTER A STORMY
DAY, THE AUTHOR HAVING JUST READ IN A NEWSPAPER THAT THE DISSOLU-
TION OF MR. FOX WAS HOURLY EXPECTED.

Loud is the Vale ! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty Unison of streams !
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea ;
Yon Star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load !
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road ;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss ;
But when the Mighty pass away
What is it more than this,

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return ?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be ;
Then wherefore should we mourn ?

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION; OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED.

The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
 Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
 To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
 Approaching waters of the deep, that share
 With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
 Your Master's throne is set!"—Absurd decree!
 A mandate utter'd to the foaming sea
 Is to its motion less than wanton air.
 —Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,
 Said to his servile courtiers, "Poor the reach,
 The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
 He only is a king, and he alone
 Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)
 Whose everlasting law, sea, earth, and heaven, obey."
 This just reproof the prosperous Dane
 Drew, from the influx of the main,
 For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain
 At oriental flattery;
 And Canute (truth more worthy to be known)
 From that time forth did for his brows disown
 The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
 Esteeming earthly royalty
 Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
 Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
 Her darling Alfred, might have spoken;
 To cheer the remnant of his host
 When he was driven from coast to coast,
 Distress'd and harass'd, but with mind unbroken:
 "My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent;
 That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
 The shores and channels, working Nature's will
 Among the mazy streams that backward went,
 And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
 And now, its task perform'd, the flood stands still
 At the green base of many an inland hill,
 In placid beauty and sublime content!
 Such the repose that Sage and Hero find;
 Such measured rest the sedulous and good
 Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood
 Of ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
 Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
 Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assign'd."

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watch'd you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;

Sit near us, on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower, whose home is every where!
A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

PERSUASION.

"Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
 That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
 Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit
 Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
 Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
 But whence it came we know not, nor behold
 Whither it goes. Even such that transient thing,
 The human Soul; not utterly unknown
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
 But from what world she came, what woe or weal
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
 His be a welcome cordially bestow'd!"

From Ecclesiastical Sketches.

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1803.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples, lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

This poet was born at the little town of Irvine, in Ayrshire, North Britain, on the 4th of November, 1771. As his parents belonged to that strict and exemplary class of Christians called Moravians, the education of the poet was carefully conducted upon their religious principles, to which he adhered through life, and which he has so beautifully embodied in his poetry. He was also taught at one of their seminaries the Latin, Greek, French, and German languages. The excessive fastidiousness of his instructors made them subject the writings of even the most moral of our poets to severe curtailments before they entrusted them to the perusal of their pupils; and the natural consequence of this was, that Montgomery, who from his tenth year had shown a decided love of poetry, procured the works unmutilated, and read them by stealth. At last, when he had reached the age of fifteen, he was detected by his teachers in the felonious act of perpetrating an epic poem, entitled *Alfred the Great*, of which he had already written two books. The good brethren were alarmed at the discovery, as their pupil was destined for the work of the ministry, and they strictly charged him to renounce the temptations of rhyme; but in vain. They might as well have tried, like Canute, to check the flow of the tide by a simple mandate—and they were therefore obliged to leave the poet to his own devices. At the age of seventeen he boldly threw himself upon the world, and came to London; but, as might be expected, no bookseller was hardy enough to publish the poems of an unknown boy. This disappointment cooled his love of literary adventures, and after a few years of hopeless struggle he became the publisher of a newspaper, called *The Iris*, in the town of Sheffield. Misfortune, however, still dogged his footsteps; for as he wrote at a period of political suspicion, certain articles in his journal were unjustly condemned as libellous, and in 1795 he found himself within the walls of a prison. Scarcely had the period of his sentence expired, when he was again committed upon a new, and equally frivolous charge. Better times, however, succeeded, when Montgomery could state his sentiments without fear of their being misinterpreted; his upright character and amiable manners impressed society with love and esteem, while his poetical talents, evinced by successive publications, attained a high and merited popularity. A few years ago he received one of those government pensions bestowed upon those who have distinguished themselves by eminence and usefulness in authorship. He still resides at Sheffield, esteemed as one of the most moral and pure-minded of poets, and only in the second rank among those illustrious names that have shed a glory upon the nineteenth century.

DEATH OF ALBERT.

“On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble Albert slain?
How didst thou, old warrior, fare?”

“In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious Albert bow’d his head.

“When our phalanx broke away,
When our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm’d the day,
Scowling o’er the deepest dell;

“ There like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood;
We were few, but we were men.

“ Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

“ Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

“ Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell?
O how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

“ One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd—they died free.
Albert stood—himself a host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

“ So, when night with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till, in hoary gloom array'd,
All the giant mountains sleep;

“ High in heaven their monarch stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining unto distant lands
Like a new-created star.

“ While I struggled through the fight,
Albert was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

“ Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
—But in Albert's blood I lay.

“ Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

“He had raised his dying head,
 And was gazing on my face ;
 As I woke—the spirit fled,
 But I *felt* his last embrace.”

From The Wanderer of Switzerland.

DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
 Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
 The floods o'erbalanced :—where the tide of light,
 Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
 There seem'd one waste of waters :—long in vain
 His spirit brooded o'er th' Atlantic main ;
 When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
 Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
 Light, order, beauty !—While his mind explored
 Th' unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
 Where'er sublime imagination trod,
 He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
 Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
 Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight :
 Not Adam, loosen'd from th' encumbering earth,
 Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
 With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
 When life within, and light without, he found ;
 When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
 He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
 So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
 At the last look of resolute despair,
 The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
 With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
 In that proud moment, his transported mind
 The morning and the evening worlds combined,
 And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
 A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
 Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
 Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
 Where Moor and Christian desperately died.

A rabid race, fanatically bold,
 And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
 Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
 The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
 Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
 They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
 How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
 How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
 The Sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
 How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
 And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
 Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
 His country's ruin by avenging gold.
 —That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
 That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
 Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to shed
 Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
 For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away—
 His gold and he were every nation's prey.

From The West Indies



THE YOUTH OF THE POET.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
 His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers;
 Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
 Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears:
 The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
 Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
 He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
 To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind.
 But from the north, when snow and tempest came,
 His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
 With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
 Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
 Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
 The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
 The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
 Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
 That dream he told not; though his heart would ache.
 His home was precious for his mother's sake.
 With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
 His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
 But when her weary eye could watch no more,
 When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
 Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
 He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
 There when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre.
 Instinctive Genius caught th' ethereal fire:
 And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
 He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
 To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
 They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart!
 Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
 Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
 Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
 And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,
 None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
 And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
 Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
 Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
 Pageants of light, resolving into air.
 The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
 He found too mean for an immortal soul;

Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
 Death and eternity possess'd his thought ;
 Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
 Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
 Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
 Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone ;
 The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found,
 Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound ;
 Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved,
 The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
 All else that breathed below the circling sky,
 Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie ;
 He only, like the ocean weed uptorn,
 And loose along the world of waters borne,
 Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
 On life's rough sea—and there was none to save.

From The World before the Flood.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Here Jubal paused ; for grim before him lay,
 Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
 With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
 Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
 An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd
 Half brute, half human ; whose terrific beard,
 And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
 Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
 Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
 Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face
 Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghostly pale with woes,
 That goaded till remorse to madness rose ;
 Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
 With savage beasts in solitude to roam ;
 Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
 No art could tame him, and no chains could bind :
 Already seven disastrous years had shed
 Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head ;
 His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
 His heart was wither'd by the cold night moon.

"Twas Cain, the sire of nations :—Jubal knew
 His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;

He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre :
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke
O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame ;
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy cross'd,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And waked his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul :
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
Oh! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord ;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all :
But hush!—thenceforward, when recoiling care
Lour'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.

Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
 In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
 Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
 The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man.

From The World before the Flood.

SONNET: THE CRUCIFIXION.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CRESCEMBINI.

I ask'd the Heavens—"What foe to God hath done
 This unexampled deed?"—The Heavens exclaim,
 "'Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
 From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the Sea;—the Sea in fury boil'd,
 And answer'd with his voice of storms—" 'Twas Man;
 My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
 Disclosed th' abyss, and from the centre ran."

I ask'd the Earth;—the Earth replied aghast,
 "'Twas Man;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."
 —To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
 And ask'd him next:—*He* turn'd a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

THE LYRE.

Where the roving rill meander'd
 Down the green retiring vale,
 Poor, forlorn Alcæus wander'd,
 Pale with thought, serenely pale:
 Timeless sorrow o'er his face
 Breathed a melancholy grace,
 And fix'd on every feature there
 The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
 Once his dear companion, hung,
 And in spirit deep dejected,
 Thus the pensive poet sung:

While, at midnight's solemn noon,
 Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
 And all the stars, around his head,
 Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed:

“Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
 Solace of my bleeding heart;
 Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
 We must now for ever part:
 For in vain thy poet sings,
 Woos in vain thine heavenly strings;
 The Muse's wretched sons are born
 To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

“That which Alexander sigh'd for,
 That which Cæsar's soul possess'd,
 That which heroes, kings, have died for—
 Glory!—animates my breast:
 Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
 Pour their death-defying notes;
 ‘To arms!’ they call: to arms I fly.
 Like Wolfe to conquer, and like Wolfe to die.

“Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
 Summons vengeance from the skies;
 Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
 All in awful judgment rise.—
 O then, innocently brave,
 I will wrestle with the wave;
 Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
 And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

“Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
 Waft me to that happy shore,
 Where from fountains ever flowing
 Indian realms their treasures pour:
 Thence returning, poor in health,
 Rich in honesty and wealth,
 O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
 I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

“Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
 In their lowly dwellings sing;
 Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
 Undiscover'd as the spring,
 I will scatter o'er the land
 Blessings with a secret hand.

For such angelic tasks design'd,
I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees ;
High in the air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung ;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind ;
Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstasies expire ;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor Alcæus grasps the Lyre.
Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings ;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart ;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part.
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the field, the main ;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What, though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine ?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine ?
Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed—
Heaven gave this Lyre—and thus decreed,
Be thou a bruised, but not a broken, reed."

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid ;
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but no ;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May ;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love ;
Ah ! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes ;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied ;
I stood—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye ;
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest :
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday:
I met a wedding—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd—my Hannah was the bride!

—There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
—My heart grew cold—it felt not then—
When shall it cease to feel again?

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

O, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?
When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth!

IF the place of a poet is to be estimated by the effects of his writings upon the community, few would take a higher rank than Charles Dibdin, the Laureate of the British Navy. At a time when our national supremacy by sea was keenly contested, his songs were equally the delight of the saloon, the theatre, and the fore-castle, and landsmen and sailors were equally inspired by these vigorous and simple lays, to promote the welfare of our navy, and to vindicate the honour of the "meteor flag of England."

Charles Dibdin was born at a village called Dibden, near Southampton, in 1745. Being remarkable in boyhood for the excellence of his voice, and his love of music, he repaired to London, where his musical compositions and performances charmed all classes. After having been attached to the metropolitan theatres, he commenced in 1788 a series of entertainments, in which he singly recited and sang to numerous audiences, and in these his song of "Poor Jack" created an extraordinary interest. At last his patriotic efforts, and the effects of his naval lyrics, were so justly appreciated, that he retired from his public labours on a pension of 200*l.* a year. It is grievous to add, that this gratuity, which had been so nobly earned, was withdrawn by the succeeding ministry, and restored only in part a short time before his death, which occurred in 1814. A monument has been erected to his memory in the Veterans' Library, Greenwich Hospital.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d' ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
 And 't aint to a little I'll strike:
 Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every thing
 tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder d' ye see,
 Without orders that come down below;
 And many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow:
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for d' ye see, she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
 Why, what a great fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
 us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more:
 What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For, d' ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D' ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.
 Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

Jack dances and sings, and is always content;
 In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her:
 His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent;
 And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty he readily flies,
 Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging;
 Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
 Still Jack is found working and singing.

'Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,
 He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
 Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave;
 So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
 Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
 The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
 And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,
 As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,
 Resign'd, still, and manly, since what must be must;
 And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
 And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers;
 Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
 And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
 Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
 He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave;
 And this is a true English sailor.

THIS was another distinguished writer of songs, whose productions are known, and deservedly admired, among all classes. Thomas Haynes Bayly was born in 1797. As he was connected by relationship with several noble families, and had the prospect of a considerable inheritance, besides the fortune he received with his wife, he commenced life under the happiest auspices, and took his natural place in fashionable and elevated society. But unforeseen calamities swept away all his sources of independence, and he was reduced from a state of affluence, to toil as an author, for a scanty and precarious subsistence. In this condition, he wrote those extensive collections of beautiful Songs which are to be heard in every assembly, from the palace to that of the humblest tavern; and of many who were hanging with rapture over his tender and elegant compositions, it might have been justly said, in the language of a still more talented writer of song—

“ Ah, little they think who delight in *his* strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking!”

Mr. Bayly was also the writer of two or three Novels, and about thirty or forty pieces for the Stage, of which some of the latter were attended with great success, although their author, from want of habits of economy, derived no permanent benefit from their popularity. He died on the 22d of April, 1839.

WHY COMES HE NOT?

Why comes he not?—why comes he not?

Oh sister, can you say?

My boy and I have watch'd the path

Together all the day.

I'm jealous of the eager child,

I fain would be alone,

That his first coming may be seen

By no eye save my own.

He comes—'tis he—I hear his steed,

Ah, would he were in sight!

You think I am deceived? But hark,

You hear him—I was right.

Fool that I was—had I gone forth,

Beyond that shady grove,

I might already have beheld

The form of him I love.

He darts like lightning from the trees,

He waves his hand aloft;

Again I hear those words of love,

That I have heard so oft.

I envy not the dame whose lord
 Is never forced to roam,
She never knew the boundless joy
 Of such a welcome home!

HARK! HARK! I HEAR A DISTANT DRUM.

Hark! hark! I hear a distant drum;—
 The tramp of steeds,—they come! they come!
 With weapons bright and banners gay,
 They pass along in proud array;
 We view the pomp of war alone,
 Its gloom is gone:
 And sweet to-night their dreams will be
 Of love, and joy, and victory.

But yon fair girl, in mute despair,
 Looks round for *one*—who is not there;
 She watches then till all are past,
 And scarce believes she sees the last;
 She lingers still—yet all are gone—
 She stands alone!
 Her Edward comes not,—where is he?
 Alas, can *this* be victory?

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

It is not on the battle field
 That I would wish to die;
 It is not on a broken shield
 I'd breathe my latest sigh:
 And though a soldier knows not *how*
 To dread a soldier's doom;
 I ask no laurel for my brow,
 No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath
 A soldier proudly wears;
 It is not that I fear the death
 A soldier proudly dares:

When slaughter'd comrades round me lie,
 I'd be the last to yield;
 But yet I would not wish to die
 Upon the Battle field.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
 Oh! still let me retain
 Enough of life to crawl away
 To this sweet vale again;
 For like the wounded weary dove
 That flutters to its nest,
 I fain would reach my own dear Love.
 And die upon her breast.

HE CAME AT MORN.

He came at morn to the lady's bower—
 He sang, and play'd till the noon-tide hour;—
 He sang of war—he sang of love,
 Of battle field, and peaceful grove:
 The lady could have stay'd all day,
 To hear that gentle minstrel play;
 And when she saw the minstrel go,
 The lady's tears began to flow.

At mid-day, with her page she went
 To grace a splendid tournament;
 And there she saw an armed knight,
 With golden helm and plumage white;
 With grace he rode his sable steed,—
 And after many a martial deed,
 He knelt to her with words most sweet,
 And laid his trophies at her feet.

At night, in robes both rich and rare,
 With jewels sparkling in her hair,
 She sought the dance, and smiling came
 A youthful prince, and breathed her name;
 He sang—it was the minstrel's strain!
 He knelt—she saw the knight again!
 With lovers *three*—how blest to find
 The charms of *all* in *one* combined!

THIS, the most popular, prolific, and successful, of modern authors, was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He was educated, during boyhood, at the High School of that city, without giving any indication of those great powers which afterwards astonished the literary world. In consequence of an attack of ill health, by which he was necessarily precluded from study, he read for amusement every history, tale, and romance, that fell in his way—by which circumstance the whole tenour of his future intellectual career was decided. The law, to which he was brought up as a profession, lost its charms, and a chapter of Froissart or Amadis de Gaul had more attractions in his eyes than the Pandects of Justinian. From his multifarious reading, his mind was stored with an immense mass of fact and fiction, which he had a strong memory to retain, and a glowing imagination to vivify. Thus qualified to become either the novelist or the poet, it is probable that accident alone decided him as to which of these departments should have the honour of his first choice. The decision was for poetry, and his first attempt was in the subsidiary capacity of translator, by publishing his versions of Leonore, and other German poems, in 1796. The effort was unsuccessful, but he was too conscious of his own latent powers to be discouraged. He persevered, and translated Goethe's *Tragedy of Goetz of Berlichingen*, which was equally unsuccessful. Several original pieces, which he published about the same period, however, in Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, attracted more favourable notice. He now resolved to break loose from his trammels, and travel in an independent path of his own. In 1805, therefore, appeared his first great original work, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and the sensation which it produced upon the public mind was truly electric. Men were astonished to see the times of old border feuds and wars recited once more in the style of the ancient ballads, but combined with all the energy of the ancient and the graces of modern poetry—it was something wholly new, and undreamt of, in the world of literature. Scott had now discovered where his strength lay, and he was not slow to use it. In 1808, *The Lay* was followed by *Marmion*, a poem of a loftier character than the former, in which he endeavoured, and with success, to improve his style and versification. His next poem was *The Lady of the Lake*, incontestably the best, as it was the most popular, of all his poetical productions. In 1811, he published *Don Roderick*, which with a few brilliant exceptions is a heavy and unreadable production, and was but coldly received by the public. As he had been so successful in the descriptions of Highland scenery in his *Lady of the Lake*, he resolved to attempt the same experiment with that of England, and accordingly, in 1813, he made a poetical foray across the border, and produced *Rokeby*: but his muse, that had been so vigorous and lively upon her native soil, seemed to sicken amidst the soberness of the southern landscape, and *Rokeby* was proclaimed by the public a decided failure. It was grievous to be thus dethroned, after he had reigned in the regions of poetry without a rival, and he tried to retrieve his reputation by a Scottish subject, and a popular hero; but *The Lord of the Isles*, which was published in 1814, failed to charm, although Bruce and Bannockburn were summoned to the rescue. Besides, a whole host of imitators had started up, whose rhymes grated upon the public ear, so that there was a universal cry for something new—and a poet had already appeared by whom the mightiest of his contemporaries were soon to be overthrown. Scott saw, that as a poet he had ceased to captivate the multitude, and he wisely retired from the field, without hazarding a competition with the author of *Childe Harold* and *The Corsair*. At this point, however, when the history of a poet commonly terminates, he was to astonish the public with an unexpected transformation. The Northern Minstrel, like his own Sir Thomas of Ercildon, suddenly became the Northern Wizard, and that series of wonderful works, commonly called *The Waverley Novels*, arrested the attention, not of one country, but of the whole civilized world, and procured for him a reputation compared with which all that he had hitherto acquired was of trivial value. After a life of labour, such as few literary men have undergone, Sir Walter Scott died on the 21st of September, 1832.



SCOTT.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
 When buttress and buttress alternately
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

* * * *

Now slow and faint he led the way,
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay:

The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister'd arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright
That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small:
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lis or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim,
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim;
With base and with capital flourish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

The silver light so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst his cross of red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

LOVE.

And said I that my limbs were old ;
 And said I that my blood was cold ;
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love?—
 How could I to the dearest theme
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false, a recreant prove!
 How could I name Love's very name,
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

From The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
 On which (for far the day was spent)
 The western sunbeams now were bent ;
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view ;
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 " Unworthy office here to stay !
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—

But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreath'd in sable smoke ;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud envelop'd Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air ;
O ! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave,

But nought distinct they see :
Wide rag'd the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain,
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,

And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,

With Huntley, and with Home.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd mid the foes.
No longer Blount the sight could bear:—
“ By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host.”

* * * *

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where 's now their victor va'ward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home ?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to king Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died !

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,
Afar the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish—for, far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
“O lady,” cried the monk, “away!”—

And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,
And, at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, lord Fitz-Clare.
But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood.
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;

Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;

And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land :
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong;
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

From Marmion.

BONAPARTE'S FLIGHT FROM WATERLOO.

Shall future ages tell this tale
 Of inconsistency faint and frail?
 And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
 Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge?
 Or is thy soul like mountain tide,
 That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
 Rolls down in turbulence of power
 A torrent fierce and wide;
 'Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
 Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
 Whose channel shows display'd
 The wrecks of its impetuous course,
 But not one symptom of the force
 By which these wrecks were made!
 Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
 Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
 Who, as thy flight they eyed,
 Exclaim'd—while tears of anguish came,
 Wrung forth by pride and rage and shame,—
 “Oh that he had but died!”
 But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
 Look ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
 Back on yon broken ranks—
 Upon whose wild confusion gleams
 The moon, as on the troubled streams
 When rivers break their banks,
 And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
 Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
 Down the dread current hurl'd—

So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

List!—frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast :
On the dread die thou now hast thrown
Hangs not a single field alone,
Not one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke ;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

THE BUCCANEER'S CONFESSION.

My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate :
A priest had said, Return, repent !
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint, I face mine end ;
My heart may burst but cannot bend.
The dawning of my youth with awe,
And prophecy, the dalesmen saw ;
For over Redesdale it came,
As bodeful as their beacon flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
When, challenging the clans of Tyne,

To bring their best my brand to prove,
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;
 But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,
 Held champion meet to take it down.
 My noontide India may declare;
 Like her fierce sun, I fired the air!
 Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
 Her natives, from mine angry eye.
 Panama's maids shall long look pale
 When Risingham inspires the tale;
 Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
 The froward child with Bertram's name.
 And now, my race of terror run,
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
 No pale gradations quench his ray,
 No twilight dews his wrath allay;
 With disk like battle-target red,
 He rushes to his burning bed,
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.

From Rokeby.

SONG.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,

Bugles here shall sound reveillie.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! the hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,

Think not of the rising sun,

For at dawning, to assail ye,

Here no bugles sound reveillie.

From The Lady of the Lake.



JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.

An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.

For royal were his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of marten wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;

His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrick bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curl'd beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue:—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain;
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet-bower;
But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lour,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,

That bound his breast in penance pain,
 In memory of his father slain.
 Even so 'twas strange how evermore,
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
 Forward he rush'd with double glee,
 Into the stream of revelry :
 Thus, dim-seen object of affright
 Startles the courser in his flight,
 And half he halts, half springs aside ;
 But feels the quickening spur applied,
 And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

From Marmion.

LOCH KATRINE.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far-projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd ;
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Ben-venue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crag, knoll, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed.
 And "What a scene were here," he cried,
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride !

On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey.
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewilder'd stranger call
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

From The Lady of the Lake.

THE DENUNCIATION.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock,
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,
 Till darkness glazed his eye-balls dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet form'd with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due ;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The cross, thus form'd, he held on high,
 With wasted hand, and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

“Woe to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine’s dwelling low!

Deserter of his chieftain’s trust,
He ne’er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman’s execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe.”

He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his muster’d force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
“Woe to the traitor, woe!”

Ben-an’s grey scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle scream’d afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

The shout was hush’d on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his mutter’d spell,
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the cross with flame;
And the few words that reach’d the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—

“Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;
Far, o’er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine’s vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe.”

Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk’s whistle on the hill,

Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
 Of curses stammer'd slow,
 Answering, with imprecation dread,
 "Sunk be his home in embers red!
 And cursed be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head
 We doom to want and woe!"
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
 And the grey pass where birches wave,
 On Beala-nam-Bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
 And hard his labouring breath he drew,
 While with set teeth and clenched hand,
 And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,
 He meditated curse more dread,
 And deadlier on the clansman's head,
 Who, summon'd to his chieftain's aid,
 The signal saw and disobey'd.
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quench'd among the bubbling blood,
 And, as again the sign he rear'd,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
 "When flits this cross from man to man,
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
 So may his heart's blood drench his hearth!
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
 And be the grace to him denied,
 Bought by this sign to all beside!"—
 He ceased: no echo gave agen
 The murmur of the deep amen.

From The Lady of the Lake.

BALLAD.

"And whither would you lead me then?"
 Quoth the friar of orders grey;
 And the ruffians twain replied again,
 "By a dying woman to pray."

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm;
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, friar grey,
And see thou shrive her free;
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,
When thou 'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."—

The shrift is done, the friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning all in Littlecot-hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride—
If he meet a friar of orders grey,
He droops and turns aside.

From Rokeby.

DESCRIPTION OF ROBERT BRUCE.

'Tis morning, and the convent-bell
Long time had ceased its matin knell,
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!
An aged sister sought the cell
Assign'd to Lady Isabel,
And hurriedly she cried,
"Haste, gentle lady, haste—there waits
A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor vot'ress ne'er has seen
A knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel."—

The princess rose,—for on her knee
Low bent, she told her rosary,—
“Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech.”—
“Saint Bride forefend, thou royal maid!”
The port’ress cross’d herself, and said,—
“Not to be prioress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny.”—
“Has earthly show then, simple fool,
Power o’er a sister of thy rule,
And art thou, like the worldly train,
Subdued by splendours light and vain?”

“No, lady! in old eyes like mine,
Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine!
Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
One youthful page is all his train.
It is the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing, of that stranger lord;
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
Built like a castle’s battled wall,
Yet moulded in such just degrees,
His giant-strength seems lightsome ease.
Close as the tendrils of the vine
His locks upon his forehead twine,
Jet-black, save where some touch of grey
Has ta’en the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face;—
But ’tis his dignity of eye!
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, ’mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!”—
“Enough, enough,” the princess cried,
“’Tis Scotland’s hope, her joy, her pride!
To meaner front was ne’er assign’d
Such mastery o’er the common mind—
Bestow’d thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay’d!—
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!”

From The Lord of the Isles.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep gleen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy:
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

THE FORAY.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
 And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red;
 Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and begone!
 There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,
 For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
 And strive to distinguish, through tempest and gloom,
 The prance of the steed, and the toss of the plume.

The rain is descending; the wind rises loud;
 And the moon her red beacon has veil'd with a cloud:
 'Tis the better, my mates, for the warder's dull eye
 Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe grey!
 There is life in his hoof-clang, and hope in his neigh;
 Like the flash of a meteor, the glance of his mane
 Shall marshal your march through the darkness and rain.

The drawbridge has dropp'd, the bugle has blown;
 One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and begone!—
 To their honour and peace, that shall rest with the slain;
 To their health, and their glee, that see Teviot again!

THE VIOLET.

The violet in her green-wood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
 I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remain the tear of parting sorrow.

THIS great poet, critic, and metaphysician, was born at Ottery St. Mary, a town in Devonshire, of which his father was vicar, in 1773. When he was ten years old he was admitted into Christ's Hospital, London, where he was carefully instructed, not merely in the usual branches of a common, and also a classical education, but taught the beauties of classical literature, and the critical principles of excellence in every species of poetical composition. Thus trained in a system superior to that of most of our English institutions, Coleridge, at the age of eighteen, obtained a University exhibition, and removed to Jesus College, Cambridge. There he was remarkable rather for an eccentric disposition, and liveliness of spirit, than literary ambition or proficiency. He had been little more than two years at College, when, being rendered desperate by the combined effects of pecuniary difficulties and a fever-fit of love, he left Cambridge abruptly, repaired to London, and, after wandering about for some time in a state of frenzy, aggravated by frequent intoxication, he ended by enlisting in the 15th Dragoons, under the name of Clumberbach. His singular appearance, however, and his conversation, so unlike those of a common trooper, excited the surprise of the whole regiment, which was by no means allayed when Coleridge, on one occasion, entered into a scientific argument with the regimental surgeon, and fairly overwhelmed him with a mass of erudition. By the kindness of the officers he was soon extricated from his uncongenial situation as a dragoon; and after this he published a small volume of poems, in which the depth of thought and poetical feeling were discerned by the critics of the day, notwithstanding the obscurities with which it frequently abounded. During the same year (1794), he published *The Fall of Robespierre*, which he wrote in conjunction with Southey. During the winter, also, he delivered a course of Lectures, at Bristol, on the French Revolution.

Among the speculations of Coleridge, over which he had brooded for some time past, was one on the regeneration and perfectibility of the human race; and having enlisted Southey and Lovell in the cause, this youthful triumvirate resolved to reduce their theories to practice, and commenced their apostleship in the commercial town of Bristol. But the merchants and manufacturers were too stubbornly warped in the ways of the old world to be dazzled with the prospects of the new political millenium; upon which the rejected reformers resolved to shake the dust of Europe from their feet, and carry their plans into the depths of the American forests. There a community was to be formed, in which every person was to be uppermost at once, and all things were to be in common; while guilt and care, pain and sickness, were to be utterly unknown. It was such a plan as frequently occurs among the amiable reveries of youthful minds, before experience has demonstrated its fallacy. But this hallucination in favour of their impossible Pantisocracy ended by the whole three philosophers falling in love, at Bristol, with three sisters, whom they afterwards married—thus leaving America and the world to be enlightened as they best might. Coleridge became a husband in 1795, and as his chief dependance was upon his pen, he started a newspaper, called *The Watchman*, which failed, and preached every Sunday at a Unitarian chapel in Taunton. In 1798, his narrow circumstances were improved by a pension from one of his wealthy admirers of 100*l.* per annum, by which he was enabled to visit Germany, and attend the lectures of its most distinguished professors. On returning to England, instead of devoting himself to poetry, he wasted his rich intellectual resources and gigantic powers in political writings, which were little read, because they were far above the capacities of the many—in profound metaphysical theories, which few cared for, or were able to appreciate—and in those splendid conversational displays that arrested every ear, but left no permanent impression upon the mind of society at large. It was thus that he spent the greater portion of his long life, the latter part of which was passed at Highgate, at the house of a friend, where he had the use of a good garden, in which he used to walk for hours, absorbed in theological or metaphysical reveries. He died on the 25th of July, 1834.



W. G. Woodcut.

Th. 181.

COLERIDGE.

FROM LEWTI, OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
 When silent night has closed her eyes:
 It is a breezy jasmine bower,
 The nightingale sings o'er her head:
 Voice of the Night! had I the power
 That leafy labyrinth to thread,
 And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
 I then might view her bosom white
 Heaving lovely to my sight,
 As these two swans together heave
 On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
 And dreamt that I had died for care;

All pale and wasted I would seem,
 Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
 I'd die indeed, if I might see
 Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
 Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
 To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat,
 He had, or fancied that he had;
 Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—
 'The fancy made him glad!
 Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
 The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish!
 The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
 When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
 Unnourish'd wane!
 Faith asks her daily bread,
 And Fancy must be fed!
 Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
 It boots not how—I know not why—
 She miss'd her wonted food: and quickly
 Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
 Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,
 His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow,
 Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,
 Above its anchor driving too and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess'd
 In a belief, gave life a zest—
 Uncertain both what it had been,
 And if by error lost, or luck;
 And what it was:—an evergreen
 Which some insidious blight had struck,
 Or annual flower, which, past its blow,
 No vernal spell shall e'er revive;
 Uncertain, and afraid to know,
 Doubts toss'd him to and fro;
 Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
 Like babes bewilder'd in a snow,
 That cling and huddle from the cold
 In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast,
 Fading, one by one away,
 Thin and hueless as a ghost,
 Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay;
 Ill at distance, worse when near,
 Telling her dreams to jealous Fear!
 Where was it then, the sociable sprite
 That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish?
 Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
 Itself a substance by no other right
 But that it intercepted Reason's light;
 It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
 A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!
 Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!
 The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
 While yet in Eden's bowers
 Dwelt the First Husband and his sinless Mate!
 The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
 They bore with them through Eden's closing gate!
 Of life's gay summer-tide the sovran Rose!
 Late autumn's Amaranth, that more fragrant blows
 When Passion's flowers all fall or fade;
 If this were ever his, in outward being,
 Or but his own true love's projected shade,
 Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
 That whether real or a magic show,
 Whate'er it was, it is no longer so;
 Though heart be lonesome, Hope laid low,
 Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
 The certainty that struck hope dead,
 Hath left contentment in her stead;
 And that is next to best.

JOB'S BEREAVEMENTS.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
 To try Job's constancy, and patience.
 He took his honour, took his health;
 He took his children, took his wealth,
 His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
 But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
 And loves to disappoint the devil,
 Had predetermined to restore
 Twofold all he had before;
 His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
 Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

FANCY IN NUBIBUS, OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous
 land!
 Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
 By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
 And see how his stock went on.
 Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,
 And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail
 As a gentleman switches his cane.
 And how then was the Devil dress'd?
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
 His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
 And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a Lawyer killing a Viper
 On a dung-heap beside his stable,
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A Pothecary on a white horse
 Rode by on his vocations,
 And the Devil thought of his old friend
 Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility!
 And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop—
 Quoth he, We are both of one college;
 For I myself sate like a cormorant once
 Fast by the tree of knowledge.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
 A pig, with vast celerity;
 And the Devil look'd wise, as he saw how the while
 It cut its own throat. There! quoth he, with a smile,
 Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
 A solitary cell,
 And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
 For improving his prisons in hell.

* * * * *

General ———'s burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to hell his way did he take,
 For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
 It was general conflagration.

L O V E.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The Moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of Eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade;
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel, beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay:

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
 And bending back her head, look'd up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

RURAL NURTURE.

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought !
 My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
 And in far other scenes ! For I was rear'd
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore, all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch

Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

From Frost at Midnight.

THE PHANTOM SHIP AND ITS CREW.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a flame,
 The day was well nigh done,
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon grate he peer'd
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears;
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate;
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death, and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold:
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mare *Life-in-Death* was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;

*

"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the Dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre bark.

From The Ancient Mariner.

SONNET.

Pale Roamer through the Night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betray'd, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The world is pitiless: the chaste one's pride,
Mimic of virtue, scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think, that there should be
Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from famine the caress of Love.
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!



YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a Maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young!

When I was young? Ah, woful when!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flash'd along—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
 When Youth and I lived in't together.
 Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah! woful ere,
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd:—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast thou put on,
 To make believe, that thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve!
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve,
 With oft and tedious taking leave,
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss'd;
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while
 And tells the jest without the smile.

EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
 Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
 And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
 For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
 Methinks, I see them group'd in seemly show,
 The straighten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,
 And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
 Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.
 O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love too will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
 And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;—
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtask'd at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
 Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
 And both supporting does the work of both.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Its balmy lips the Infant blest
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,
 How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
 Of innocent Satiety!

And such my Infant's latest sigh!
 O tell, rude stone! the passer by,
 That here the pretty babe doth lie,
 Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED
 MY INFANT TO ME.

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
 I scann'd that face of feeble infancy:
 For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
 All I had been, and all my child might be!
 But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
 And hanging at her bosom (she the while
 Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
 Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm
 Impress'd a Father's kiss: and all beguiled
 Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
 I seem'd to see an angel form appear—
 'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
 So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
 And dearer was the mother for the child.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Shepherds went their hasty way,
 And found the lowly stable shed
 Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
 And now they check'd their eager tread,
 For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
 A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
 Streaming from a heavenly throng,
 Around them shone, suspending night!
 While, sweeter than a mother's song,
 Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

She listen'd to the tale divine,
 And closer still the Babe she press'd;
 And while she cried, The Babe is mine!
 The milk rush'd faster to her breast:
 Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
 Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
 Poor, simple, and of low estate!
 That strife should vanish, battle cease,
 O why should this thy soul elate?
 Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story—
 Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

And is not War a youthful King,
 A stately Hero clad in mail?
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
 Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
 Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

“Tell this in some more courtly scene,
 To maids and youths in robes of state!
 I am a woman poor and mean,
 And therefore is my soul elate.
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
 That from the aged father tears his child!

“A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
 He kills the sire, and starves the son;
 The husband kills, and from her board
 Steals all his widow's toil had won;
 Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

“Then wisely is my soul elate,
 That strife should vanish, battle cease:
 I'm poor and of a low estate,
 The mother of the Prince of Peace.
 Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
 Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.”

GENEVIEVE.

Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!
 In beauty's light you glide along:
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passion soft to glow:
 Within your soul a voice there lives;
 It bids you hear the tale of woe.
 When sinking low the sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
 Fair, as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

SONNET.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!
 Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
 I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
 Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
 And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
 Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
 And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
 Thy placid lightning o'er the awaken'd sky.
 Ah! such is Hope; as changeful and as fair!
 Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
 Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
 But soon emerging in her radiant might,
 She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
 Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some fairy place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!
 This far outstript the other;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind:
 For he, alas! is blind!
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
 And knows not whether he be first or last.

THIS talented female was born in Ireland, in 1773, and was married in early life to Mr. Tighe, a gentleman of family in Wexford. But this union was not a happy one; and, in addition to domestic afflictions, she was severely tried for several years with sickness and despondency of spirits, and deprived of the use of her limbs, so that her poems had to be dictated to an amanuensis. The writing of verses, however, formed her greatest solace and amusement; and so little was she anxious for fame, that her chief poem, *Psyche*, was printed only for private circulation among her friends. It was published, however, after her death, and the celebrity which it acquired was rapid and extensive, until other distinguished poetesses succeeded, in whose superior attractions her works gradually faded from public remembrance. Mrs. Tighe died at Woodstock, in Ireland, on the 24th of March, 1810.

WRITTEN FOR HER NIECE, S. K.

Sweetest! if thy fairy hand
 Cull for me the latest flowers,
 Smiling hear me thus demand
 Blessings for thy early hours :

Be thy promised spring as bright
 As its opening charms foretell;
 Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
 Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
 Blest with blossoms sweet, like thee;
 May no tempest's sudden doom
 Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn, calm, serene,
 Never want some lingering flower,
 Which Affection's hand may glean,
 Though the darkling mists may lour!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
 Tranquil conscience, peace, and love;
 And thy wintry nights display
 Streams of glorious light above.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON, WHICH FLOWERED
 AT WOODSTOCK.

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
 With fragrance premature;
 And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
 Almost to hope allure.

Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife;
Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
Thus mortally oppress'd?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust—
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer:—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness (though far far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteem'd, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
 From his fair plumed shoulder graceful hung,
 And from its top in brilliant chords enroll'd
 Each little vase resplendently was slung :
 Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
 His frolic train of winged Zephyrs light,
 Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung :
 While odours dropp'd from every ringlet bright,
 And from his blue eyes beam'd ineffable delight.

Wrapt in a cloud unseen by mortal eye,
 He sought the chamber of the royal maid ;
 There, lull'd by careless soft security,
 Of the impending mischief nought afraid,
 Upon her purple couch was Psyche laid ;
 Her radiant eyes a downy slumber seal'd ;
 In light transparent veil alone array'd,
 Her bosom's opening charms were half reveal'd,
 And scarce the lucid folds her polish'd limbs conceal'd.

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip ;
 Sweet sever'd lips ! while thus your pearls disclose,
 That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
 The cruel presage of her future woes !
 Lightly, as fall the dews upon the rose,
 Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell
 The fatal drops he pours ; nor yet he knows,
 Nor, though a god, can he presaging tell
 How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell !

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,
 Sharpen'd with skill divine, a shining dart :
 No need had he for bow, since thus too true
 His hand might wound her all-exposed heart ;
 Yet her fair side he touch'd with gentlest art,
 And half relenting on her beauties gazed ;
 Just then awaking with a sudden start
 Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed ;
 Unseen he still remain'd, enchanted and amazed.

The dart which in his hand now trembling stood,
 As o'er the couch he bent with ravish'd eye,
 Drew with its daring point celestial blood
 From his smooth neck's unblemish'd ivory :

Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh
 The evil done now anxious to repair,
 He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy
 O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;
 Then stretch'd his plumes divine, and breathed celestial
 air.

From Psyche.

PSYCHE'S FATAL CURIOSITY.

Allow'd to settle on celestial eyes
 Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,
 From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
 To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
 The powers of heaven submissively obey.
 Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
 And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
 With hand too rashly daring to disclose
 The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
 The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
 As though it warn'd her from her rash intent :
 And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
 Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
 With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
 As one just waking from a troublous dream,
 With palpitating heart and straining eye,
 Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
 To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
 And canst thou hope in living words to say
 The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
 Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
 That splendid vision could be well express'd,
 The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
 Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
 When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,
 His wings display celestial essence light;
 The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
 The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,

That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight ;
 A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years ;
 Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
 Each golden curl resplendently appears,
 Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
 Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
 That front than polish'd ivory more white !
 His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
 Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow :
 While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews,
 (Those lips divine that even in silence know
 The heart to touch) persuasion to infuse
 Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
 Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
 But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
 Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
 Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
 And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
 Thus through some narrow space the azure day
 Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
 Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
 Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
 Nor needs the god his dazzling arms, to show
 His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
 As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone ;
 The gloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire,
 Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son ;
 And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,
 And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost
 Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye ;
 Her limbs immoveable, her senses toss'd
 Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
 She hangs enamour'd o'er the Deity.
 Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
 The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly
 Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
 While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted
 walls.



HOGG.

THE RETURN OF THE BURIED ONE.

'Twas late, late on a Sabbath night!
At the hour of the ghost, and the restless sprite!
The mass at Carelha' had been read,
And all the mourners were bound to bed,
When a foot was heard on the paved floor,
And a gentle rap came to the door.

O God! that such a rap should be
So fraught with ambiguity!
A dim haze clouded every sight;
Each hair had life and stood upright;
No sound was heard throughout the hall,
But the beat of the heart and the cricket's call;
So deep the silence imposed by fear,
That a vacant buzz sang in the ear.

The lady of Carelha' first broke
The breathless hush, and thus she spoke:
"Christ be our shield! who walks so late,
And knocks so gently at my gate?"

I felt a pang—it was not dread—
 It was the memory of the dead.
 O! death is a dull and dreamless sleep!
 The mould is heavy, the grave is deep!
 Else I had ween'd that foot so free
 The step and the foot of my Mary Lee!
 And I had ween'd that gentle knell
 From the light hand of my daughter fell!
 The grave is deep, it may not be!
 Haste porter—haste to the door and see.”

He took the key with an eye of doubt,
 He lifted the lamp, and he look'd about;
 His lips a silent prayer address'd,
 And the cross was sign'd upon his breast;
 Thus mail'd within, the armour of God,
 All ghostly to the door he strode.
 He wrench'd the bolt with grating din,
 He lifted the latch—but none came in!
 He thrust out his lamp, and he thrust out his head,
 And he saw the face and the robes of the dead!
 One sob he heaved, and tried to fly,
 But he sank on the earth, and the form came by.

She enter'd the hall, she stood in the door,
 Till one by one dropp'd on the floor,
 The blooming maiden, and matron old,
 The friar grey, and the yeoman bold.
 It was like a scene on the Border green,
 When the arrows fly and pierce unseen;
 And nought was heard within the hall,
 But Aves, vows, and groans, withal.
 The lady of Carel' stood alone,
 But moveless as a statue of stone.

“O! lady mother, thy fears forego;
 Why all this terror and this woe?
 But late when I was in this place,
 Thou would'st not look me in the face;
 O! why do you blench at sight of me?
 I am thy own child, thy Mary Lee.”

“I saw thee dead and cold as clay;
 I watch'd thy corpse for many a day;
 I saw thee laid in the grave at rest;
 I strew'd the flowers upon thy breast;
 And I saw the mould heap'd over thee—
 Thou art not my child, my Mary Lee.”

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
 A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
 Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
 The groan scarce utter'd dies but half express'd,
 And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppress'd :
 But when at length, awaking from her trance,
 The terrors of her fate stand all confess'd,
 In vain she casts around her timid glance,
 The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas ! remain ;
 A desert solitude alone appears.
 No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
 The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
 One barren face the dreary prospect wears ;
 Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
 To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
 No trace of human habitation nigh,
 A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

From Psyche.

SONNET.

As one who late hath lost a friend adored,
 Clings with sick pleasure to the faintest trace
 Resemblance offers in another's face,
 Or sadly gazing on that form deplored,
 Would clasp the silent canvas to his breast :
 So muse I on the good I have enjoy'd,
 The wretched victim of my hopes destroy'd ;
 On images of peace I fondly rest,
 Or in the page, where weeping Fancy mourns,
 I love to dwell upon each tender line,
 And think the bliss once tasted still is mine ;
 While cheated Memory to the past returns,
 And from the present leads my shivering heart
 Back to those scenes from which it wept to part.

THIS simple poet of nature, who is better known by the title of the Ettrick Shepherd, was born on the banks of the Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, on the 25th of January, 1772. The parents of the future poet were so poor, that they were unable to afford him even that measure of education which, in Scotland, is common to the most indigent; but the mother of James, a woman of strong natural understanding and enthusiastic spirit, inspired him, in early life, with those tastes and intellectual habits which afterwards burst upon the world in the beautiful poetry of *The Queen's Wake*. As he was sent from home in the capacity of a cow-herd at the age of seven, and continued to labour as a shepherd till the period of manhood, his education was carried on by his own industry, and at brief intervals, so that he never learned any language but his own. He also taught himself a rough sort of penmanship while employed in feeding his flocks. But the beautiful border ballads with which his mother had stored his mind, continued to operate upon his faculties with a slow and silent but steady progress, and when he had reached the age of twenty-four, he attempted to express his feelings in numbers. These efforts of his rustic muse were sufficiently humble, consisting of songs and ballads, to be sung by the neighbouring lasses in chorus; but the artless approbation of these his rural friends, and the title which they gave him of *Jamie the Poeter*, were sufficient to repay his labours, and stimulate him to higher efforts; but, above all, the example of Burns fired his imagination, and became the mark of his ambition and his hope. The Ayrshire ploughman, indeed, had given an impulse to the lower classes both in England and Scotland, which manifested itself in poetical blacksmiths, shoemakers, and peasants, who startled society with the new character they had assumed. The first attempt of Hogg in authorship was characteristic of that whimsical thoughtlessness of the common rules of prudence, by which the whole of his succeeding life was distinguished. Having driven a flock of sheep into Edinburgh for sale, and having failed in disposing of the whole, he put the remainder into a park, and resolved to spend the few days of interval before next market-day in preparing a volume for the press. He wrote several poems from memory, and put them into the hands of a printer; but when the work was finished and sent to him, after he had almost forgotten the circumstance, he found it so crowded with typographical errors, as would have extinguished the vanity of authorship in most young poets. Hogg, however, was not to be so daunted, and he continued to write on. In 1801, he was so fortunate as to obtain the acquaintanceship of Sir Walter Scott, who kindly interested himself in the success of the poetical shepherd; the consequence of which was, that Hogg soon after published his *Mountain Bard*,—a collection of poems written in imitation of the old border ballads. This work was so successful, that, after having tried farming without success, he threw his plaid about his shoulders and came to Edinburgh, resolving to place his dependance on literature alone. His first attempt in this capacity was the *Forest Minstrel*, which procured him nothing but a little poetical reputation. He then attempted a periodical, called, *The Spy*; but a twelvemonth sufficed to finish its career. But in 1813 appeared his best work, *The Queen's Wake*, the success of which consoled him for all his previous disappointments. The public were delighted with the genuine poetry it displayed, as well as the interest of the tales, and fresh editions were called for in rapid succession. He had now acquired such a literary reputation as encouraged him to continue the labours of his pen, and he was not only a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Annals*, but he wrote numerous poems and novels, none of which, however, have equalled the interest and talent of *The Queen's Wake*. This work, and a few of his songs, will always constitute the chief ground of his poetical distinction. It was among fairies and phantoms, and the deeds of past ages, that he found the real world of his affections; so that when he descended to common events and every-day characters, his delineations were generally unnatural or tame. Having reached his sixty-fourth year, with a hale and vigorous constitution that promised a much longer life, his health suddenly declined, and he died on the 21st of November, 1835.

O'er Mary's face amazement spread;
She knew not that she had been dead;
She gazed in mood irresolute:
Both stood aghast, and both were mute.

From The Pilgrims of the Sun.

INVOCATION.

Thou holy harp of Judah's land,
That hung the willow boughs upon,
O leave the bowers on Jordan's strand,
And cedar groves of Lebanon:

That I may sound thy sacred string,
Those chords of mystery sublime,
That chimed the songs of Israel's King,
Song that shall triumph over time.

Pour forth the tracing notes again,
That wont of yore the soul to thrill,
In tabernacles of the plain,
Or heights of Zion's holy hill.

O come, ethereal timbrel meet,
In shepherd's hand thou dost delight;
On Kedar hills thy strain was sweet,
And sweet on Bethle'm's plain by night.

And when thy tones the land shall hear,
And every heart conjoins with thee,
The mountain lyre that lingers near
Will lend a wandering melody.

From The Pilgrims of the Sun.

DONALD MACDONALD.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,
I live in the Highlands sae grand;
I've follow'd our banner, an' will do,
Wherever my maker has land.

When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
 Nae danger can fear me awa,
 I ken that my brethren around me
 Are either to conquer or fa'.—
 Brogs an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogs an' a';
 An' isna the laddie weel aff
 Wha has brogs an' brochen an' a'?

Short syne we war wonderfu' canty,
 Our friends an' our country to see,
 But since the proud consul's grown vauntly,
 We'll meet him by land or by sea.
 Wherever a clan is disloyal,
 Wherever our king has a foe,
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald
 Wi' his Highlanders all in a row.—
 Guns an' pistols an' a',
 Pistols an' guns an' a';
 He'll quickly see Donald Macdonald
 Wi' guns an' pistols an' a'.

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
 To tell it I dinna think shame;
 Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
 An' reckon'd our mountains his hame:
 'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day;
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.—
 Sword an' buckler an' a',
 Buckler an' sword an' a';
 For George we'll encounter the devil,
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'.

An' O I wad eagerly press him
 The keys o' the East to retain;
 For shou'd he gi'e up the possession,
 We'll soon ha'e to force them again;
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
 Though it war my finishin' blow,
 He ay may depend on Macdonald,
 Wi' his Highlandmen all in a row.—
 Knees an' elbows an' a',
 Elbows an' knees an' a';
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,
 His knees an' elbows an' a'.

If Bonapart land at Fort-William,
 Auld Europe nae langer shall grane;
 I laugh, whan I think how we'll gall him
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairry,
 We'll rattle him aff frae our shore;
 Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
 An' sing him—Lochaber no more!
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',
 Bullets an' stanes an' a';
 We'll finish the Corsican callan',
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry;
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane;
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron, will hurkle to nane.
 The Stuart is sturdy an' wannle,
 An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;
 An' I, their gude-brither Macdonald
 Sal never be last i' the fray.
 Brogs an' brochen an' a',
 Brochen an' brogs an' a';
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
 The kilt, an' the feather, an' a'.

QUEEN MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

After a youth by woes o'ercast,
 After a thousand sorrows past,
 The lovely Mary once again
 Set foot upon her native plain;
 Knelt on the pier with modest grace,
 And turn'd to Heaven her beauteous face.
 'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
 A thousand thousand shouts ascended,
 Shiver'd the breeze around the throng,
 Grey barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
 And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven,
 That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
 Bespoke the lady and the queen;
 The woes of one so fair and young,
 Moved every heart and every tongue.

Driven from her home, a helpless child,
 To brave the winds and billows wild;
 An exile bred in realms afar,
 Amid commotions, broils, and war.
 In one short year, her hopes all cross'd—
 A parent, husband, kingdom, lost!
 And all ere eighteen years had shed
 Their honours o'er her royal head.
 For such'a queen, the Stuarts' heir—
 A queen so courteous, young, and fair—
 Who would not every foe defy?
 Who would not stand—who would not die?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
 Around with golden tassels hung;
 No chieftain there rode half so free,
 Or half so light and gracefully.
 How sweet to see her ringlets pale
 Wide waving in the southland gale,
 Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
 To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
 Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
 What beauties in her form were seen!
 And when her courser's mane it swung,
 A thousand silver bells were rung.
 A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
 A Scot shall never see again!

When Mary turn'd her wond'ring eyes
 On rocks that seem'd to prop the skies;
 On palace, park, and battled pile;
 On lake, on river, sea, and isle;
 O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
 To distant mountains wild and blue;
 She thought the isle that gave her birth,
 The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

From The Queen's Wake.

THE NURSING OF MISERY.

When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,
 Had dappled the woodland and umber'd the plain,
 In den of the mountain was Kennedy born,
 There hush'd by the tempest, baptized with the rain.

His cradle a mat that swung light on the oak ;
 His couch the sere mountain-fern spread on the rock ;
 The white knobs of ice from the chill'd nipple hung,
 And loud winter torrents his lullaby sung.

Unheeded he shiver'd, unheeded he cried ;
 Soon died on the breeze of the forest his moan ;
 To his wailings the weary wood echo replied ;
 His watcher the wondering redbreast alone.
 Oft gazed his young eye on the whirl of the storm,
 And all the wild shades that the desert deform ;
 From cleft in the corrie which thunders had riven,
 It oped on the pale flitting billows of heaven.

The nursling of misery, young Kennedy, learn'd
 His hunger, his thirst, and his passions, to feed ;
 With pity for others his heart never yearn'd—
 Their pain was his pleasure, their sorrow his meed.
 His eye was the eagle's, the twilight his hue ;
 His stature like pine of the hill where he grew ;
 His soul was the neal-fire inhaled from his den,
 And never knew fear save for ghost of the glen.

From The Queen's Wake.

THE WITCH'S MIDNIGHT JOURNEY

The second nycht, quhan the new moon set,
 O'er the roaryng sea we flew ;
 The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
 Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

And the bauld windis blew, and the fire flauchtis flew,
 And the sea ran to the skye ;
 And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
 As we gaed scouryng by.

And aye we mountit the sea-greene hillis,
 Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin ;
 Than sousit downright, like the stern-shot light,
 Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
 And se pang was our pearly prow,
 Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
 We needilit them thro' belowe.

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
 As fast as the midnycht leme,
 We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
 Or fluffit i' the flotyng faem.

And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
 We muntyd our steedis of the wynd,
 And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
 And we left the shoir behynde.

Fleet is the roe on the green Lommond,
 And swift is the couryng grew;
 The rein-deir dun can eithly run,
 Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir dun,
 The hinde, nor the couryng grew,
 Culde fly ower muntaine, muir, and dale,
 As our braw steedis they flew.

The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
 And we raise to the skyis ee-bree;
 Quhite, quhite was our rode, that was never trode,
 Ower the snawis of eternity!

From The Queen's Wake

THE SPECTRE LADY.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;
 The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
 No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
 No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
 Young Malcolm at distance couch'd, trembling the while,
 Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had pass'd, ere they spied on the stream
 A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
 Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
 The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
 A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
 Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
 Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
 No torrent, no rock, her velocity stay'd;
 She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
 And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.

Mute nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
 The wild deer of Gairtney abandon'd his den—
 Fled panting away, over river and isle,
 Nor once turn'd his eye to the brook of Glen Gyle.
 The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke,
 As slumb'ring he dozed in the shelve of the rock ;
 Astonish'd, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
 And screw'd the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
 The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
 He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
 As begging for something he could not obtain ;
 She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
 Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
 Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side :
 " Macgregor ! Macgregor ! " he bitterly cried ;
 " Macgregor ! Macgregor ! " the echoes replied.
 He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
 But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reach'd the dark lake, and bore lightly away ;
 Macgregor is vanish'd for ever and aye !

From The Queen's Wake.

KILMENY'S RECEPTION BY THE FAIRIES.

They claspit her weste and handis fayre,
 They kissit her cheik, and they kembit her hayir ;
 And runde cam ilka blumyng fere,
 Sayn, " Bonnye Kilmeny, ye're welcome here !
 Wemyn are freeit of the littand scorne—
 Oh, blest be the daye Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spiritis see,
 Now shall it ken quhat ane womyn may be !
 Mony long eir, in sorrow and pain,
 Mony long eir thro' the worlde we haif gane,
 Comyshonit to watch fayir womynkinde,
 For it's they quha nurice the immortyl minde.
 We haif watchit their stepis as the dawnyng shone,
 And deip in the greinwudde walkis alone,

By lilye bouir, and silken bedde,
 The viewless teiris haif ouir them shedde;
 Haif soothit their ardent myndis to sleep,
 Or left the cuche of luife to weip.
 We haif sein! we have sein!—but the tyme mene come,
 And the angelis will blush at the day of doom!

Oh, wald the fayrest of mortyl kynde
 Aye keipe thilke holye troths in mynde—
 That kyndred spiritis ilk motion see,
 Quha watch their wayis with anxious e'e,
 And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
 Oh, sweit to hevin the maydenis prayer,
 And the siche that hevis ane bosom se fayre!
 And deir to hevin the wordis of truthe,
 And the praise of vertu fra beautyis muthe!
 And deire to the viewless formis of ayre,
 The mynde that kythis as the body fayre!

From The Queen's Wake.

A STERN FATHER'S LATE REPENTANCE.

That morning found rough Tushilaw
 In all the father's guise appear;
 An end of all his hopes he saw
 Shrouded in Mary's gilded bier.

No eye could trace without concern
 The suffering warrior's troubled look—
 The throbs that heaved his bosom stern
 No ear could bear, no heart could brook.

'Woe be to thee, thou wicked dame!
 My Mary's prayers and accents mild
 Might well have render'd vengeance lame—
 This hand could ne'er have slain my child!

"But thou, in frenzied fatal hour,
 Reft the sweet life thou gav'st away,
 And crush'd to earth the fairest flower
 That ever breathed the breeze of day.

"My all is lost, my hope is fled,
 The sword shall ne'er be drawn for me;
 Unblest, unhonour'd, my grey head—
 My child—would I had died for thee!"

The bells tolls o'er a new-made grave ;
 The lengthen'd funeral train is seen
 Stemming the Yarrow's silver wave,
 And dark'ning Dryhope holms so green.

From The Queen's Wake.

THE LADY AND THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

What vision lingers on the heath,
 Flitting across the field of death?
 Its gliding motion, smooth and still
 As vapour on the twilight hill,
 Or the last ray of falling even
 Shed through the parting clouds of heaven?

Is it a sprite that roams forlorn?
 Or angel from the bowers of morn,
 Come down a tear of heaven to shed,
 In pity o'er the valiant dead?
 No vain, no fleeting phantom this!
 No vision from the bowers of bliss!
 Its radiant eye and stately tread
 Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid ;
 No rose of Eden's bosom meek,
 Could match that maiden's moisten'd cheek ;
 No drifted wreath of morning snow
 The whiteness of her lofty brow ;
 Nor gem of India's purest dye,
 The lustre of her eagle eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
 First stretch'd the arm to deeds of sin ;
 When passion burn'd and prudence slept,
 The pitying angels bent and wept.
 But tears more soft were never shed,
 No, not when angels bow'd the head,
 A sigh more mild did never breathe
 O'er human nature whelm'd in death,
 Nor woe and dignity combine
 In face so lovely, so benign,
 As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
 Bent o'er a corse on Cample-moor—
 A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
 A brave, an only brother's dust.

What heart of man unmoved can lie,
 When plays the smile in beauty's eye?
 Or when a form of grace and love
 To music's notes can lightly move?
 Yes; there are hearts unmoved can see
 The smile, the ring, the revelry;
 But heart of warrior ne'er could bear
 The beam of beauty's crystal tear.
 Well was that morn the maxim proved—
 The Douglas saw, the Douglas loved.

From The Queen's Wake.

STAFFA.

But now the dreadful strand they gain,
 Where rose the sacred dome of the main;
 Oft had they seen the place before,
 And kept aloof from the dismal shore,
 But now it rose before their prow,
 And what they beheld they did not know.
 The tall grey forms, in close-set file,
 Upholding the roof of that holy pile;
 The sheets of foam and the clouds of spray,
 And the groans that rush'd from the portals grey,
 Appall'd their hearts and drove them away.

They wheel'd their bark to the east around,
 And moor'd in basin, by rocks imbound;
 Then awed to silence, they trode the strand
 Where furnaced pillars in order stand,
 All framed of the liquid burning levin,
 And bent like the bow that spans the heaven,
 Or upright ranged in horrid array,
 With purple of green o'er the darksome grey.

Their path was on wondrous pavement of old,
 Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
 Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
 With countermure guarded by sea and by land.
 The watcher Bushella frown'd over their way,
 Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with grey;
 The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
 With spray-shower and rainbow, the entrance to keep.
 But when they drew nigh to the chancel of ocean,
 And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion,
 Astounded and awed to the antes they clung,
 And listen'd the hymns in her temple she sung.

The song of the cliff, when the winter winds blow,
 The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below,
 Conjoin'd, like the voice of a maiden would be,
 Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.

The solemn rows in that darksome den,
 Were dimly seen like the forms of men,
 Like giant monks in ages ago,
 Whom the God of the ocean had sear'd to stone,
 And bound in his temple for ever to lean,
 In sackcloth of grey and visors of green,
 An everlasting worship to keep,
 And the big salt tears eternally weep.

So rapid the motion, the whirl, and the boil,
 So loud was the tumult, so fierce the turmoil,
 Appall'd from those portals of terror they turn,
 On pillar of marble their incense to burn.
 Around the holy flame they pray—
 Then turning their faces all west away,
 On angel pavement each bent his knee,
 And sung this hymn to the God of the sea.

From The Queen's Wake.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Matilda of Skye
 Alone may lie,
 And list to the wind that whistles by;
 Sad may she be,
 For deep in the sea,
 Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
 This night her lover shall sleep with me.
 She may turn and hide
 From the spirits that glide,
 And the ghost that stands at her bed-side;
 But never a kiss the vow shall seal,
 Nor warm embrace her bosom feel;
 For far, far down in the floors below,
 Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,
 With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl of the deep,
 On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep;
 And long and sound shall his slumber be
 In the coral bowers of the deep with me.

The trembling sun, far, far away
Shall pour on his couch a soften'd ray,
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing tide,
And the little fishes shall turn aside ;
But the waves and the tides of the sea shall cease,
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.
No home!—no kiss!—No, never! never!
His couch is spread for ever and ever.

From The Queen's Wake.

THE HARP OF SCOTLAND.

Long has that harp, of magic tone,
To all the minstrel world been known :
Who has not heard her witching lays,
Of Ettrick banks and Yarrow 'braes?
But that sweet bard, who sung and play'd
Of many a feat and border raid,
Of many a knight and lovely maid,
When forced to leave his harp behind,
Did all her tuneful chords unwind ;
And many ages pass'd and came
Ere man so well could tune the same.

Bangour the daring task essay'd :
Not half the chords his fingers play'd ;
Yet even then some thrilling lays
Bespoke the harp of ancient days.

Redoubted Ramsay's peasant skill
Flung some strain'd notes along the hill ;
His was some lyre from lady's hall,
And not the mountain harp at all.

Langhorne arrived from southern dale,
And chimed his notes on Yarrow vale ;
They would not, could not, touch the heart—
His was the modish lyre of art.

Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand :
Then Leyden came from border land,
With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marr'd the symphony

Between, the glowing measure stole
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
Sad were those strains, when hymn'd afar,
On the green vales of Malabar:
O'er seas beneath the golden morn
They travell'd, on the monsoon borne,
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,
Beneath the wild banana's shade.
Leyden, a shepherd wails thy fate,
And Scotland knows her loss too late!

The day arrived—blest be the day,
Walter the Abbot came that way!
The sacred relic met his view—
Ah! well the pledge of heaven he knew.
He screw'd the chords, he tried a strain;
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again;
Then pour'd the numbers bold and free,
The simple magic melody.

The land was charm'd to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unheard and green,
Pass'd from their mouldy vaults away,
In armour red, and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen,
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

From The Queen's Wake.

THIS vigorous but somewhat eccentric author, who has thrown out so many profound ideas in prose and verse, and who has defied his critics to match them if they can, was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. After a classical education at Rugby, he was entered of Trinity College, Oxford, where that indifference to established rule, by which his works are distinguished, manifested itself so strongly, that he was subjected to the punishment of rustication. When the insurrection broke out in Spain, he joined the insurgents in 1808; but the events which followed, on the establishment of the royal authority, were so little to his taste, that he abandoned the country in disgust. In 1815, he settled in Florence, since which period his visits to England have only been incidental.

As an author, Landor has written much, and well, upon a great variety of subjects; and his *Imaginary Conversations* is a work in which extensive scholarship is blended with profound and original thought. But, unfortunately, all his writings are pervaded with that defiance of the literary world, which no author, however talented, can indulge in with impunity; and thus, notwithstanding his avowed merits, he has never attained a correspondent popularity, either as a poet or a prose writer. His very orthography is stamped with this love of singularity, as if he would even spell, as well as think, for himself. The scholar and the man of taste, however, in spite of these defects, will always appreciate the productions of Landor.

TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
 Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
 Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
 Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
 The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
 Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
 So high that vastest billows from above
 Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;
 Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
 And pass away—the beautiful, the brave,
 And them who sang their praises.

But, O Queen,
 Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
 As when they first were utter'd, are those words
 Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
 And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
 So perilous, him who brought before his eye
 The Colchian babes.

“Stay! spare him! save the last!
 Medea!—is that blood? again! it drops
 From my imploring hand upon my feet—
 I will invoke the Eumenides no more—
 I will forgive thee—bless thee—bend to thee
 In all thy wishes—do but thou, Medea,
 Tell me, one lives.”

“ And shall I too deceive?”

Cries from the fry car an angry voice ;
 And swifter than two falling stars descend
 Two breathless bodies—warm, soft, motionless,
 As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
 They lie three paces from him—such they lie
 As when he left them sleeping side by side,
 A mother’s arm round each, a mother’s cheeks
 Between them, flush’d with happiness and love.
 He was more changed than they were—doom’d to shew
 Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr’d
 Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
 And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
 Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the gods
 Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
 With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
 A nobler work remains : thy citadel
 Invites all Greece : o’er lands and floods remote
 Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee :
 Confide then in thy strength, and unappall’d
 Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
 Run bellowing, where their herdsman goad them on ;
 Instinct is sharp in them and terror true—
 They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

THE TAMED DORMOUSE.

There is a creature, dear to Heaven,
 Tiny and weak, to whom is given
 To enjoy the world while suns are bright
 And shut grim winter from its sight—
 Tamest of hearts that beat on wilds,
 Tamer and tenderer than a child’s—
 The Dormouse—this he loved and taught
 (Docile it is the day it’s caught,
 And fond of music, voice or string)
 To stand before and hear her sing,
 Or lie within her palm half closed,
 Until another’s interposed,
 And claim’d the alcove wherein it lay,
 Or held it with divided sway.

*

From Gunhild.

STANZAS.

Say ye, that years roll on and ne'er return?
Say ye, the Sun who leaves them all behind,
Their great creator, cannot bring one back
With all his force, though he draw worlds around?
Witness me, little streams! that meet before
My happy dwelling; witness, Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.

Go, and go happy, pride of my past days
And solace of my present, thou whom Fate
Alone hath sever'd from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
Friendship, with faltering accent, says Depart!
And take the highest seat below the crown'd.



FROM POEMS ON THE DEAD.

Child of a day, thou knowest not,
 The tears that overflow thy urn,
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
 Nor, if thou knowest, couldst return!

And why the wish? the pure and blest
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep;
 O peaceful night! O envied rest!
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

ON A POET IN A WELSH CHURCHYARD.

Kind souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
 The first-found crocus from reluctant Spring,
 Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
 This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
 Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
 One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

FROM INES DE CASTRO AT CINTRA.

INES.

Revere our holy Church; though some within
 Have erred, and some are slow to lead us right,
 Stopping to pry when staff and lamp should be
 In hand, and the way whiten underneath.

PEDRO.

Ines, the Church is now a charnel-house,
 Where all that is not rottenness is drowth.
 Thou hast but seen its gate hung round with flowers,
 And heard the music whose serenest waves
 Cover its gulfs and dally with its shoals,
 And hold the myriad insects in light play
 Above it, loth to leave its sunny sides.
 Look at this central edifice! come close!
 Men's bones and marrow its materials are,

Men's groans inaugurated it, men's tears
 Sprinkle its floor, fires lighted up with men
 Are censers for it; Agony and Anger
 Surround it night and day with sleepless eyes;
 Dissimulation, Terror, Treachery,
 Denunciations of the child, the parent,
 The sister, brother, lover (mark me, Ines!)
 Are the peace-offerings God receives from it.

INES.

I tremble—but betrayers tremble more.
 Now cease, cease, Pedro! Cling I must to somewhat—
 Leave me one guide, one rest! Let me love God!
 Alone—if it must be so!

PEDRO.

Him alone—
 Mind; in him only place thy trust henceforth.

SHELLS.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply
 Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

From Gebir.

FROM COUNT JULIAN.

JULIAN.

O cruelty—to them indeed the least!
 My children, ye are happy—ye have lived
 Of heart unconquered, honour unimpaired,
 And died, true Spaniards, loyal to the last.

MUZA.

Away with him.

JULIAN.

Slaves! not before I lift
 My voice to heaven and man: though enemies
 Surround me, and none else, yet other men
 And other times shall hear: the agony
 Of an opprest and of a bursting heart
 No violence can silence; at its voice
 The trumpet is o'erpowered, and glory mute,
 And peace and war hide all their charms alike.
 Surely the guests and ministers of heaven
 Scatter it forth thro' all the elements;
 So suddenly, so widely, it extends,
 So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering
 To ask or fancy how it first arose.

REPENTANCE OF KING RODERIGO.

There is, I hear, a poor half-ruined cell
 In Xeres, whither few indeed resort;
 Green are the walls within, green is the floor
 And slippery from disuse; for Christian feet
 Avoid it, as half-holy, half-accurst.
 Still in its dark recess fanatic sin
 Abases to the ground his tangled hair,
 And servile scourges and reluctant groans
 Roll o'er the vault uninterruptedly,
 Till, such the natural stilness of the place,
 The very tear upon the damps below
 Drops audible, and the heart's throb replies.
 There is the idol maid of Christian creed,
 And taller images, whose history
 I know not, nor inquired—a scene of blood,
 Of resignation amid mortal pangs,
 And other things, exceeding all belief.
 Hither the aged Opas of Seville
 Walked slowly, and behind him was a man
 Barefooted, bruised, dejected, comfortless,
 In sackcloth; the white ashes on his head
 Dropt as he smote his breast; he gathered up,
 Replaced them all, groan'd deeply, looked to heaven.
 And held them, like a treasure, with claspt hands.

From Count Julian.

MORNING.

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds,
 The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
 Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
 Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
 The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
 Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
 Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
 When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
 To which so warily her own she brings
 Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
 Of coming kisses fann'd by playful dreams.
 Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee.
 For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate
 When an immortal maid and mortal man
 Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

From Gebir.

FROM IPPOLITO DI ESTE.

IPPOLITO.

He saw his error.

FERRANTE.

All men do when age
 Bends down their heads, or gold shines in their way.

IPPOLITO.

Although I would have helpt you in distress,
 And just removed you from the court awhile,
 You called me tyrant.

FERRANTE.

Called thee tyrant? I?
 By heaven! in tyrant there is something great
 That never was in thee. I would be killed
 Rather by any monster of the wild
 Than choaked by weeds and quicksands, rather crusht
 By maddest rage than clay-cold apathy.
 Those who act well the tyrant, neither seek
 Nor shun the name: and yet I wonder not
 That thou repeatest it, and wishest me;
 It sounds like power, like policy, like courage,
 And none that calls thee tyrant can despise thee.
 Go, issue orders for imprisonment,
 Warrants for death: the gibbet and the wheel,
 Lo! the grand boundaries of thy dominion!
 O what a mighty office for a minister!
 (And such Alfonso's brother calls himself),
 To be the scribe of hawkers! Man of genius!
 The lanes and allies echo with thy works.

FROM IPPOLITO DI ESTE.

Now all the people follow the procession:
 Here may I walk alone, and let my spirits
 Enjoy the coolness of these quiet ailes.
 Surely no air is stirring; every step
 Tires me; the columns shake, the cieling fleets,
 The floor beneath me slopes, the altar rises.
 Stay!—here she stept—what grace! what harmony!
 It seemed that every accent, every note,
 Of all the choral music, breathed from her:
 From her celestial airiness of form
 I could have fancied purer light descended.
 Between the pillars, close and wearying,
 I watcht her as she went: I had rusht on—
 It was too late; yet, when I stopt, I thought
 I stopt full soon: I cried, Is she not there?
 She had been: I had seen her shadow burst
 The sunbeam as she parted: a strange sound,
 A sound that stupefied and not aroused me,
 Filled all my senses; such was never felt
 Save when the sword-girt angel struck the gate,
 And Paradise wail'd loud, and closed for ever.

STANZAS.

In Clementina's artless mien
 Lucilla asks me what I see,
 And are the roses of sixteen
 Enough for me?

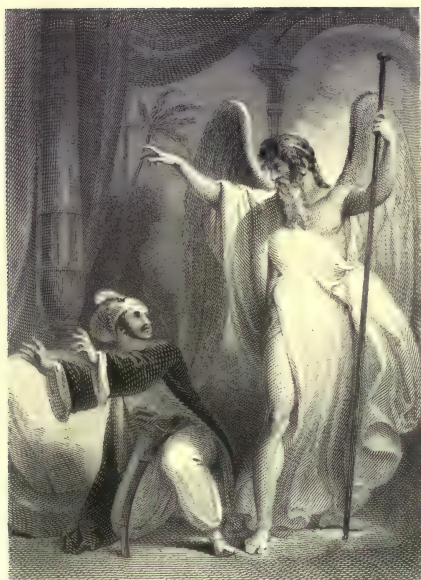
Lucilla asks, If that be all,
 Have I not cull'd as sweet before—
 Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
 I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
 Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
 More pure, more constant, more serene,
 And not less bright—

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
 And Modesty who, when she goes,
 Is gone for ever.

THIS very voluminous and highly talented writer was born at Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. During his boyhood he was educated in several private schools, and in consequence of the early talent he displayed, he was sent, in 1787, to Westminster School. Even during these early years he had shown his natural bent, not only by a predilection for the works of our poets, but by attempts to write in verse, which the partiality of his friends, as usual, flattered into a habit. After having studied for some years at Westminster School, Southey was entered at Baliol College, Oxford, in 1792, where he became acquainted with Coleridge, in consequence of the escapade of the latter from Cambridge. Southey was so completely overwhelmed by the irresistible eloquence of his friend, that he became a convert to the wild theory of Pantisocracy, and resolved to become one of its apostles in the wilds of America. But a different destiny, as well as a complete change in his political creed, awaited him—he became an affectionate husband, and a most thorough-going Tory. This alteration in his political sentiments formed a theme of declamation and abuse with all who envied and hated him; and changes were rung, for the best part of two generations, upon the titles of “turn-coat” and “renegade,” which were unsparingly heaped upon him. And perhaps these reproaches of his enemies were embittered by the circumstance, that no other charge could be fastened upon him, whether of a moral or literary character. An accusation of immoral conduct, or the charge of dulness, would have been equally hopeless—he had written down the one, and lived down the other, so that nothing but the semblance of political apostacy remained upon which malice could fix her talons. But are the rash opinions of youth to be immutable? Is the scholar to retain the prejudices of the cloister after he has entered the world, and acquired the experience which active life alone can bestow?

The first distinguished exhibition of Southey's poetical talents was given in 1796, by the publication of his *Joan of Arc*. In this work all his early ideas of liberty, which were still unchanged, appear in full freshness and vigour, and the noble creature whom he selected as his heroine was well qualified to embody them. His next production was the “wild and wondrous song” of *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, which appeared at the close of 1800. This work astounded the critics, as it was so much out of the usual path; but in spite of their learned declamations upon the established laws of epic poetry, the public persisted in believing that it was a work full of interest and poetical beauty. His next poetical publications were two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which appeared at intervals, and were read with that interest which his previous works had already excited. *Madoc* appeared in 1805, *The Curse of Kehama* in 1810, and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, in 1814. These are his principal poetical works; but to enumerate the publications, both in prose and verse, which have proceeded from his fertile pen since his commencement of authorship, till that melancholy recent period, when the intellectual world became to him a universal blank, would be to give a catalogue composing in itself a whole library. No man, perhaps, was ever more systematically a student and an author than Robert Southey. He sat down to his desk at stated hours of each day, like a clerk in his counting-house: he had his hours for poetry and prose, and his hours for reading; he shifted from the one labour to the other, with the same facility which others display in removing one book to give place to another; and he found in this change the same recreation which students experience in passing from intellectual toil to mere amusement. In mastering the contents of a book, also, he had that facility of perusal which Napoleon, who possessed it more than other men, called “reading with his thumb;” and thus he obtained, by the skimming of a few minutes, the information which others could only obtain by spelling the whole volume. In this manner he has been enabled to write, and write so well upon such a vast variety of subjects, pouring into each a mass of information, as if it alone had constituted the sole subject of his investigation for years. Beautiful, however, as is Southey's poetry, in which he is inferior to no writer of the age, his prose will probably outlive it. In this he displays the full force of his genius, and his complete mastery of our language.



H. Corbould

J. B. Allen

SOUTHEY.

MAHOMMED AND THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

So he said, and frown'd
 Dark as the form who at Mahommed's door
 Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look,
 Bathed with cold damps, every beholder fled.
 Even the prophet, almost terrified,
 Endured but half to view him, for he knew
 Azrael, the dreadful messenger of Fate,
 And his death-day was come.

From Joan of Arc.

CORONATION OF CHARLES BY THE MAID OF ORLEANS

The morn was fair
 When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
 Of multitudes, for high solemnity
 Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
 The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
 With flowers and laurel boughs.

By the king
 The delegated Damsel pass'd along,
 Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
 Her hallow'd banner to the sacred pile,
 And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
 Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
 Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven
 (So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
 At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
 When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
 And fierce upon their flight the Almanni press'd,
 And rear'd the shout of triumph; in that hour
 Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God,
 And conquer'd: waked to wonder thus, the chief
 Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
 Her husband to the font.

The mission'd Maid
 Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France:
 And back retiring, gazed upon the king
 One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
 Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
 She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
 In awful stillness witness'd: then at once,
 As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
 Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid
 Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
 And instant silence follow'd:

“King of France!”
 She cried, “at Chinon, when my gifted eye
 Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
 Prompted, I spake; arm'd with the sword of God
 To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
 And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
 All is accomplish'd. I have here this day
 Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
 Chief servant of the people. Of this charge,
 Or well perform'd or wickedly, high Heaven
 Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,

I know no limit to the happiness
 Thou mayst create. I do beseech thee, King!"
 The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
 And clasp'd his knees, "I do beseech thee, King!
 By all the millions that depend on thee,
 For weal or woe—consider what thou art,
 And know thy duty! If thou dost oppress
 Thy people; if to aggrandize thyself
 Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest them
 To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
 If when the widow and the orphan groan
 In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
 To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
 If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
 Thou say'st, 'I am a king! and fit it is
 That these should perish for me;' if thy realm
 Should, through the counsels of thy government,
 Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard
 The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
 Of asking hunger; if at such a time
 Thou dost behold thy plenty-cover'd board,
 And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
 And say that all is well—Oh, gracious God!
 Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
 When the spirits of the murder'd innocent
 Cry at thy throne for justice!

"King of France!

Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
 And be the orphan's father! thus shalt thou
 Become the representative of Heaven,
 And gratitude and love establish thus
 Thy reign. Believe me, King! that hireling guards,
 Though flesh'd in slaughter, will be weak to save
 A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
 That totters underneath him."

Thus the Maid
 Redeem'd her country. Ever may the All-just
 Give to the arms of freedom such success.

From Joan of Arc.

THE LOCUST CLOUD.

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
 Of congregated myriads numberless,
 The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
 Of a broad river, headlong in its course

Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
 Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
 Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
 Onward they came, the winds impell'd them on,
 Their work was done, their path of ruin past,
 Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

“Behold the mighty army!” Moath cried,
 “Blindly they move, impell'd
 By the blind element.

And yonder birds, our welcome visitants,
 Lo! where they soar above the embodied host,
 Pursue their way, and hang upon their rear,
 And thin their spreading flanks,
 Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest thou
 The scent of water on some Syrian mosque
 Placed with priest-mummery, and the jargon-rites
 Which fool the multitude, hath led them here
 From far Khorassan? Allah, who decreed
 Yon tribe the plague and punishment of man,
 These also hath he doom'd to meet their way:
 Both passive instruments
 Of his all-acting will,
 Sole mover he, and only spring of all.”

From Thalaba the Destroyer.

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

Once from her lofty walls the charioteer
 Look'd down on swarming myriads; once she flung
 Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd tide,
 And through her brazen portals when she pour'd
 Her armies forth, the distant nations look'd
 As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
 Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen,
 The Queen of Cities, Babylon, was fallen,
 Low lay her bulwark; the black scorpion bask'd
 In the palace courts; within the sanctuary
 The she-wolf hid her whelps.
 Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
 Hath been the aerial gardens, height on height
 Rising like Medea's mountains crown'd with wood,
 Work of imperial dotage? where the fane
 Of Belus? where the Golden Image now,

Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
 Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
 The Assyrian slaves adored?
 A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon,
 Spreads o'er the blasted plain:
 The wandering Arab never sets his tent
 Within her walls; the shepherd eyes afar
 Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
 Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
 Euphrates rolls along,
 Eternal Nature's work.

From Thalaba the Destroyer.

THE PARADISE OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,
 The youth had found the wondrous way?
 But earthly Eden boasts
 No terraced palaces,
 No rich pavilions, bright with woven gold,
 Like these that in the vale
 Rise amid odorous groves.
 The astonish'd Thalaba,
 Doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
 Beguiled his passive sense,
 A moment closed his eyes;
 Still they were there—the palaces and groves,
 And rich pavilions glittering golden light.

Where'er his eye could reach,
 Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
 And rich pavilions through the opening woods
 Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
 And winding through the verdant vale,
 Flow'd streams of liquid light;
 And fluted cypresses rear'd up
 Their living obelisks;
 And broad-leaved plane-trees in long colonnades
 O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
 Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrill'd vine
 Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
 And clusters not their own.

Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes
 Return for rest? beside him teems the earth
 With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd;

And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
 And here amid her sable cup
 Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
 The solitary twinkler of the night;
 And here the rose expands
 Her paradise of leaves.

Then on his ear what sounds
 Of harmony arose!
 Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
 From bowers of merriment;
 The waterfall remote;
 The murmuring of the leafy groves;
 The single nightingale
 Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly toned,
 That never from that most melodious bird,
 Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
 Did Thracian shepherd by the grave
 Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,
 Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
 All his own power infuse, to swell
 The incense that he loves.

And oh! what odours the voluptuous vale
 Scatters from jasmine bowers,
 From yon rose wilderness,
 From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves,
 That with such perfumes fill the breeze
 As Peris to their Sister bear,
 When from the summit of some lofty tree
 She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.
 They from their pinions shake
 The sweetness of celestial flowers,
 And, as her enemies impure
 From that impervious poison far away
 Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
 Inhales her fragrant food.
 Such odours flow'd upon the world,
 When at Mahommed's nuptials, word
 Went forth in Heaven, to roll
 The everlasting gates of Paradise
 Back on their living hinges, that its gales
 Might visit all below; the general bliss
 Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
 Of man, for once, partook one common joy.

From Thalaba the Destroyer

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity;
 In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth;
 But Love is indestructible :
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight?

From The Curse of Kehama.

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF ARVALAN.

Midnight, and yet no eye
 Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
 Behold her streets a-blaze
 With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
 Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
 Master and slave, old age and infancy,
 All, all abroad to gaze;
 House-top and balcony
 Cluster'd with women, who throw back their veils
 With unimpeded and insatiate sight
 To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
 As if the mournful rite
 Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
 Your feeble beams ye shed,
 Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare
 Even the broad eye of day;
 And thou from thy celestial way
 Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
 For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
 Upon the midnight air,
 Blotting the lights of heaven
 With one portentous glare.
 Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
 Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
 And hangeth visible on high,
 A dark and waving canopy.

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
 'Tis the dirge of death!
 At once ten thousand drums begin,
 With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing;
 Ten thousand voices then join in,
 And with one deep and general din
 Pour their wild wailing.
 The song of praise is drown'd
 Amid that deafening sound;
 You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
 You hear no more the mourner's moan,
 Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death,
 Mingle and swell the funeral yell.
 But rising over all in one acclaim
 Is heard the echo'd and re-echo'd name,
 From all that countless rout:
 Arvalan! Arvalan!
 Arvalan! Arvalan!
 Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
 Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,
 From house to house repeated rings about,
 From tower to tower rolls round.

The death-procession moves along;
 Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
 The Bramins lead the way,
 Chanting the funeral song.
 And now at once they shout,
 Arvalan! Arvalan!
 With quick rebound of sound,
 All in accordant cry,

Arvalan! Arvalan!
 The universal multitude reply.
 In vain ye thunder on his ear the name!

Would ye awake the dead?
 Borne upright in his palankeen,
 There Arvalan is seen!
 A glow is on his face—a lively red;
 It is the crimson canopy
 Which o'er his cheek the reddening shade hath shed.
 He moves—he nods his head—
 But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,
 As the body, borne aloft in state,
 Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.
 Close following his dead son, Kehama came,
 Nor joining in the ritual song,
 Nor calling the dear name;
 With head depress'd and funeral vest,
 And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Silent and lost in thought he moves along.
 King of the world, his slaves unenvying now
 Behold their wretched Lord; rejoiced they see
 The mighty Rajah's misery;
 For Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,
 And taught the master of mankind to know
 Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

From The Curse of Kehama.

AERIAL MUSIC.

By this the stars
 Grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp;
 The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top
 Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
 Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
 Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
 Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
 Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
 Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
 Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near,
 Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut,
 A sleeping stranger lay. He pointed him
 To Tlalala. The Tiger look'd around:
 None else was nigh—Shall I descend, he said,
 And strike him? here is none to see the deed.

We offered to the gods our mingled blood
 Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
 An offering which shall more propitiate them,
 And omen sure success. I will go down
 And kill!

He said, and, gliding like a snake,
 Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
 Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams
 Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he loved.
 The Azteca stood over him; he knew
 His victim, and the power of vengeance gave
 Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped my arm:
 But what shall save thee now? the Tiger thought,
 Exulting; and he raised his spear to strike.
 That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen harp
 The gale of morning past, and swept its strings
 Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
 It seem'd no earthly tone. The savage man
 Suspends his stroke; he looks astonish'd round;
 No human hand is near;—and hark! again
 The aerial music swells, and dies away.
 Then first the heart of 'Tlalala felt fear:
 He thought that some protecting spirit lived
 Beside the stranger, and, abash'd, withdrew.

From Madoc.

THE BANIAN TREE.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
 A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
 And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
 It was a godly sight to see
 That venerable tree,
 For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
 Fifty straight columns propp'd its lofty head;
 And many a long depending shoot,
 Seeking to strike its root,
 Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
 Some on the lower boughs, which cross'd their way,
 Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
 With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
 Some to the passing wind at times, with sway
 Of gentle motion swung;
 Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
 Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er
Came gleams of checquer'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

From The Curse of Kehama.

EVENING.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

From Roderick.

SONNET.

Did then the Negro rear at last the Sword
 Of Vengeance? drench'd he deep its thirsty blade
 In the hard heart of his tyrannic lord?
 Oh! who shall blame him? through the midnight shade
 Still o'er his tortured memory rush'd the thought
 Of every past delight; his native grove,
 Friendship's best joys, and Liberty, and Love,
 All lost for ever! Then Remembrance wrought
 His soul to madness: round his restless bed
 Freedom's pale spectre stalk'd, with a stern smile
 Pointing the wounds of Slavery, the while
 She shook her chains and hung her sullen head;
 No more on Heaven he calls with fruitless breath,
 But sweetens with revenge the draught of death.

From Poems concerning the Slave Trade.

SONNET.

O God have mercy in this dreadful hour
 On the poor mariner! in comfort here
 Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
 The blast that rages with resistless power.
 What were it now to toss upon the waves—
 The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
 The howling of the storm alone to hear,
 And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
 To gaze amid the horrors of the night
 And only see the billow's gleaming light;
 And in the dread of death to think of her
 Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
 Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale?—
 O God! have mercy on the mariner!

FORGIVENESS.

When now the youth was at the forest shade
 Arrived, it drew towards the close of day;
 Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
 And he, already wearied with his way,

Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,
And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

Slow sunk the glorious sun, a roseate light
Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays ;
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight
Softened in shade—he could not choose but gaze ;
And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,
Save where the west retain'd the last green light of
even.

Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose ;
The passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose.
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart ?
The heart they will not soften is not right,
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper-
bell.

The Catholic who hears that vesper-bell,
Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to Heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords ; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-
prayer.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
Each pious duty with religious care,
And—for the young man's feelings were not cold,
He never yet had miss'd his vesper-prayer.
But strange misgivings now his heart invade,
And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd ?
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,
And many a former precept then he weigh'd,
The words of Him who died to save mankind ;
How 'twas the meek who should inherit Heaven,
And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,
That yet some chance his victim might delay,
So as he mused adown the neighbouring slope
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;
And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd—
His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous
sword.

“The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!
Go, and our vengeance to our kinsmen tell!”—
Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,
And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,
And stopp'd his hand, and cried, “Oh, do not take
A wretched sinner's life! mercy, for Jesus' sake!”

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.
His hand, for murder raised, unharming fell;
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start;
A moment mute in holy horror stood,
Then cried, “Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his
blood!”

From St. Guatberto.



THE PIOUS PAINTER.

PART I.

There once was a painter in Catholic days,
 Like Job who eschew'd all evil;
 Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
 With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
 And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels, compared to the Devils he drew
 Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
 Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue!
 And round them a sulphurous vapour he threw
 That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
 'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
 She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son,
 Many Devils already the artist had done,
 But this must out-do all before.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled through the air,
 At seeing it paused on the wing;
 For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
 That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
 To pay their respects to their King.

Every child at beholding it shiver'd with dread,
 And scream'd as he turn'd away quick;
 Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
 Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
 Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night;
 But once he was startled as sleeping he lay;
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
 That the Devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
 "Take heed how you wrong me again!
 Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
 And on faith he had certain reliance,
 So carefully he the grim countenance eyed,
 And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
 And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
 He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
 Every look, every line, every feature, he knows,
 'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
 And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail;
 The tip of the nose is red-hot,
 There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
 And that the identical curl of his tail—
 Not a mark, not a claw, is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight;
 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
 He touches again, and again gluts his sight;
 He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
 The original standing behind.

"Fool! idiot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
 And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire;
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke—
 The Devil could wish it no higher.

"Help—help me! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
 From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,
 There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
 And cursed his own fruitless endeavour;
 While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,
 Shook his palette and brushes in triumph, and cried,
 "I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

PART II.

The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
 For defying the malice of Hell;
 The monks the unerring resemblance admired;
 Not a lady lived near but her portrait desired
 From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely, and lively, and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter, avoid her! O Painter, take care!
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
The net is made ready—O Painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the Artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
There's a look which he cannot express;—
His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue;
More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!
Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never had tried a live angel before—
St. Anthony, help him and save!

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
It was settled the lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband so ugly and old,
With the Painter so pious of late.

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the husband he makes the scheme known;
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the Old Serpent arise,
“Now, you villanous dauber!” Sir Beelzebub cries,
“You are paid for your insults to me.

“But my tender heart you may easily move
 If to what I propose you agree;
 That picture—be just! the resemblance improve,
 Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I’ll remove,
 And you shall this instant be free.”

Overjoy’d, the conditions so easy he hears,
 “I’ll make you quite handsome!” he said.
 He said, and his chain on the Devil appears;
 Released from his prison, released from his fears,
 The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
 And proceeds to his work as before;
 The people beheld him, the culprit they took;
 They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
 And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon—behold in his place
 In the corner old Beelzebub lay.
 He smirks, and he smiles, and he leers with a grace,
 That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face,
 Then vanish’d in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter, “I trust you’ll suspect me no more,
 Since you find my assertions were true;
 But I’ll alter the picture above the church door,
 For I never saw Satan so closely before,
 And I must give the Devil his due.”

ST. BARTHOLOMEW’S DAY.

The night is come, no fears disturb
 The dreams of innocence;
 They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
 They sleep—alas! they sleep!

Go to the palace, wouldst thou know
 How hideous night can be;
 Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
 Nor heart at quiet there.

The monarch from the window leans,
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh he has hell within him now!
God, always art thou just!
For innocence can never know such pangs
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad, and all is still.
Hark!—now the midnight bell
Sounds through the silence of the night alone—
And now the signal-gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!
He hears the frantic shriek,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
He hears the groan of death;
In vain they fly—soldiers defenceless now,
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!
For at his dying hour
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear,
He heard that murderous yell!

They throng'd around his midnight couch,
The phantoms of the slain!—
It prey'd like poison on his powers of life!—
Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits! who suffer'd at that hour
For freedom and for faith,
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
Her faith and freedom crush'd!

And like a giant from his sleep
Ye saw when France awoke;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
And ye had joy in Heaven!

ALTHOUGH the poetry of Lamb is greatly above mediocrity, he is better known by a beautiful collection of sketches, under the signature of Elia, his *Tales from Shakspeare*, and other prose works, teeming with profound philosophy and criticism expressed in the happiest diction. He was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1775, and was educated in Christ's Hospital, after which he received a small appointment in the India House, where he rose by regular gradation during thirty years of service, when he was pensioned off with a comfortable annuity. During this long period, however, his heart was in literature, and he published numerous essays, tales, and dissertations, and associated with several of the most distinguished authors of the day. He died on the 27th of December, 1834.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

"O lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride."

MOTHER.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear
Sad songs, were made so long ago, my dear;
This day I am to be a bride, you know—
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago?

CHILD.

O, mother, lay your costly robes aside,
For you may never be another's bride.
That line I learn'd not in the old sad song.

MOTHER.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,
Play with the bride-maids, and be glad, my boy,
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

CHILD.

One father fondled me upon his knee.
One father is enough, alone, for me.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *suåden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,

Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
 Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
 And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
 And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
 Of controversy, where no end appears,
 No clue to his research, the lonely man
 Half wishes for society again.
 Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
 The cheering music; his relenting soul
 Yearns after all the joys of social life,
 And softens with the love of human kind.

 VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from Heaven in robes of white,
 A young probationer of light,
 Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
 And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
 Have "written strange defeature" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
 Like that fierce writing on the wall,
 Hath stamp'd sad dates he can't recall

And Error, gilding worst designs,
 Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
 Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And Vice hath left his ugly blot—
 And Good Resolves, a moment hot,
 Fairly began—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late Remorse doth trace,
 Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
 Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed members—sense unknot—
 Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—
 Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
 Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.
 Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!—

THE CHRISTENING,

Array'd—a half-angelic sight—
 In vests of pure Baptismal white—
 The mother to the Font doth bring
 The little helpless, nameless thing,
 With hushes soft and mild caressing,
 At once to get—a name and blessing.
 Close by the Babe the Priest doth stand—
 The sacred water at his hand,
 Which must assoil the soul within
 From every stain of Adam's sin.—
 The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,
 Nor knows what all this wonder means ;
 And now he smiles, as if to say,
 " I am a Christian made this day ;"
 Now, frightened, clings to Nurse's hold,
 Shrinking from the water cold,
 Whose virtues, rightly understood,
 Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.—
 Strange words—the World, the Flesh, the Devil—
 Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
 But we must silently adore
 Mysterious truths, and not explore.
 Enough for him, in after times,
 When he shall read these artless rhymes,
 If looking back upon this day
 With easy conscience he can say,
 " I have in part redeem'd the pledge
 Of my baptismal privilege ;
 And more and more will strive to flee
 All that my sponsors kind renounced for me."

SONNET.

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
 The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween
 And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,
 We two did love each other's company ;
 Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
 But when by show of seeming good beguiled,
 I left the garb and manners of a child,
 And my first love, for man's society,

Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
 My loved companion dropp'd a tear, and fled,
 And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
 Beloved! who shall tell me where thou art—
 In what delicious Eden to be found—
 That I may seek thee the wide world around?

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF TWO FEMALES BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The lady Blanch, regardless of all her lovers' fears,
 To the Urs'line convent hastens, and long the Abbess
 hears.
 "O Blanch, my child, repent ye of the courtly life ye
 lead."
 Blanch look'd on a rose-bud and little seem'd to heed.
 She look'd on the rose-bud, she look'd round, and
 thought
 On all her heart had whisper'd, and all the Nun had
 taught.
 "I am worshipped by lovers, and brightly shines my
 fame,
 All Christendom resoundeth the noble Blanch's name.
 Nor shall I quickly wither like the rose-bud from the
 tree,
 My queen-like graces shining when my beauty's gone
 from me.
 But when the sculptured marble is raised o'er my head,
 And the matchless Blanch lies lifeless among the noble
 dead,
 This saintly lady Abbess hath made me justly fear,
 It would nothing well avail me that I were worshipp'd
 here."

ON THE PICTURES OF SALOME.

When painters would by art express
 Beauty in unloveliness,
 Thee, Herodias' daughter, thee,
 They fittest subject take to be.
 They give thy form and features grace;
 But ever in thy beauteous face

They show a steadfast cruel gaze,
 An eye unpitying ; and amaze
 In all beholders deep they mark,
 That thou betrayest not one spark
 Of feeling for the ruthless deed,
 That did thy praiseful dance succeed.
 For on the head they make you look,
 As if a sullen joy you took,
 A cruel triumph, wicked pride,
 That for your sport a saint had died.

From Salome.

QUEEN ORIANA'S DREAM.

On a bank with roses shaded,
 Whose sweet scent the violets aided,
 Violets whose breath alone
 Yields but feeble smell or none ;
 (Sweeter bed Jove ne'er reposed on
 When his eyes Olympus closed on ;)
 While o'er head six slaves did hold
 Canopy of cloth o' gold,
 And two more did music keep,
 Which might Juno lull to sleep,—
 Oriana, who was queen
 To the mighty Tamerlane,
 That was lord of all the land
 Between Thrace and Samerchand,
 While the noon-tide fervour beam'd,
 Mused herself to sleep and *dream'd*.

Thus far, in magnific strain,
 A young poet soothed his vein,
 But he had nor prose nor numbers
 To express a princess' slumbers.—
 Youthful Richard had strange fancies,
 Was deep versed in old romances,
 And could talk whole hours upon
 The great Cham and Prester John,—
 Tell the field in which the Sophi
 From the Tartar won a trophy—
 What he read with such delight of,
 Thought he could as eas'ly write of—
 But his over young invention
 Kept not pace with brave intention.

Twenty suns did rise and set,
 And he could no further get ;
 But, unable to proceed,
 Made a virtue out of need,
 And his labours wiselier deem'd of,
 Did omit *what the queen dream'd of.*

 HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call :—if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet fore-warning?

SCOTLAND has the honour of giving birth to this illustrious poet of the nineteenth century. Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, in 1777. After studying the elements of classical learning, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the University of his native city, where he gained a bursary from a candidate twice as old as himself; and in Greek he made such proficiency, that he far outstripped all his fellow students. Even already he had written a considerable portion of verse, and while attending the Greek class, he produced poetical versions from the choruses of the Greek Tragedians, which were declared superior to any similar exercises that had been produced at that college. After the usual *curriculum* had been finished at the University, Campbell removed to Argyleshire, where the romantic scenery of the Highlands vivified his natural perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, and stored his mind with those images of which he afterwards so happily availed himself. It was here that, among other pieces, he composed *The Dirge of Wallace*, which we have inserted in this collection.

While still in his minority, Campbell took up his residence in Edinburgh, where his talents and acquirements procured him the acquaintanceship of the most distinguished characters in the northern metropolis. It was here, also, that, at the early age of twenty-one, he produced *The Pleasures of Hope*—an astonishing work, especially when the youth of the author is taken into account. The public hailed it as the commencement of a new era in poetry, and were charmed with the depth of thought and intensity of feeling which it displayed in such beautiful and harmonious numbers. But notwithstanding the celebrity of this poem, and the profit which it yielded to the publishers, at the rate of two or three hundred pounds per annum, the author received at first only ten pounds for the copyright, which was afterwards augmented.

After he had enjoyed for a short time the fame which his publication had procured, Campbell travelled for about a year in Germany, where several of his most beautiful poems owed their existence to local circumstances. Thus, *The Exile of Erin* was suggested by his meeting several unfortunate Irish exiles at Hamburg; and *The Battle of Hohenlinden* might have been prefaced with *quæque ipse miserrima vidi*, as he surveyed the whole conflict from the walls of a convent that overlooked the field. During this tour, also, he acquired a knowledge of the German language, and the acquaintanceship of the two Schlegels, and spent a day with Klopstock. On his return to London, he composed those splendid national odes, "*Ye Mariners of England*," and the "*Battle of the Baltic*," which, if he had written nothing more, would have ensured him the highest place in poetry, as well as the lasting gratitude of his country.

After this period, the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* took up his residence at Sydenham, where he seems to have spent his time for several years in literary ease, if we may judge from the amount of his labours, as nothing proceeded from his pen but *Gertrude of Wyoming*. This poem did not produce at first the sensation that might have been expected: perhaps the great work of his youth had raised the public expectation extravagantly high as to what his matured age would produce; or, perhaps, the public ear, from long disuse, was unaccustomed to the Spenserian stanza which he had adopted. But this work possesses even a higher poetical power and greater originality than his first production, and nothing can be more beautiful than his description of the Indian village, or more sublime than the death of Outalissi.

The subsequent poetical productions of Campbell are all distinguished by his prevailing characteristics—originality of conception, and the most classical correctness and delicacy of execution. Indeed, on account of this latter quality, he is cautious and slow in composition; and hence the small amount of his poetry, compared with the long life which he has spent, since the commencement of his public career. All his productions are sterling gold, of which the intrinsic value cannot be measured by mere bulk. Besides his distinction as a poet and a critic, he will be always remembered with gratitude as the founder of the London University, an institution, the idea of which originated with himself, and in which he laboured until his efforts were crowned with success.



CAMPBELL.

HOPE AFTER DEATH.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
 While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust:
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
 Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
 And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
 Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels, and adamant car;
 From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

From The Pleasures of Hope.

THE HOPE OF INDIA.

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
 And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
 Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
 And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape;
 Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
 To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
 Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
 When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
 Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
 The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
 And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
 Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
 Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
 While famish'd nations died along the shore:
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
 And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
 From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals;
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

“Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
 Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
 When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
 He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
 Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!

Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
 Like summer suns, and light the world below !
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
 Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India's injured realm,
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
 To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
 With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
 The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand !
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !
 Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
 Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !

From The Pleasures of Hope.

THE FALL OF POLAND

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh, Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
 And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply ;
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—
 Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

From The Pleasures of Hope.

DESCRIPTION OF WYOMING.

On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
 Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
 And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall;
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
 But feed their flocks on green declivities,
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe
 From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
 Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
 And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
 Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
 While, heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhaunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story sung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet rung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-
 hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay—
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away?
 Green Albin! what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
 roar!

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
 Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
 Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
 And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
 That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
 And England sent her men, of men the chief,
 Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
 To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
 tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
 Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
 Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
 Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
 Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
 One venerable man, beloved of all,
 Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
 To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
 And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

From Gertrude of Wyoming.

SONG OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

“And I could weep;”—th’ Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun:—

“But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father’s son,
Or bow his head in woe!

For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski’s breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:

And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy!

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o’er the deep,
The spirits of the white man’s heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight;
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

“To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl’d,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff’d?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o’ergrows each mould’ring bone;
And stones themselves, to ruin grown
Like me, are death-like old.

Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!"

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

From Gertrude of Wyoming.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim.
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord;
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

"Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
For Wallace of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,

No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
 No weeping was there when his bosom bled—
 And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to that knight forlorn:
 And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
 At the blast of the hunter's horn;
 When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
 For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
 And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
 Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight
 For his long-loved country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than Wallace of Elderslie.
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd!

L I N E S

ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

'Twas he that ruled his country's heart
 With more than royal sway;
 But Scotland saw her James depart,
 And sadden'd at his stay.
 She heard his fate—she wept her grief—
 That James, her loved, her gallant chief,
 Was gone for evermore:
 But this she learnt, that, ere he fell
 (O men! O patriots! mark it well),
 His fellow-soldiers round his fall
 Enclosed him like a living wall,
 Mixing their kindred gore!
 Nor was the day of Flodden done,
 Till they were slaughter'd one by one;
 And this may serve to show—
 When kings are patriots, none will fly;
 When such a king was doom'd to die,
 Oh who would death forego?

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND: A NAVAL ODE.

Ye Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze;
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

FROM O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail
 Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
 But yet it often told a tale
 Of more prevailing sadness.
 Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
 As winds that moan at night forlorn
 Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
 When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
 The harper told, how lone, how far
 From any mansion's twinkling star,
 From any path of social men,
 Or voice, but from the fox's den,
 The lady in the desert dwelt;
 And yet no wrongs, no fear, she felt:
 Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
 As, in the palace of her sires,
 She bloom'd a peerless flower.
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
 The royal brooch, the jewell'd ring,
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
 Like dew on lilies of the spring.
 Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
 While yet, in Leinster unexplored,
 Her friends survive the English sword;
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast?
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness;
 And wherefore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness?
 Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals.
 Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
 Behold a parted warrior's cross!

That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet;
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes, and makes her glad:
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up,
The morat in a golden cup.



THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
 Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
 And the star that faded slowly
 Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
 Even a captive spirit tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
 Came an Eastern lady bright:
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
 Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
 Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
 Where poor Christians as they languish
 Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
 When the Crescent shone afar,
 Like a pale disastrous planet
 O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
 Lady, I was captive made;
 Bleeding for my Christian nation
 By the walls of high Belgrade!"

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
 From my turban set thee free?"—

"Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
 Ransom'd, yet if left of thee.

"Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
 Christian climes should we behold?"

"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
 Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
 Rose the midnight star to view,
 When to quit her father's mansion
 Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
 Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"
 Soon at Rhodes the British lover
 Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Again to the battle, Achaians!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free:
 For the Cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying Crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
 For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins,
 That living, we shall be victorious,
 Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us.
 To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
 Or brighten your lives with its glory.
 Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken,
 Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
 Strike home, and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
 Fanés rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring:
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving
 arms
 Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
 And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
 Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
 They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
 To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
 "Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
 Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
 So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
 But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
 "And empty that shroud, and that coffin, did seem:
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
 When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
 'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn!

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—
"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.
"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"
Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:
"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief,
 "Across this stormy water;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality.
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time:
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man.
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some.
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go—let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost.

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
 By Him recall'd to breath,
 Who captive led Captivity,
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory—
 And took the sting from Death.

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

S O N G.

My mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign
 To sway there a queen without measure,
 Then, come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,
 And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd
 That rebell'd at stern reason and duty,
 Returning shall yield all their loyalty proud
 To the halcyon dominion of Beauty.

THIS formidable poetical antagonist of the Corn Laws was born at Masbro', a village near the town of Sheffield, in 1781. As his father was a Dissenter, and thoroughly opposed to the established order of things in Church and State, the youth of the poet was nourished in that spirit of political resistance which his maturity was to exhibit in such strangely-flavoured fruits. While a boy, he was reckoned so dull as to be unfit to learn any thing, and accordingly his education was neglected; but he soon found a school for himself among the scenes of nature, where he learned to wander and contemplate, and where he acquired those quick habits of observation, and vigorous and correct powers of description, for which his poetry stands so conspicuous. He was also so fortunate as to obtain the unlimited use of a library, which a country curate had bequeathed to his father. On reaching manhood, he settled in Sheffield, and is now an extensive steel refiner and merchant.

The poetry of Elliott was for a considerable time unnoticed and unknown, and this was probably owing to his choice of subjects, as well as the fierce and frequently offensive style in which they were expressed. Taxation was his inspiration and his theme, and his Muse seemed to have been trained exclusively for the hustings, to harangue against the iniquity of the Corn Laws, and denounce the aristocracy. At last, however, attention was directed to his productions, and even those who were most opposed to his views as a politician, were obliged to acknowledge his merits as a poet. Indeed, society at large seemed to be ashamed of the neglect with which it had treated him: but the reparation was generous, and not too late, in the rapidly growing popularity which his poetry acquired. The Corn Law Rhymers holds an exalted rank among our living poets, which we hope he will long continue to enjoy.

THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEPHELD ON THE PASSING OF THE
REFORM BILL.

God said, "Let there be light!"
Grim Darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then, startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light!" exclaim'd
The thund'rous cloud, that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And, lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmur'd, "Light!"
Then was the skylark born;
Then rose th' embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
 In glory, bloom!
 And shall the mortal sons of God,
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?
 No, by the *mind* of man!
 By the swart artisan!
 By God, our Sire!
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven!
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
 Earth's deepest night from this blest hour,
 The night of minds, is gone!
 "The Press!" all lands shall sing;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless:
 Oh, pallid want! oh, labour stark!
 Behold, we bring the second ark!
 The Press! the Press! the Press!

From Corn Law Rhymes.

FROM THE SPLENDID VILLAGE.

Yes, ye green hills, that to my soul restore
 The verdure which in happier days it wore!
 And thou, glad stream, in whose deep waters laved
 Fathers, whose children were not then enslaved!
 Yes, I have roam'd where Freedom's spirit fires
 The stern descendants of self-exiled sires;
 Men, who transcend the herd of human kind,
 A foot in stature, half a man in mind.
 But tired, at length, I seek my native home,
 Resolved no more in gorgeous wilds to roam;
 Again I look on thee, thou loveliest stream!
 And, seeming poor, am richer than I seem.
 Too long in woods the forest-Arab ran,
 A lonely, mateless, childless, homeless man;
 Too long I paced the ocean, and the wild,—
 Clinging to Nature's breast, her petted child;
 But only plough'd the seas, to sow the wind,
 And chased the sun, to leave my soul behind.

But when hot youth's and manhood's pulses cool'd,
 When pensive thought my failing spirit school'd,—
 Lured by a vision which, where'er I rove,
 Still haunts me with the blush of earliest love—
 A vision, present still, by night, by day,
 Which not Niagara's roar could chase away—
 I left my palace, with its roof of sky,
 To look again on Hannah's face, and die.
 I saw, in thought, beyond the billow's roar,
 My mother's grave—and then my tears ran o'er:
 And then I wept for Hannah, wrong'd, yet true;
 I could not—no—my wasted life renew;
 But I could wiselier spend my wiser years,
 And mix a smile with sinking vigour's tears.

Sweet Village! where my early days were pass'd!
 Though parted long, we meet—we meet at last!
 Like friends, embrown'd by many a sun and wind,
 Much changed in mien, but more in heart and mind.
 Fair, after many years, thy fields appear
 With joy beheld, but not without a tear.
 I met thy little river miles before
 I saw again my natal cottage door;
 Unchanged as Truth, the river welcomed home
 The wanderer of the sea's heart-breaking foam;
 But the changed cottage, like a time-tried friend,
 Smote on my heart-strings, at my journey's end.
 For now no lilies bloom the door beside;
 The very houseleek on the roof hath died;
 The window'd gable's ivy-bower is gone,
 The rose departed from the porch of stone;
 The pink, the violet, have fled away,
 The polyanthus and auricula!
 And round my home, once bright with flowers, I found,
 Not one square yard,—one foot of garden ground.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE CORN LAWS.

What shall bread-tax yet for thee,
 Palaced pauper? We shall see.
 It shall tame thee, and thy heirs,
 Beggar them, and beggar theirs,
 Melt thy plate, for which we paid,
 Buy ye breeches ready made,
 Sell my lady's tax-bought gown,
 And the lands thou call'st thine own.

Then of courses five or more,
 Grapery, horse-race, coach and four,
 Pamper'd fox-hounds, starving men,
 Whores and bastards, nine or ten,
 Twenty flunkies fat and gay,
 Whip and jail for holiday,
 Paid informer, poacher pale,
 Sneaker's license, poison'd ale,
 Seat in senate, seat on bench,
 Pension'd lad, or wife, or wench,
 Fiddling parson, Sunday card,
 Pimp, and dedicating bard,—
 On the broad and bare highway,
 Toiling there for groat a day,
 We will talk to thee and thine,
 Till thy wretches envy mine,
 Till thy paunch of baseness howl,
 Till thou seem to have a soul.

Peer, too just, too proud to share
 Millions wrung from toil and care!
 Righteous peer, whose fathers fed
 England's poor with untax'd bread!
 Ancient peer, whose stainless name
 Ages old have given to fame!—
 What shall bread-tax do for thee?
 Make thee poor as mine and me:
 Drive thee from thy marble halls
 To some hovel's squalid walls;
 Drive thee from the land of crimes,
 Houseless into foreign climes,
 There to sicken, there to sigh,
 Steep thy soul in tears, and die—
 Like a flower from summer's glow,
 Withering on the polar snow.

From Corn Law Rhymes.

SONG.

Where the poor cease to pay,
 Go, loved one, and rest!
 Thou art wearing away
 To the land of the blest.
 Our father is gone
 Where the wrong'd are forgiven,
 And that dearest one,
 Thy husband, in heaven.

No toil in despair,
 No tyrant, no slave,
 No bread-tax is there,
 With a maw like the grave.
 But the poacher, thy pride,
 Whelm'd in ocean afar ;
 And his brother who died
 Land-butcher'd in war ;
 And their mother, who sank
 Broken-hearted to rest ;
 And the baby, that drank
 'Till it froze on her breast ;
 With tears, and with smiles,
 Are waiting for thee,
 In the beautiful isles,
 Where the wrong'd are the free.
 Go, loved one, and rest
 Where the poor cease to pay !
 To the land of the blest
 Thou art wearing away.
 But the son of thy pain
 Will yet stay with me,
 And poor little Jane
 Look sadly like thee.

From Corn Law Rhymes.



THIS eminent divine and poet, who combined so beautifully in his character, the single-heartedness and pity of an apostle with the endowments and elegance of an accomplished scholar, was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783. In 1800, he was admitted of Brazen Nose College, Oxford; and previously to receiving a fellowship in All Souls, he went abroad and travelled through Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, when he was little more than seventeen years old. In 1801 he gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin poetry, and two years afterwards the prize in English verse, by his poem of Palestine. This admirable production, unlike the usual prize poems of our Universities, which are first admired and then forgotten in a few weeks, attained a popularity which still continues unimpaired.

Having been presented to the rectory of Hodnett, in Shropshire, Heber continued for several years to labour faithfully in the discharge of his sacred duties, and during this interval he published, in 1812, a small volume of Poems and Translations, which was favourably received by the public. Three years afterwards, on being chosen to deliver the Bampton Lectures, he discharged that duty so ably, as to add greatly to the high literary reputation which he had already acquired. He was nominated to the important office of preacher at Lincoln's Inn in 1822; but shortly after, on being elected to the vacant Bishopric of Calcutta, he resolved to devote himself to the Missionary labours which that exalted but perilous station would entail upon him. He accordingly embarked for India in 1823, and on arriving at his distant diocese, he commenced the arduous duties of Episcopal Visitation among the different Presidencies. But the wasting effects of the climate, added to such unintermitting toil, produced their anticipated close, and this truly zealous apostle entered into his rest on the 3d of April, 1826, in the forty-third year of his age. Even the excellence of his poetry, great although it was, was partially sunk in the beauty of his personal character, the devotedness of his clerical labours, and the martyrdom by which they were crowned—so that he was more thought of and beloved as the good bishop, than the accomplished poet and scholar. But wherever the English language is known, his beautiful hymns are cherished, not only for their surpassing poetical merits, but that pure spirit of devotion of which they are the utterance.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN AND HER SON.

Wake not, O mother, sounds of lamentation!

Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him,

Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:

Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd?
"Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping:
Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obey'd!

Change then, O sad one! grief to exultation;

Worship and fall before Messiah's knee;
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a balmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from Error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
 And you, ye waters, roll
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole!
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

 CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Nearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green:
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield:
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky!
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!

This patriotic poet, one of those very few eminent Irishmen who have not been ashamed of their country, was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1780. At the age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and there he was distinguished, not only for his classical attainments, but his excellence in poetical composition. We are told that, even so early as his twelfth year, he conceived the idea of translating the Odes of Anacreon. On the 19th of October, 1799, he entered himself a member of the Middle Temple; and in 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year, he published his long intended translation, or rather paraphrase, of the ancient Greek bard, which was so highly admired, that he was thenceforth called Anacreon Moore. In the following year, he published a volume of amatory poems under the name of Thomas Little; a work, so flagitious on the score of morality, that the public indignation was excited against it to the uttermost. The only apology for the author is, that the work was written during the passion and inexperience of youth; that he was subsequently ashamed of it; and that it was the last, as well as the first, of his trespasses of that nature. During the same year he advertised his Philosophy of Pleasure, but the work was never published.

In 1803, Moore having obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty at Bermuda, embarked for that island; but he there found the duties of his office so uncongenial to his habits and inclination, that he was glad to transfer them to a deputy, reserving for himself a share of the profits. He not only however derived no emolument from this arrangement, but was subsequently exposed to pecuniary loss on account of his deputy's misconduct. In 1804, Moore returned to England, and resumed his literary avocations, continuing to publish at intervals those works, both in prose and verse, which have raised him to such a height of literary reputation. It was in 1817, that he published his largest poetical work, entitled, *Lalla Rookh*, in which all his stores of varied knowledge, his richness of fancy, and command of language, are concentrated. Of this delightful work it is difficult to speak, on account of the immense variety of praise that has been heaped upon it. It is enough to observe, that although *Orientalism* had so frequently formed a favourite topic of English poetry, no author had ever exhibited the East in such an attractive form, and with such gorgeous colouring. The next year saw a very different production from the same pen: this was *The Pudge Family in Paris*, a collection of letters in verse, abounding with the most pungent and comic political satire. Moore in his youth had probably conceived the idea of rising through court favour, and when he published his translation of the Odes of Anacreon, they were dedicated to the Prince of Wales. But when the prince was king, Moore was a keen oppositionist, an Irish patriot, and a derider of George the Fourth, and all his adherents. In 1823, Moore published his splendid poem, entitled, *The Loves of the Angels*. It was a curious coincidence that his illustrious friend Lord Byron was at the same period employed in composing *The Mystery of Heaven and Earth*, which was founded upon the same event.

The chief fault of the poetry of Moore is, its excessive richness, so that his readers are absolutely stifled with perfumes and roses, or thrilled even to sickness with overpowering music. On this account, his short poems are valued the most, because they close when the delight of the reader is at the height. Happily for his fame, he became a national poet; and like the Scottish Burns, he has made his verses imperishable, by identifying them with the beautiful music and patriotic feelings of his native land. It is thus that, as soon as the first notes of an Irish air are sounded, the appropriate stanza of the poet, with all its exquisite pathos of feeling and melody of language, murmurs in our ears, and sinks into our hearts. Indeed, the renown of Moore will finally rest upon his Irish Melodies. His eastern houries and harems, his antediluvian seraphs, and sarcastic sketches of the court of George the Fourth, will be stale a century hence, or perhaps be forgotten in new political themes and poetical associations. But as long as Ireland exists, and wherever an Irishman is found, his national lyrics will continue to be cherished, as the language of a sacred oracle, that consoled them in sorrow, and animated them in joy.



MOORE.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meek,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope that lights a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this:"
 And thus I thought our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

From Irish Melodies.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William at length, in sadness, said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
 She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!—
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

From Irish Melodies.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours, still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken

For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells that nought on earth can break,
Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

From Irish Melodies.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Row gently here, my gondolier;
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here, my gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.

Ah! did we take for heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take day and night for woman's love,
 What angels we should be!

From National Airs.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Where shall we bury our shame?
 Where, in what desolate place,
 Hide the last wreck of a name
 Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
 Death may dissever the chain,
 Oppression will cease when we're gone;
 But the dishonour, the stain,
 Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
 Liberty's cry from our shore?
 Was it for this that her shout
 Thrill'd to the world's very core?
 Thus to live cowards and slaves—
 Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
 Do you not, e'en in your graves,
 Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

From National Airs.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

But who shall see the glorious day
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye!

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 The days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come!
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home!

From Sacred Songs

COME NOT, OH LORD!

Come not, oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendour
 Thou wor'st on the mount, in the day of thine ire;
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
 Which mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord! thou rememberest the night, when thy nation
 Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream!
 On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors, the guilty behold thee,
 Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

From Sacred Songs.

SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY OF AN EMBASSY TO CHINA:

IN A LETTER TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Heard of the fate of our ambassador
 In China, and was sorely nettled;
 But think, my lord, we should not pass it o'er
 Till all this matter's fairly settled;
 And here's the mode occurs to *me*:
 As none of our nobility
 (Though for their *own* most gracious king
 They would kiss hands, or—any thing)
 Can be persuaded to go through
 This farce-like trick of the *Kô-tou*;
 And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
 Without some mumming exhibition,
 Suppose, my lord, you were to send
 GRIMALDI to them on a mission:
 As *Legate*, JOE could play his part;
 And if, in diplomatic art,
 The “*volto sciolto*”'s meritorious,
 Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *title* for him's easily made;
 And, by the by, one Christmas time,
 If I remember right, he play'd
 Lord MORLEY in some pantomime;
 As Earl of M—RL—Y, then, gazette him,
 If 't *other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.

(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow screen

He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene

Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—"Duke HO and Soo,
I'll play what tricks you please for you,
If you'll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see;
If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins
As would astound even Mandarins;
And throw such somersets before

The picture of king GEORGE (God bless him!)
As, should Duke HO but try them o'er,
Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in 't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you *know* poor BOB),
Would in the suite be glad to go,
And help his Excellency JOE;—
At least like noble AMH—RST's son
The lad will do to *practise* on.

From The Fudge Family in Paris.

A LION WANTED FOR A ROUT.

But to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arrived?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wived?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatever they touch),
Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—

One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
 And the only stray patriot seen for an age
 Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)
 As old Mrs. V——N's or lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHITSTOPS-
 CHINZOUHOFF

Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
 So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
 If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better:
 And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!
Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
 Little GUNTER has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

From The Twopenny Post Bag.

SONG OF THE ARAB MAID.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
 But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
 Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 The acacia waves her yellow hair;
 Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silvery footed antelope
 As gracefully and gaily springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
 The loved and lone acacia-tree,
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,—
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
 Predestined to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
 When first on me they breathed and shone,
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under ground
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine!

From Lalla Rookh.



REPENTANCE.

When o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers of flying gems:
 And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
 Now nestling mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid, the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests,—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,

Watching the rosy infant's play:
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets.

The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.
 Oh! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife;
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace:
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
 When, young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

From Lalla Rookh.

THE DEATH OF AZIM.

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
 And few of those who on that mournful day
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
 Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even death—like the last streak

Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.—
 His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all dress'd
 In angel smiles, and told him she was bless'd!
 For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
 He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

From Lalla Rookh.

THE CALM THAT SUCCEEDS THE STORM.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the lands and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of morn!
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers,
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs!
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And even that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heavens
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest!

From Lalla Rookh.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh, who would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
 Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
 The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
 Our country lies bleeding—oh! fly to her aid;
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
 From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains!
 On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
 For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
 And oh! even if Freedom from this world be driven,
 Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.
 In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

From Ballads, Songs, &c.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

Often, when from the Almighty brow
 A lustre came too bright to bear,
 And all the seraph ranks would bow
 Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
 To look upon the effulgence there—
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,
 The power of looking, than *not* look.
 Then too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
 The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
 When some repentant sinner's feet
 First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
 Oh then how clearly did the voice
 Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
 Love was in every buoyant tone,
 Such love as only could belong
 To the blest angels, and alone,
 Could, even from angels, bring such song!

From The Loves of the Angels.

COTTON AND CORN.

Said Cotton to Corn, t' other day,
 As they met, and exchanged a salute—
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
 Poor Cotton, half-famish'd, on foot)—

“Great squire, if it isn't uncivil
 To hint at starvation before you,
 Look down on a poor hungry devil,
 And give him some bread I implore you!”

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
 Perceiving he meant to make *free*,—
 “Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
 The distance between you and me!

“To expect that we, peers of high birth,
 Should waste our illustrious acres
 For no other purpose on earth
 Than to fatten curst calico-makers!—

“That bishops to bobbins should bend,—
 Should stoop from their bench's sublimity,—
 Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
 Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

“No—vile manufacture!—ne'er harbour
 A hope to be fed at our boards;
 Base offspring of Arkwright, the barber,
 What claim canst *thou* have upon lords?

“No—thanks to the taxes and debt,
 And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
 Our race of lord Jemmys, as yet,
 May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys*!”

So saying, whip, crack, and away
 Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,
 So headlong, I heard them all say
 Squire Corn would be *down*, before long.

From Odes on Cash, Corn, &c.

Of all the writers of the present century, who have been set up as marks for the arrows of public criticism, none has been more exposed to the annoyance, and none perhaps has had cause more justly to complain of it, than this talented and warm-hearted writer. Years of untiring obloquy were heaped upon him by those party critics who measured every author's merits exclusively by his politics; and even his name was industriously sought to be made a proverb and a by-word in the literary world. But such fierce and unjust opposition generally defeats its own purposes, and recoils upon the heads of those who occasioned it. The scorners have become the objects of public scorn, and the laugh which they raised has been answered with fearful echoes, under which they have quailed. The world is now persuaded, although the conviction has been somewhat of the latest, that Leigh Hunt is a poet of the highest order.

This poet, critic, and political writer, is the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born on the 19th of October, 1784, at Southgate, Middlesex. His early education was carried on and completed at Christ's Hospital, where he had for schoolfellows Coleridge and Lamb, with the latter of whom he remained united through life in a close and congenial friendship. At first, Hunt was designed for the church; but an impediment in his speech, which he has since surmounted, was considered so serious an obstacle to his success as a public speaker, that the design was abandoned; and at a period of little more advance than that of mere boyhood, he threw himself upon the world as an author, in which capacity he has continued till the present day. It was not difficult to guess what side in politics so young a man, possessed of such buoyancy of spirit, would be likely to choose—it was with him a matter of feeling, rather than of posts and pensions; and accordingly he espoused the cause of the people, and became one of the earliest, as he still continues one of the staunchest, advocates of Reform. During his political career, and while editor of the *Examiner*, he happened to publish an article reflecting severely upon the Prince Regent: it was pronounced a libel, and "kind Hunt was sent to prison." But as neither his intellect nor his pen was shackled, he forthwith converted his place of bondage into a commodious study, and continued his literary labours. He has now the satisfaction of seeing those political principles for which he suffered becoming part of our present constitution, and the established law of the land. It was during his imprisonment that he became acquainted with Lord Byron, in consequence of which he, at a subsequent period, took up his residence with the latter in Italy. But two persons of such contrary dispositions were better fitted to admire and love each other at a distance, and a rupture was the inevitable consequence of their dwelling under one roof.

But it is neither with the personal feuds, nor yet with the political opinions of Hunt, that we have to do in the present work, but with his character as a poet. And here, it must be confessed, that he laid himself open in some measure to the censures of his critics, by a certain affectation of style, which even his friends will acknowledge to have been in bad taste, and which by his enemies was branded as childishness and vulgarity. It was upon these instances that his maligners fastened with triumphant glee, when they hailed him as the creator and king of the Cockney School of Poetry, and proceeded to lacerate to the death his unfortunate young friend, Keats. But with those who love genuine nature and true feeling, these defects will be little heeded, on account of the excellencies with which the poetry of Hunt abounds. He looks upon creation with a fond and discriminating eye, and by a succession of delicate touches brings the whole scenery before our view. He riots among domestic joys and feelings, until we are the guests of his fire-side, and the participants of his happiness. And of how few of our modern poets can so much be said? Of late, he has turned his attention to dramatic writing, in which he seems to have started into a new poetical existence, with the promise of excelling whatever he has done before. Indeed, his *Tale of Florence* is perhaps the best of all his poetical productions. For the sake of our National Drama, we trust that he will persevere and prosper, notwithstanding the impracticability of theatrical managers, and the intrigues of the Green Room.



LEIGH HUNT.

SONG OF THE NEPHELIADS.

Ho! We are the Nepheliads, we,
Who bring the clouds from the great sea,
And have within our happy care
All the love 'twixt earth and air.
We it is with soft new showers
Wash the eyes of the young flowers;
And with many a silvery comer
In the sky, delight the summer;
And our bubbling freshness bringing,
Set the thirsty brooks a singing,
Till they run for joy, and turn
Every mill-wheel down the burn.

We too tread the mightier mass
Of clouds that take whole days to pass;
And are sometimes forced to pick
With fiery arrows through the thick,
Till the cracking racks asunder
Roll, and awe the world with thunder.

Then the seeming freshness shoots,
And clears the air, and cleans the fruits,
And runs, heart-cooling, to the roots.

Sometimes on the shelves of mountains
Do we rest our burly fountains;
Sometimes for a rainbow run
Right before the laughing Sun;
And if we slip down to earth
With the rain for change of mirth,
Worn-out winds and pattering leaves
Are what we love; and dripping eaves
Dotting on the sleepy stone;
And a leafy nook and lone,
Where the bark on the small tree
Is with moisture always green;
And lime-tree bowers, and grass-edged lanes,
With little ponds that hold the rains,
Where the nice-eyed wagtails glance,
Sipping 'twixt their jerking dance.

But at night in heaven we sleep,
Halting our scatter'd clouds like sheep;
Or are pass'd with sovereign eye
By the Moon, who rideth by
With her sidelong face serene,
Like a most benignant queen.

Then on the lofty-striking state
Of the up-coming Sun we wait,
Showing to the world yet dim
The colours that we catch from him,
Ere he reaches to his height,
And lets abroad his leaping light.
And then we part on either hand
For the day; but take our stand
Again with him at eventide,
Where we stretch on either side
Our lengthen'd heaps, and split in shows
Of sharp-drawn isles in sable rows,
With some more faint, or flowery red;
And some, like bands of hair that spread
Across a brow with parted tress
In a crisp auburn waviness;
And mellow fervency between
Of fiery orange, gold, and green,
And inward pulpiness intense,
As if great Nature's affluence

Had open'd its rich heart, and there
 The ripeness of the world was bare.
 And lastly, after that blest pause,
 The Sun, down stepping, half withdraws
 His head from heaven; and then do we
 Break the mute pomp, and ardently
 Sing him in glory to the sea.

From The Nymphs.

TO T** L** H**,

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
 My little, patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down and think
 Of all thy winning ways,
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new,
 Kind playmate of thy brother,
 Thy sister, father, too;

My light, where'er I go,
 My bird, when prison-bound,
 My hand in hand companion,—no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
 "His voice—his face—is gone;"
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on;
 Ah, I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep ensure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile:—
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of Cherubim,
 Who say, "We've finish'd here."

SONG.

When lovely sounds about my ears
 Like winds in Eden tree-tops rise,
 And make me, though my spirit hears,
 For very luxury close my eyes,
 Let none but friends be round about
 Who love the smoothing joy like me,
 That so the charm be felt throughout,
 And all the harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
 Then let the hand of her I love
 Come with its gentle palm on mine
 As soft as snow or lighting dove;
 And let, by stealth, that more than friend
 Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
 For only so such dreams should end,
 Or wake in Paradise.

RAVENNA.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil,
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

'Tis Nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
 Like joyful hands, come up with scatterry light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

From Rimini.

EVENING SCENE.

It was a lovely evening, fit to close
 A lovely day, and brilliant in repose.
 Warm, but not dim, a glow was in the air;
 The soften'd breeze came smoothing here and there;
 And every tree, in passing, one by one,
 Gleam'd out with twinkles of the golden sun:
 For leafy was the road, with tall array,
 On either side, of mulberry and bay,
 And distant snatches of blue hills between;
 And there the alder was with its bright green,
 And the broad chestnut, and the poplar's shoot,
 That, like a feather, waves from head to foot,
 With, ever and anon, majestic pines;
 And still from tree to tree the early vines
 Hung garlanding the way in amber lines.

From Rimini.

ENGLISH AND ITALIAN POETRY.

Not that our English clime, how sharp soe'er,
 Yields in ripe genius to the warmest sphere;
 For what we want in sunshine out of doors,
 And the long leisure of abundant shores,
 By freedom, nay by sufferance, is supplied,
 And each man's sacred sunshine, his fire-side.
 But all the four great Masters of our Song,
 Stars that shine out amidst a starry throng,
 Have turn'd to Italy for added light,
 As earth is kiss'd by the sweet moon at night;—
 Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,
 Spenser for flowers to fill his isles and vales,
 And Shakspeare's self for frames already done
 To build his everlasting piles upon.
 Her genius is more soft, harmonious, fine;
 Our's bolder, deeper, and more masculine:
 In short, as woman's sweetness to man's force,
 Less grand, but softening by the intercourse,
 So the two countries are,—so may they be,—
 England, the high-soul'd man—the charmer, Italy.

From An Epistle to Lord Byron.

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
 That roam'd through the young world, the glory extreme
 Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
 Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
 As of a world left empty of its throng,
 And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.

THOUGHTS OF THE AVON.

(SEPT. 28, 1817.)

It is the loveliest day that we have had
 This lovely month, sparkling, and full of cheer;
 The sun has a sharp eye, yet kind and glad;
 Colours are doubly bright: all things appear
 Strongly outlined in the spacious atmosphere;
 And through the lofty air the white clouds go,
 As on their way to some celestial show.
 The banks of Avon must look well to-day;
 Autumn is there in all his glory and treasure;
 The river must run bright; the ripples play
 Their crispest tunes to boats that rock at leisure;
 The ladies are abroad with cheeks of pleasure;
 And the rich orchards, in their sunniest robes,
 Are pouting thick with all their winy globes.

And why must I be thinking of the pride
 Of distant bowers, as if I had no nest
 To sing in here, though by the house's side?
 As if I could not in a minute, rest
 In leafy fields, rural, and self-possessed,
 Having, on one side, Hampstead for my looks,
 On t'other, London, with its wealth of books?

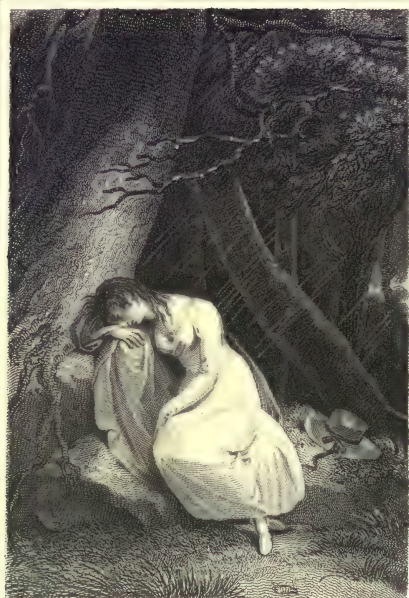
It is not that I envy Autumn there,
 Nor the sweet river, though my fields have none;
 Nor yet that in its all-productive air
 Was born Humanity's divinest son,
 That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one,
 Shakspeare; nor yet,—oh no,—that here I miss
 Souls, not unworthy to be named with his:

No; but it is that on this very day,
 And upon Shakspeare's stream, a little lower,
 Where, drunk with Delphic air, it comes away
 Dancing in perfume by the Peary Shore,
 Was born the lass that I love more and more;
 A fruit as fine as in the Hesperian store,
 Smooth, roundly smiling, noble to the core;
 An eye for art; a nature, that of yore
 Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters wore,
 When, in the golden age, one tune they bore;
 MARIAN,—who makes my heart and very rhymes run o'er.

In the character of this talented youth, who was just shown to the world and instantly removed, we perceive a beautiful combination of great poetic talent, accomplished scholarship, and an amiable disposition, all sustained and directed by the highest and purest principles of religion. Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, on the 21st of March, 1785. As his father was a butcher in humble circumstances, it was intended that young Henry should carry the basket, and serve the meat at the houses of the customers: but for such an office the boy's disposition was totally unfitted, and, at the instance of his mother, he was sent to school, where he received a classical education. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding that wonderful precocity of genius of which he afterwards supplied the world with satisfactory proofs, he was supposed by his teachers to be a very dull boy, and was treated accordingly. This instance only adds one proof to the many, of the rash judgments which may be formed by the superintendants of education, and the facility with which youthful genius may be unwittingly stifled or destroyed. His spirit was roused by the insult, and he revenged himself by writing such lampoons upon his teachers as sufficed to show how egregiously they had been mistaken. The dates of several of his poems show, that even at the early age of eleven he had commenced the writing of poetry, and that his improvement both in versification and sentiment was truly wonderful. When he was fourteen years old, he was put by his friends to a loom, with the view of making him a stocking-weaver; but soon becoming tired of such an unintellectual occupation, he was articled to an attorney of his native town. But something more congenial than law was necessary for his refined taste and lively imagination, and amidst the dry and laborious duties of the office, his love of literature was so great, that he acquired a knowledge of the Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages.

Although the views of Henry Kirke White in studying law had been directed to the bar, a defect in his hearing, to which he was subject, obliged him to relinquish this intention. Still his thirst for learning continued unabated, and he was encouraged to publish a collection of his poems, with the view of raising a sufficient sum from the profits to enter one of the Universities. A small volume appeared accordingly; but this unfortunate work the *Monthly Review* attacked with such unmeasured censure, that the young author was almost reduced to despair. He had looked forward to the college as his home of happiness, and one blast seemed to have shipwrecked his hopes for ever. He had not written, however, in vain—for effective patrons, who were able to judge of his merits, came forward, at a time when his despondency was at its height, and through their aid he was enabled to repair to the University of Cambridge, and devote himself to his beloved pursuits. In the case of young White, a double obligation now existed for extraordinary exertion. It was necessary to justify the kindness of his patrons, as well as to further his own success in life, by distinguishing himself as a student, and this could only be done by obtaining those academic honours which would attest his diligence and proficiency. Besides, he had already acquired a considerable literary reputation, which he naturally wished to increase. He read and studied accordingly, and when his health sank under the effort, he supported and forced his delicate constitution with powerful medicines. Nature could not long endure such violence with impunity, and a fever was the consequence, under which he expired on the 19th of October, 1806.

The admiration excited by the poems of Henry Kirke White, which were published after his death under the able editorship of Southey, was almost unbounded. This was occasioned, in a great measure, by admiration of his virtues, and sympathy for his untimely end, as well as by fond calculations of the high eminence he might have attained, if his life had been spared. But this enthusiasm has now subsided, and a more correct estimate is formed of his talents. While his poetry is acknowledged to possess high merit, it is as the poetry of a mere youth only, which it would be ridiculous to compare with that of the great masters of modern song. Kirke White may perhaps be placed in the third class—and this is high praise for a poet who died at the age of twenty-one.



H. Colburn del.

J. Heath sc.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

CANZONET.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
 Cold the rain beats on thy breast;
 Why should Horror's voice astound thee?
 Death can bid the wretched rest!
 All under the tree
 Thy bed may be,
 And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay Pleasure knew thee;
 Now thy cheeks are pale and deep:
 Love has been a felon to thee,
 Yet, poor maiden, do not weep:
 There's rest for thee
 All under the tree,
 Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
 My dear, my long-lost native home!
 Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
 Where I shall rest no more to roam!
 Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land;
 Each place, each province, I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband.
 But all their charms could not prevail
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
 Allured me from my native land;
 It bade me rove—my sole support,
 My cymbals and my saraband.
 The woody dell, the hanging rock,
 The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
 The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
 And, oh! a thousand more delights
 That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
 Have backward won my weary feet

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
 No more my little home I'll leave;
 And many a tale of what I've seen
 Shall while away the winter's eve.
 Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
 O'er many a distant foreign land;
 Each place, each province, I have tried,
 And sung and danced my saraband.
 But all their charms could not prevail
 To steal my heart from yonder vale.

VERSES.

When pride and envy, and the scorn
 Of wealth, my heart with gall imbued,
 I thought how pleasant were the morn
 Of silence, in the solitude;
 To hear the forest bee on wing,
 Or by the stream or woodland spring,

To lie and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say,
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow,
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray?
So to the woods and wastes I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower;
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And in the dark and stormy nights
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;
 I've none to smile when I am free,
 And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
 That thinks on me, and loves me too;
 I start, and when the vision's flown,
 I weep that I am all alone.

TO THE MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Beams of the day-break faint! I hail
 Your dubious hues, as on the robe
 Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
 I mark your traces pale.
 Tired with the taper's sickly light,
 And with the wearying, number'd night,
 I hail the streaks of morn divine:
 And lo! they break between the dewy wreathes
 That round my rural casement twine:
 The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes:
 It fans my feverish brow,—it calms the mental strife,
 And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun,
 She leaves her grassy nest,
 And soars till the *unrisen sun*
 Gleams on her speckled breast.
 Now let me leave my restless bed,
 And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
 Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
 By many a green lane lies my way,
 Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
 Till on the mountain's summit grey,
 I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

Oh, Heaven! the soft refreshing gale
 It breathes into my breast!
 My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
 Is with new colours dress'd.
 Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
 Come thou too, on the balmy breeze,

Invigorate my frame:
 I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
 With thee the distant clime will trace,
 Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
 In all the varied view!
 Before me all is burnish'd gold,
 Behind the twilight's hue.
 The mists which on old Night await,
 Far to the west they hold their state,
 They shun the clear blue face of Morn;
 Along the fine cerulean sky
 The fleecy clouds successive fly,
 While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds adorn.

And hark! the thatcher has begun
 His whistle on the eaves,
 And oft the hedger's bill is heard
 Among the rustling leaves:
 The slow team creaks upon the road,
 The noisy whip resounds,
 The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
 The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
 Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
 Beneath these clumps of trees,
 The early dawn of day to greet,
 And catch the healthy breeze,
 Than on the silken couch of Sloth
 Luxurious to lie?
 Who would not from life's dreary waste
 Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
 An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
 The morning's pleasures o'er,
 Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close,
 To ope on him no more.
 Yet, Morning! unrepining still
 He'll greet thy beams awhile;
 And surely thou, when o'er his grave
 Solemn the whispering willows wave,
 Wilt sweetly on him smile;
 And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
 Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume!
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song:
 And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
 The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder tree;
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep:
 And not a care shall dare intrude,
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

O D E.

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
 And now they die upon the veering breeze:
 Anon they thunder loud
 Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
 A day of jubilee,
 An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun,
And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
 On the smooth-shaven green
 Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they
 Who now are in their graves
 Kept up the Whitsun dance;

And that another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
 Beneath the silent sod,
 A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
 To smile upon us here,
 A transient visitor?

Mortals! be glad some while ye have the power,
And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy!
 In time the bell will toll
 That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous shout
 Shall not intrude to break
 The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
 This day of jubilee
 To sad reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
 Shall rock above the sod,
 Where I shall sleep in peace.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls
 In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school,
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
 Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean :
 Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care ;
 And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
 Faint with old age and dim were grown her eyes,
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;

These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fane:
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried,
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And, as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

From Childhood.

FRAGMENT.

The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circle, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troubled sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

THIS noble author, whose poetry has shed a lustre upon his name, which the mere circumstance of rank could never have conferred, and whose degree as an English poet is only second to that of Shakspeare and Milton, was born at Dover, on the 22d of January, 1788. The early years of the future Childe Harold were spent at Aberdeen. In consequence of a slight malformation in one of his feet, he was allowed, during boyhood, to run among the neighbouring mountains; and while he was thus acquiring health, he was at the same time imbibing, from the romantic scenery around him, that love of the sublime and the picturesque, which afterwards characterized his poetry. From Aberdeen he was sent to the school of Harrow, and there he was more distinguished by a restless desire of action and dexterity in athletic sports, than by diligence and scholastic acquirements. He was afterwards entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was of a similar description. Here, indeed, his tame bear was of more account in his eyes than his tutor, for he was training it up, as he said, for a Fellowship. At the age of nineteen he emancipated himself from a University education, which he always heartily despised, and soon afterwards published his *Hours of Idleness*; a boyish work, which however exhibited some glimpses of his future excellence. The reception which awaited it, and the fearful retaliation with which he awed his critics into respect, are too well known to be particularized. After this Lord Byron went abroad, and soon ceased to be remembered. But even then, he was employed in that pilgrimage upon which he was so soon to found an imperishable name; and in 1812, the two first Cantos of his *Childe Harold* made their appearance. A work of such originality and power, from one whose previous labours had been held up to ridicule and contempt, burst upon the literary world like a sudden blaze of sunshine; and the task of criticism was lost in admiration. By a single effort the noble bard had placed himself by the side of the most illustrious poets of his day: but even this was only a prelude to those further exertions by which he was to attain an undisputed superiority. These works, produced in rapid succession, are so well known and appreciated, that it would be equally superfluous to enumerate or to criticise them. At London, Venice, Switzerland, Ravenna, Pisa, and during the course of his erratic progress, his pen was continually active, and threw off with a rapidity almost incredible those deathless productions, which the world continued to hail with fresh wonder and delight; so that when he had only reached his thirty-fifth year he had already produced as much as might have filled a poetical life extended to old age.

Having done so much for immortality as a poet, a new career was opened for Lord Byron, which was to throw, if possible, a still brighter halo over his character than all he had hitherto achieved. This was, the generous struggle for the liberation of down-trodden and afflicted Greece, into which he entered with the resolution and energy of a life-and-death devotedness. Other poets, indeed, regarded that unhappy land as their native home—for was it not the source of their inspiration?—but none except Byron had realized the generous idea of taking a share in the contest, and perilling their lives upon the event. He embarked at Leghorn for Greece in August, 1823, and on arriving at the field of action he was welcomed with enthusiasm by all parties, as the promise and pledge of their national deliverance. But the spirit of dissension that raged among the Greek chieftains, and the avarice and insubordination of the insurgent soldiers, not only rendered his lordship's efforts of little avail, but harassed his spirit until his health was completely broken, and he died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824.

Such was the end of this modern Tyrtæus—the lame poet who fought so bravely, and wrote so eloquently, in behalf of the oppressed. His life had been too often reckless and culpable, and his poetry had too often adorned the cause of error and sensuality. But his confirmed manhood was calming the wildness of youth, and reflection was establishing within his heart a purer faith and better principles; and although he did not live to illustrate them, it was only because he sacrificed life itself in the cause of humanity. And what repentance could be more sincere; what reparation more complete?



BYRON.

GULNARE'S CONFESSION.

" My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
 Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
 To meet his passion—but it would not be.
 I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
 I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
 To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
 Oft must my soul the question undergo,
 Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer 'No!'
 Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
 And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
 But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
 And hide from one—perhaps another there.
 He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
 Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
 And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
 From one I never loved enough to hate.

No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
 And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
 Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
 The change to hatred were at least to feel:
 But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
 And oft when present—absent from my thought;
 Or when reflection comes, and come it must—
 I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust.
 I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
 Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
 Or seek another and give mine release,
 But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!

From The Corsair.

THE CORSAIR'S ABHORRENCE OF A MURDERESS.

With hasty step a figure outward past,
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at last!
 No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
 “Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!”
 Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
 She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
 That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
 As if she late had bent her leaning head
 Above some object of her doubt or dread.
 They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
 Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot,
 Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
 Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
 He had been tempted—chasten'd—and the chain
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
 But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
 From all his feelings in their inmost force—
 So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
 As now they froze before that purple stain
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak
 Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
 Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but then
 It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

From The Corsair.

DEATH OF LARA.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'Twas Lara, bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled, watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal, tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;
They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
And that escape to death from living hate:
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
And questions of his state; he answers not,
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word,
They understood not, if distinctly heard;
His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:
They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last
To half forget the present in the past;
To share between themselves some separate fate,
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

Their words, though faint, were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;

From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death
 More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
 So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke ;
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
 And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near ;
 But from his visage little could we guess,
 So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
 Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
 Upon that Page his eye was kindly cast ;
 And once as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East :
 Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
 Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
 As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day ;
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss ;
 For when one near display'd the absolving Cross,
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane,
 And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if 'twere with disdain :
 And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
 From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,
 Nor seem'd to know his life but then began,
 That life of immortality, secure
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
 The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 " It beats !" — Away thou dreamer ! — he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay ;

And those around have roused him from his trance,
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
 And when in raising him from where he bore
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
 The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

From: Lara.

DESCRIPTION OF ZULEIKA.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendant vision
 To sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on earth revived in heaven;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love;
 Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above;
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
 The might—the majesty of loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the music breathing from her face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

From The Bride of Abydos.

THE PIRATE'S COURTSHIP.

Ay! let me like the ocean-patriarch roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home!
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb, or glide, my prow,
But be the star that guides the wanderer, thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark;
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.
Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call:
Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
Dear—as his native song to exile's ears,
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command.
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys—like these:
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumber'd perils—but one only love.
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!

From The Bride of Abydos.

THE DESOLATE HALL.

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely spider's thin grey pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The bat builds in his haram bower;
 And in the fortress of his power
 The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst and famine, grim;
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's childhood play'd
 Around the verge of that cascade;
 And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest;
 And oft had Hassan's youth along
 Its bank been soothed by beauty's song;
 And softer seem'd each melting tone
 Of music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close:
 The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice;
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man—
 So here the very voice of grief
 Might wake an echo like relief;

At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;
 There lingers life, though but in one—"
 For many a gilded chamber 's there,
 Which solitude might well forbear;
 Within that dome as yet decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
 Nor there the fakir's self will wait;
 Nor there will wandering dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."
 Alike must wealth and poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For courtesy and pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den.
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassals from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

* * * *

From The Giaour.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure, as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,

Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

From The Siege of Corinth.

FROM MAZEPPA.

" My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
 And numb, and giddy; pulse by pulse
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb; till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill;
 My sight return'd, though dim; alas!
 And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
 There was a gleam too of the sky,
 Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way struggling o'er
 To yon unknown and silent shore.

The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

“With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight.”



HEBREW MELODY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind;
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds,
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure:
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly,
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

T O * * * .

When all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way;

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When, dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour—
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found, and still are fix'd, in thee—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

From Childs Harold.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved, head?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles, so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for One; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed;
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
 The fair-hair'd daughter of the isles is laid,
 The love of millions! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her! and, though it must

Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
 The fickle wreath of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late—

These might have been her destiny; but no,
 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
 Good without effort, great without a foe;
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
 How many ties did that stern moment tear!
 From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and oppress'd
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee
 best.

From Child's Harold.

A SINKING SHIP.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use:
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

From Don Juan.

THE MOON.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
 The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
 Who call'd her chaste, methinks, began too soon
 Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
 The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
 Sees half the business in a wicked way
 On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
 And then she looks so modest all the while.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
 A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
 To open all itself, without the power
 Of calling wholly back its self-control;
 The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
 Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
 Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
 A loving languor, which is not repose.

From Don Juan.

SONG OF THE GREEK BARD.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung—
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Bless'd."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells.
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

From Don Juan.

THE EVENING HYMN.

Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above?

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the almighty Dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

From Don Juan.

STANZAS.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.

I know not what hath sear'd mine eye:
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink, and turn to care;
As cavern'd waters wear the stone,
Yet, dropping, harden there.

They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which, coldly fix'd, regard the past,
But never melt again.

THE proper name of this writer is Bryan Waller Proctor; but this he converted into the anagram of Barry Cornwall, by which he is best known as a poet. He was born in London, and was educated at Harrow, where, among other school-fellows who gained a high name in society, he numbered Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. Having finished his classical education, he was placed with a solicitor at Calne, in Wiltshire, to be educated for the bar; but after studying the elements of the law at this place for four years, he changed his purpose, and became the pupil of a conveyancer at Lincoln's Inn, in which profession he finally settled. The poetical tastes and studies of Proctor lay among the great dramatic authors of the Elizabethan period, and accordingly his first publication, which appeared in 1815, consisted of a series of dramatic sketches in which he caught in a great measure the tenderness and gentleness, although not the sublimity and strength, of those great master-spirits. Towards the end of the same year, he published his *Sicilian Story*. In 1820 appeared his *Marcian Colonna*, and in the following year his tragedy of *Mirandola*. He now became a favourite poet with the public, not only on account of the intrinsic merits of his writings, but also in consequence of that charm of deep melancholy with which they are imbued—a melancholy too deep and sustained to be fictitious. In him, also, this natural bias seems to determine the selection of his subjects, which are exclusively themes of tenderness and sadness. In private life, as in his poetry, he blends with pensiveness of spirit and gentleness of manners those virtuous and amiable qualities, which have secured for him through life the affection and esteem of every class of society.

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be?—Then farewell,
 Thou whom my woman's heart cherish'd so long:
 Farewell, and be this song
 The last, wherein I say, "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
 (Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
 Utter'd, of Love and Death,
 And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
 The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
 Bid not the pain depart;
 But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
 Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
 Daring to disobey
 The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again; and yet,
 Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
 Shall you and I no more
 Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone :
 No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
 Chaplets to bind my hair,
 As I was wont: oh, 'twas for you alone!

And on my bier I'll lay
 Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
 Martyr of love to man,
 And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

THE LAST DAY OF TIPPOO SAIB.

That day he 'rose Sultan of half the East.
 —The guards awoke each from his feverish dream
 Of conquest or of fear: the trumpet plain'd
 Through the far citadel, and thousands troop'd
 Obedient to its mournful melody,
 Soldier and chief and slave: and he the while
 Traversed his hall of power, and with a look
 Deeply observant glanced on all: then, waving
 His dusky arm, struck through the listening crowd
 Silence and dumb respect: from his fierce tongue
 Stream'd words of vengeance: fame he promised,
 And wealth and honours to the brave, but woe
 To those who fail'd him.—There he stood, a king
 Half-circled by his Asian chivalry,
 In figure as some Indian god, or like
 Satan, when he beneath his burning dome
 Marshall'd the fiery cherubim, and call'd
 All hell to arms. The sun blazed into day:
 Then busy sights were seen, and sounds of war
 Came thickening: first the steed's shrill neigh; the drum
 Rolling at intervals; the bugle note,
 Mix'd with the hoarse command; then (nearing on)
 The soldiers' silent, firm, and regular tread;
 The trampling horse; the clash of swords; the wheel
 That, creaking, bore the dread artillery.
 How fierce the dark king bore him on that day!
 How bravely! like a common slave he fought,
 Heedless of life, and cheer'd the soldier on;—
 Deep in his breast the bullets sank, but he
 Kept on, and this look'd nobly—like a king.
 That day he earn'd a title with his life,

And made his foes respect him.—Towards night
He grew faint, very faint with many wounds:
His soldiers bore him in: they wept: he was
Their old commander, and, whate'er his life,
Had led them on to conquest. Then (it was
His wish) they placed him on his throne.—He sate
Like some dark form of marble, with an eye
Staring, and strain'd with pain, and motionless,
And glassy as with death: his lips compress'd
Spoke inward agony, yet seem'd he resolute
To die a king. An enemy came, and strove
To tear away his regal diadem:
Then turn'd his eye; he rose—one angry blush
Tinted his cheek, and fled. He grasp'd his sword,
And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then
Stood all defenceless—Ah! a flash, and quick
Fled the dark ball of death; right through the brain
It went (a mortal messenger),—and all
That then remain'd of that proud Asian king,
Who startled India far and wide, and shook
The deserts with his thunder, was—a name.

S O N G.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying?
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
O ye winds! now playing
Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly, and tell him this from me:—

Tell him, sweet winds! that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power;
Or, like the summer blossom
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow—I have known;
Only not broken-hearted,
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

DESCRIPTION OF PLUTO.

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!
 Dark clouds from out the earth arise,
 And wing their way towards the skies,
 As they would veil the burning blush of day.
 And, look! upon a rolling car,
 Some fearful being from afar
 Comes onward. As he moves along the ground,
 A dull and subterranean sound
 Companions him; and from his face doth shine,
 Proclaiming him divine,
 A light that darkens all the vale around.

SEMICHORUS (*Cyane*).

'Tis he, 'tis he: he comes to us
 From the depths of Tartarus.
 For what of evil doth he roam
 From his red and gloomy home,
 In the centre of the world,
 Where the sinful dead are hurl'd?
 Mark him as he moves along,
 Drawn by horses black and strong,
 Such as may belong to Night
 Ere she takes her morning flight.
 Now the chariot stops: the god
 On our grassy world hath trod:
 Like a Titan steppeth he,
 Yet full of his divinity.
 On his mighty shoulders lie
 Raven locks, and in his eye
 A cruel beauty, such as none
 Of us may wisely look upon.

PROSERPINE.

He comes, indeed. How like a god he looks—
 Terribly lovely! shall I shun his eye
 Which even here looks brightly beautiful?
 What a wild leopard glance he has!—I am
 Jove's daughter, and shall I then deign to fly?
 I will not: yet, methinks, I fear to stay.
 Come, let us go, Cyane.

From The Rape of Proserpine.

TRANSFORMATION OF CYANE INTO A FOUNTAIN.

They are gone afar—afar,
Like the shooting of a star :
See,—their chariot fades away,
Farewell, lost Proserpina.

(Cyane is gradually transformed.)

But, ah! what frightful change is here?
Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear!
We call thee—vainly.—On the ground
She sinks, without a single sound,
And all her garments float around.
Again, again, she rises,—light;
Her head is like a fountain bright,
And her glossy ringlets fall
With a murmur musical
O'er her shoulders, like a river
That rushes and escapes for ever.
—Is the fair Cyane gone?
And is this fountain left alone
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after-times repair,
With heavy heart and weeping eye,
To sing songs to her memory?

From The Rape of Proserpine.



TO THE SKY-LARK: A SONNET.

O earliest singer! O care-charming bird!
 Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn
 Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim,
 At midnight,—or veil'd virgin's holier word
 At sunrise or the paler evening heard;
 To which of all Heaven's young and lovely hours,
 Who wreathes soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
 Beautiful spirit, is thy suit prefer'd?
 —Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
 Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;
 And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
 Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;—
 So may'st thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
 Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

SONG.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
 Her's had a proud but milder light,
 Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
 Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
 But her's was fainter, softer far;
 And yet when he of his long love sigh'd,
 She laugh'd in scorn—he fled, and died.

They said he died upon the wave,
 And his bed was the wild and bounding billow:
 Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
 Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

From Amelia Wentworth.

THE WIFE OF CANDAULES.

Candaules king of Lydia had a wife,
 Beautiful Lais: she was such as I
 (Had she not ta'en her silly husband's life,
 Which shows a certain taste for cruelty)
 Could love;—but no! we might have had some strife,
 And she was rather cold and somewhat “high,”

And I detest that stalking marble grace,
Which makes one think the heart has left its place.

She had the stature of a queen : her eyes
Were bright and large, but all too proud to rove,
And black, which I have heard some people prize ;
Lightly along the ground she deign'd to move,
Gazed at and woo'd by every wind that flies,
And her deep bosom seem'd the throne of love :
And yet she was, for my poor taste, too grand,
And likely for "obey" to read "command."

Give me less faultless woman, so she might
Be all my own, trusted at home and far,
With whom the world might be forgotten quite,
The country's scandal, and the city's jar,
And in whose deep blue eyes Love's tenderest light
Should rise in beauty, like a vesper star,
On my return at evening, aye, and shine
On hearts I prized. By Jove! 'twould be divine.

From Gyges.

THE DELUGE.

Higher and higher fled the wasted throngs,
And still they hoped for life, and still they died,
One after one, some worn, some hunger-mad ;
Here lay a giant's limbs sodden and shrunk,
And there an infant's, white like wax, and close
A matron with grey hairs, all dumb and dead :—
Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit safe,
Deucalion labour'd through the dusky day,
Completing as he might his floating raft,
And Pyrrha, shelter'd in a cave, bewail'd
Her child which perish'd.—

Still the ruin fell :
No pity, no relapse, no hope :—The world
Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and storm,
Thunder and deluging rain, now vex'd the air
To madness, and the riotous winds laugh'd out
Like Bacchanals, whose cups some god has charm'd.
Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers
Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines ;
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
(Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept

Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
 Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks, brute cramm'd,
 Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
 Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
 Struggling, were hurried out,—but none return'd :
 All on the altar of the giant sea
 Offer'd, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,
 Whose blood allays the burning wrath of gods.
 —Day after day the busy death pass'd on
 Full, and by night return'd hungering anew ;
 And still the new morn fill'd his horrid maw
 With flocks, and herds, a city, a tribe, a town,
 One after one borne out, and far from land
 Dying in whirlpools or the sullen deeps.
 All perish'd then:—The last who lived was one
 Who clung to life, because a frail child lay
 Upon her heart: weary, and gaunt, and worn,
 From point to point she sped, with mangled feet,
 Bearing for aye her little load of love :—
 Both died,—last martyrs of a mother's sins,
 Last children they of Earth's sad family.

From the Flood of Thessaly.

EFFECT OF SUBLIME SCENERY UPON THE HUMAN
 CHARACTER.

I have seen the Alpine sun-set :—oh ! how weak
 My verse to tell what flash'd across my sight.
 Green, blue, and burning red, was every streak :
 Like rainbow beams, but trebly, trebly bright ;
 The earth, the air, the heavens, were living light :
 My vision was absorb'd. I trembled—then
 Softening his glance, and sinking in his might,
 The sun slow faded from the eyes of men,
 And died away. Ne'er have I seen the like again.

Yet have I lain in many a leafy nook
 Sequester'd, hiding from the summer beam,
 Idling, or haply with that charmed book
 Writ by the Avon side ; and loved to dream
 Of pale Cordelia, gentle Imogen :
 Or, on some brook that slid, like guilt, away
 Hurrying the pilfer'd mosses down its stream,
 Ponder'd, and often at the close of day
 Gazed on the coming moon, and felt, perhaps, her sway.

It is in high, remoter scenes, that we
 Become sublimed, yet humble: there we learn
 That still beyond us spreads—infinity,
 And we, still clay: or, all admiring, turn
 To where those characters of beauty burn,
 Which God hath printed on the starry skies:
 And haply guess why we alone may learn
 The world's vast wonders: why alone our eyes
 See far: why we alone have such proud sympathies.

For with creation and its marvels none
 Save we, can hold communion. On the earth
 Are many stately footsteps, and the sun
 Shines on eyes bright as ours: yet hath our birth
 (Holy) shed round us an immortal worth,
 Beyond the rest: though with the rest we fade,
 And are encircled by as frail a girth
 To life, as they: and in the deadly shade
 Wither as quick, and are as loathsome when decay'd.

But while we live, the air, the fruit, the flower,
 Doth own to us a high, superior charm:
 And the soul's radiance in our wintry hour
 Flings a sweet summer halo round us, warm;
 And then, the multitudinous things that swarm
 From the brain's secret cells, and never die
 (Though mortal born),—Oh! for that boasted balm
 Of life, to raise the mighty when they lie
 Wrecks, both in frame and mind—common mortality.

W O M A N.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
 And her lip has lost all its faint perfume:
 And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
 And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
 Is struck with cold mortality;
 And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
 And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
 But left her all in her wintry hour;
 And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
 Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
 And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
 Can see all these idols of life depart,

And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Over Babylon's sandy plains
Belshazzar the Assyrian reigns.
A thousand lords at his kingly call
Have met to feast in a spacious hall,
And all the imperial boards are spread,
With dainties whereon the monarch fed.—
Rich cates and floods of the purple grape :
And many a dancer's serpent shape
Steals slowly upon their amorous sights,
Or glances beneath the flaunting lights :
And fountains throw up their silver spray,—
And cymbals clash,—and the trumpets bray
Till the sounds in the arched roof are hung;
And words from the winding horn are flung:
And still the carved cups go round,
And revel and mirth and wine abound.

But night has o'ertaken the fading day;
And music has rag'd her soul away:
The light in the bacchanal's eye is dim;
And faint is the Georgian's wild love-hymn.
“Bring forth”—(on a sudden spoke the king,
And hush'd were the lords, loud rioting,)—
“Bring forth the vessels of silver and gold,
Which Nebuchadnezzar, my sire, of old,
Ravish'd from proud Jerusalem;
And we and our queens will drink from them.”
And the vessels are brought, of silver and gold,
Of stone, and of brass and of iron old,
Of wood, whose sides like a bright gem shine,
And their mouths are all fill'd with the sparkling wine.
Hark!—the king has proclaim'd with a stately nod,
“Let a health be drunk out unto Baal, the god.”—
They shout and they drink;—but the music moans,
And hush'd are the reveller's loudest tones:
For a hand comes forth, and 'tis seen by all
To write strange words on the plaster'd wall!
—The mirth is over;—the soft Greek flute
And the voices of women are low—are mute;
The bacchanal's eyes are all staring wide;
And, where's the Assyrian's pomp of pride?—
—That night the monarch was stung to pain:
That night Belshazzar, the king, was slain!—

THE history of this eccentric and distinguished person would form a more amusing work than a novel, for in it the talents of a great original genius, and the acquirements of an accomplished scholar, would be singularly blended with hair-breadth escapes and feats of reckless enterprise. These, however, will form a rich legacy to his literary executors, to whom they may be safely consigned. He was born at the town of Paisley, North Britain, in May, 1789; and after going through a preliminary training at the College of Glasgow, he entered the University of Oxford, where his poetical talents obtained him Newdigate's prize for English poetry, which he won against a numerous and powerful competition. After he had finished his education, he established his residence in the neighbourhood of Winandermere, where he resided until he was called to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in 1820.

The first poem which Wilson published was, *The Isle of Palms*, in 1812. It is a wild and incredible tale, but abounding in rich poetical description, and is said to have been written in his eighteenth year. His *City of the Plague*, a dramatic poem of still higher merit, appeared in 1816. If his celebrity, however, had depended upon his verses alone, he would probably have been forgotten by this time, as the above-mentioned works are now seldom read; but his chief distinction for these many years has been derived from *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which he is supposed to be the Editor, as well as principal contributor. As a Professor, Wilson can scarcely lay claim to the character of a profound metaphysician, or systematic philosopher; but there is a kindling power in his eloquence which excites his pupils to reflection and inquiry for themselves, while his wit, cheerfulness, and social excellencies, render him an especial favourite among a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

LONDON DURING THE PLAGUE.

Know ye what you will meet with in the city?
 Together will ye walk, through long, long streets,
 All standing silent as a midnight church.
 You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
 Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating
 Of your own hearts will awe you: the small voice
 Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
 Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
 Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
 Still threatening thunder, lour with grim delight,
 As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
 Darkening the city with the shadows of death.
 Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
 A tumult like an echo! on it comes,
 Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer;
 And louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
 The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
 But are these houses near you tenantless?
 Over your heads, from a window, suddenly
 A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death

With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls,
As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings! A miserable cart,
Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along
By shrunk steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,
Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses;
Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years;
And many a rosy visage smiling still;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all,
Embraced in ghastliness!

From The City of the Plague.

A SHIPWRECK

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it call'd the Ship along.
The Moon is sunk; and a clouded grey
Declares that her course is run,
And like a God who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious Sun.
Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she:—Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,

Majestically calm would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array
The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable Ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the Ship
An hour before her death:
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.

From The Isle of Palms.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

And say! what wanteth now the Isle of Palms,
 To make it happy as those Isles of rest
 (When eve the sky becalms
 Like a subsiding sea)
 That hang resplendent, mid the gorgeous west,
 All brightly imaged, mountain, grove, and tree,
 The setting sun's last lingering pageantry?
 Hath Fancy ever dreamt of seraph-Powers
 Walking in beauty through these cloud-framed bowers,
 Light as the mist that wraps their dazzling feet?
 And hath she ever paused to hear,
 By moonlight brought unto her ear,
 Their hymnings wild and sweet?
 Lo! human creatures meet her view
 As happy, and as beauteous too,
 As those ærial phantoms:—in their mien,
 Where'er they move, a graceful calm is seen
 All foreign to this utter solitude,
 Yet blended with such wild and fairy glide,
 As erst in Grecian Isle had beautified
 The guardian Deities of Grove and Flood.
 Are these fair creatures earth-born and alive,
 And mortal, like the flowers that round them smile?
 Or if into the Ocean sank their Isle
 A thousand fathoms deep—would they survive?—
 Like sudden rainbows spread their arching wings;
 And while, to cheer their airy voyage, sings
 With joy the charmed sea, the Heavens give way,
 That in the spirits, who had sojourn'd long
 On earth, might glide, then re-assume their sway,
 And from the gratulating throng
 Of kindred spirits, drink the inexpressive song?

Oh! fairer now these blessed Lovers seem,
 Gliding like spirits through o'er-arching trees,
 Their beauty mellowing in the chequer'd light,
 Than, years ago, on that resplendent night,
 When yielded up to an unearthly dream,
 In their sweet ship they sail'd upon the seas.
 Ay! years ago!—for in this temperate clime,
 Fleet, passing fleet, the noiseless plumes of time
 Float through the fragrance of the sunny air;
 One little month seems scarcely gone

Since, in a vessel of their own,
At eve they landed there.
Their bower is now a stately bower,
For, on its roof the loftiest flower
To bloom so lowly grieves,
And up like an ambitious thing
That feareth nought, behold it spring
Till it meet the high Palm-leaves!
The porch is opening seen no more,
But folded up with blossoms hoar,
And leaves green as the sea;
And, when the wind hath found them out,
The merry waves that dancing rout
May not surpass in glee.
About their home so little art,
They seem to live in Nature's heart,
A sylvan court to hold
In a palace framed of lustre green,
More rare than to the bright Flower Queen
Was ever built of old.

From The Isle of Palms



INVITATION OF FAIRIES TO A SHEPHERDESS.

Oh! come ye from heaven, ye blessed Things,
 So silent with your silvery wings
 Folded in moonlight glimmerings?
 —They have dropt like two soft gleams of light,
 Those gracious Forms, on the verdant height
 Where Edith in her slumber lies,
 With calm face meeting the calm skies,
 Like one whose earthly course is o'er,
 And sleepeth to awake no more!
 Gazing upon the Child they stand,
 Till one with small soft silent hand
 Lifts from that brow the golden hair—
 “Was ever mortal face so fair?
 God gives to us the sleeping maid!”
 And scarcely are the kind words said,
 Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed
 With arms as soft as zephyrs breathed
 O'er sleeping lilies,—and slowly raised
 The still form of the child, amazed
 To see those visages divine,
 And eyes so fill'd with pity, shine
 On her, a simple Shepherdess,
 An orphan in the wilderness!

“O, happy child! who livest in mirth
 And joy of thine own on this sinful Earth,
 Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps singing,
 Or, like a holy bell, is ringing
 So sweetly in the silent wild—
 Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,
 And live in a land where woe and pain
 Are heard but as a far-off strain
 Of mournful music,—where the breath
 Of Life is murmuring not of Death:
 And Happiness alone doth weep,
 And nought but Bliss doth break our sleep;
 Wilt thou come with us to the land of Dreams?”
 —A kiss as soft as moonlight seems
 To fall on Edith's brow and cheek—
 As that voice no more is heard to speak;
 And bright before her half-closed eyes
 Stand up these Shapes from Paradise,
 Breathing sweet fear into her heart!
 —She trembleth lest their beauty part,

Cloudlike, ere she be full awake,
And leave her weeping for their sake,
An orphan Shepherdess again,
Left all by herself in that lonely glen!

From Edith and Nora.

THE EVENING CLOUD: A SONNET.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow.
Even in its very motion, there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

PRAYER TO SLEEP.

O gentle Sleep! wilt thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight?

Alas! 'tis said that the couch must be
Of the eider-down that is spread for thee,
So, I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a couch of stone.

Music to thee I know is dear;
Then, the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a syren who singeth well.

But thou, glad Sleep! lovest gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy lover's prayers
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long in thy beauty woo'd,
 No rival hast thou in my solitude:
 Be mine, my love! and we two will lie
 Embraced for ever—or awake to die!

Dear Sleep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour, hour,
 Will slowly bring on the gleam of morrow,
 But thou art Joy's faithful paramour,
 And lie wilt thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

GENIUS CONSECRATED TO RELIGION.

How beautiful is genius when combined
 With holiness! Oh, how divinely sweet
 The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd
 By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
 Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
 With solemn music in the ear of God!
 And must the bard from sacred themes refrain?
 Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,
 That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,
 Or on some moonlight hill, the shepherd pour'd
 Unto his heavenly Father. Strains survive,
 Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,
 More touching far than ever poet breathed
 Amid the Grecian isles, or later times
 Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.
 Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know
 The trance of adoration, and behold
 Upon your bended knees the throne of Heaven,
 And Him who sits thereon? Believe it not,
 That poetry, in purer days the nurse,
 Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,
 Should silent keep from service of her God,
 Nor with her summons, loud but silver-toned,
 Startle the guilty dreamer from his sleep,
 Bidding him gaze with rapture or with dread
 On regions where the sky for ever lies
 Bright as the sun himself, and trembling all
 With ravishing music, or where darkness broods
 O'er ghastly shapes, and sounds not to be borne.

From Lines Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. James Grahame.

This eminent dramatic poet was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1791, and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, a physician of high reputation. He was first sent to school at Greenwich, where he had for his early instructor the talented Dr. Burney, under whose excellent tuition he made great proficiency in the elements of literature; after which he was removed to Eton, where he remained nine years. In 1810, he became a student of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where his previous acquirements and continued diligence gained him the highest literary reputation, and there he obtained the greatest number of prizes that had ever fallen to the lot of any single scholar within these halls. One of them was for English, and another for Latin verse; and the third and fourth for English and Latin essays.

After a career of such distinction, the path of life was open to the successful scholar, and, in 1815, he obtained a Fellowship in that College where his literary honours had been won. In 1817, he entered into holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, in the town of Reading. Here he employed himself in the duties of his sacred calling until he was elected to an office which he was so well qualified to adorn; this was, the Professorship of Poetry in the University of Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1821.

The life of the learned and reverend professor, as an author, notwithstanding this brief abstract, has been sufficiently distinguished by active exertion. Before he entered into orders, he wrote the *Tragedy of Fazio*, a work constructed upon the old English dramatic model; and the attempt was so successful, that the play was performed at Drury Lane to crowded houses, and still continues to be a favourite on the stage. The work itself exhibits a rich vein of poetry, and abounds in striking situations; so that it also pleases in the closet, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the plot, and occasional inconsistency of the characters. His next production, which appeared in 1820, was *The Fall of Jerusalem*. This magnificent topic had been brooded over by Coleridge for years, as the subject of an epic poem, in which the importance of the event, the thrilling nature of its incidents, and the grandeur of its antecedents and consequences, would have furnished materials only of secondary importance to those of *Paradise Lost*; but it was the misfortune of Coleridge to dream of great literary enterprises which he wanted industry to achieve. The subject remained unoccupied until it fell into the hands of Milman, who converted it into a sacred drama, in which, attentive to dramatic unities, he has confined the time of action to thirty-six hours; but within that brief space he has collected such an amount of description and incident, as leaves us little to regret for the non-appearance of the promised epic. His other productions were *Anne Boleyn*, a dramatic poem, in which the characters of Henry VIII., and the Jesuit, Angelo Caraffa, are delineated with great power of description—*The Martyr of Antioch*, where we have the lovely picture of a young female only a little lower than the angels—and *Belshazzar*, in which he has contrasted, with the strongest light and shade, the last night of pomp and revelry in Babylon, and the tremendous ruin in which it was closed.

Besides these productions, Milman wrote an epic poem in twelve books, entitled, *Samor, Lord of the Bright City*; but this work, although exhibiting many passages of great power and richness, is defective in clearness and interest as a narrative, and has never become a favourite with the public. Although the drama has been his chosen department, Milman is defective in that quality which is the most essential element in dramatic writing—the sweeping vehemence and passion which are so necessary to convert poetical abstractions into living realities. But if he is somewhat cold and artificial as a mere dramatist, he atones for this defect by his high qualities as a poet—grandeur of imagery, depth of thought, and rich melody of language, by which the lyrical passages of his plays are among the noblest specimens of our modern poetry. We may add, that he is a bright refutation of Dr. Johnson's idea, that Religion is unfitted for poetical purposes. A single page of any of Milman's sacred dramas is a conclusive argument upon this head. It is enough, for instance, to allude to the hymn of Miriam, in *The Fall of Jerusalem*.



MILMAN.

LAMENTATION OVER THE APPROACHING RUIN OF JERUSALEM.

'There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
My country, in thy darker destiny
Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;

The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;

Her tale of splendour now is told and done:
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

Oh! fair and favour'd city, where of old
 The balmy airs were rich with melody,
 That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
 In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
 Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice;
 The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
 Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!
 How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
 How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
 With white-robed Levites and high-mitred Priests!
 How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!
 Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
 Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
 Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
 By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn;
 And where her Temple crown'd the glittering rock,
 The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?
 When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin?
 Aeldama! accursed and guilty ground,
 Gird all the city in thy dismal bound;
 Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;
 Let every ancient monument and tomb
 Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
 Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But never more shall yon lost city need
 Those secret places for her future dead;
 Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,
 Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
 Of all her children none is left to her,
 Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?
 Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?
 Look down! look down, avenged Calvary,
 Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation.
 Oh! long foretold, though slow accomplish'd fate,
 "Her house is left unto her desolate;"
 Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
 Fulfils at length the tardy doom of heaven;
 The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd
 On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord!

From The Fall of Jerusalem.

HYMN.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
 Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
 Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
 And not by thunders strew'd
 Was thy tempestuous road;
 Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
 But thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled,
 In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
 Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
 A single silent star
 Came wandering from afar,
 Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
 The Eastern Sages leading on
 As at a kingly throne,
 To lay their gold and odours sweet
 Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
 Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
 Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
 From all the cherub choirs,
 And seraphs' burning lyres
 Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed clouds
 along.
 One angel troop the strain began,
 Of all the race of man
 By simple shepherds heard alone,
 That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
 To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
 Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
 Nor didst thou mount on high
 From fatal Calvary
 With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.
 For thou didst bear away from earth
 But one of human birth,
 The dying felon by thy side, to be
 In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
 A little while the conscious earth did shake
 At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
 A few dim hours of day
 The world in darkness lay;
 Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
 While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
 Consenting to thy doom;
 Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
 With devastation in thy red right hand,
 Plagu'ing the guilty city's murder'ous crew;
 But thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
 Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
 Into thy native skies,
 Thy human form dissolved on high
 In its own radiancy.

From The Fall of Jerusalem.

THE USURER.

FAZIO.

Dost thou know, Bianca,
 Our neighbour, old Bartolo?

BIANCA.

O yes, yes—
 That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd
 With watching his own gold; every one knows him,
 Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,
 Nor kindred, nor familiar; not a slave,
 Not a lean serving wench: nothing e'er enter'd
 But his spare self within his jealous doors,
 Except a wand'ring rat; and that, they say,
 Was famine-struck, and died there.—What of him?

FAZIO.

Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones.
 There's not a galliot on the sea, but bears
 A venture of Bartolo's; not an acre,
 Nay, not a villa of our proudest princes,

But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he,
 He only stocks our prisons with his debtors.
 I saw him creeping home last night; he shudder'd
 As he unlock'd his door, and look'd around,
 As if he thought that every breath of wind
 Were some keen thief; and when he lock'd him in,
 I heard the grating key turn twenty times,
 To try if all were safe. I look'd again
 From our high window by mere chance, and saw
 The motion of his scanty moping lantern;
 And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuff'd
 With tatter'd remnants of a money-bag,
 Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,
 Like some dry wither-boned anatomy,
 Through a huge chest-lid, jealously and scantily
 Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,
 Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,
 Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily,
 As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard,
 And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.
 His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them,
 As a gross satyr on a sleeping nymph;
 And then, as he heard something like a sound,
 He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern;
 But I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,
 And thank'd my God that I had braver riches.

From Fazio.

MERLIN'S CONGRATULATION AT THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION
 OF VORTIGERN AND ROWENA.

Came it from earth or air, yon savage shape—
 His garb, if garb it be, of shaggy hair
 Close folding o'er his dusky limbs, his locks
 And waving matted beard like cypress boughs
 On bleak heath swaying to the midnight storm?
 Came he from yon deep wood? On the light spray
 No leaf is stirring. On the winged winds
 Rode he? No breeze awakes the noontide air.
 Mid that arm'd throng, dismaying, undismay'd,
 With a strange eye dilated, as unused
 To common sights of earth, and voice that seem'd
 Rarely to hold discourse with human ears,
 "Joy," and again, and thrice he utter'd "Joy."

Cower'd Horsa on his palsied steed ; aghast,
 As toiling to despise the thing he fear'd,
 Sate Hengist. "Joy to Bridegroom and to Bride!
 Why should not man rejoice, and earth be glad?
 Beyond the sphere of man, the round of earth,
 There's loud rejoicing ; 'tis not in the heavens!
 And many ministrant angels shake their wings
 In gladness, wings that are not plumed with light.
 The dead are jocund, not the dead in bliss.
 Your couch is blest—by all whose blessings blast,
 All things unlovely gratulate your love.
 I see the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song
 I hear, and full the pomp, for Hate, and Fear,
 And excellent Dishonour, and bright Shame,
 And rose-cheek'd Grief, and jovial Discontent,
 And that majestic herald, Infamy,
 And that high noble, Servitude, are there,
 A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew.
 And the land's curses are the bridal hymn;
 Sweetly and shrilly doth th' accordant isle
 Imprecate the glad hymenean song.
 So joy, again, I say, to Britain's King,
 That taketh to his bosom Britain's fate,
 Her beautiful destruction to his bed.
 And joy to Britain's Queen, who bears her Lord
 So bright a dowry and profuse, long years
 Of war and havoc, and fair streams of blood,
 And plenteous ruin, loss of crown and fame,
 And full perdition of the immortal soul;
 So thrice again I utter, 'Joy, joy, joy!'"

Then upsprung spear to strike, and bicker'd bow:
 Ere spear could strike, or shaft could fly, the path
 Was bare and vacant; shape nor sound remain'd;
 Only the voice of Vortigern moan'd out,
 "Merlin,"—and on the long procession pass'd.

From Samor, Lord of the Bright City.

DEVOTEDNESS OF A JESUIT.

Man of this world, thou know'st not those who tread
 The steps of great Ignatius, those that bear
 The name of Jesus and his Cross. I've sunk
 For ever title, rank, wealth—even my being;
 And self-annihilated, boast myself

A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body
 That shall bespread the world, uncheck'd, untraced—
 Like God's own presence, every where, yet no where—
 Th' invisible control, by which Rome rules
 The universal mind of man. On me
 My Father's palace-gates no more shall open,
 I own no more my proud ancestral name,
 I have no property even in these weeds,
 These coarse and simple weeds I wear; nor will,
 Nor passion, nor affection, nor the love
 Of kindred, touch this earth-estranged heart;
 My personal being is absorb'd and dead.
 Thou think'st it much with cilice, scourge, and fast,
 To macerate thy all too pamper'd body;
 That thy sere heart is seal'd to woman's love;
 That child shall never climb thy knees, nor call thee
 His father:—on the altar of my God
 I've laid a nobler sacrifice, a soul
 Conscious it might have compass'd empire.—This
 I've done; and in no brief and frantic fit
 Of youthful lust ungratified—in the hour
 Of disappointed pride. A noble, born
 Of Rome's patrician blood, rich, letter'd, versed
 In the affairs of men; no monkish dreamer,
 Hearing Heaven's summons in ecstatic vision.
 God spoke within this heart, but with the voice
 Of stern deliberate duty, and I rose
 Resolved to sail the flood, to tread the fire—
 That's nought—to quench all natural compunction,
 To know nor right nor wrong, nor crime nor virtue,
 But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's.
 I've school'd my haughty soul to subtlest craft,
 I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc,
 And stand prepared to wear the martyr's flames
 Like nuptial robes;—far worse, to drag to the stake
 My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus
 I sear the hydra's heads of heresy.

From Anne Bolcyn.

MARGARITA'S ACCOUNT OF HER CONVERSION.

Dost thou not remember
 When Deceus was the Emperor, how he came
 To Antioch, and when holy Babylas
 Withstood his entrance to the Christian church,

Frantic with wrath, he bade them drag him forth
To cruel death? Serene the old man walk'd
The crowded streets; at every pause the yell
Of the mad people made, his voice was heard
Blessing God's bounty, or imploring pardon
Upon the barbarous hosts that smote him on.
Then didst thou hold me up, a laughing child,
To gaze on that sad spectacle. He pass'd,
And look'd on me with such a gentle sorrow;
The pallid patience of his brow towards me
Seem'd softening to a smile of deepest love.
When all around me mock'd, and howl'd, and laugh'd,
God gave me grace to weep. In after time,
That face would on my noontide dreams return;
And in the silence of the night I heard
The murmur of that voice remote, and touch'd
To an ærial sweetness, like soft music
Over a tract of waters. My young soul
Lay rapt in wonder, how that meek old man
Could suffer with such unrepining calmness,
Till late I learn'd the faith for which he suffer'd,
And wonder'd then no more.

From The Martyr of Antioch.

THE GROVE OF DAPHNE.

My way is through the dim licentious Daphne,
And evening darkens round my stealthful steps;
Yet I must pause to rest my weary limbs.

Oh, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!
Hath the Almighty breathed o'er all thy bowers
An everlasting spring, and paved thy walks
With amaranthine flowers—are but the winds,
Whose breath is gentle, suffer'd to entangle
Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners,
In thy thick branches, there to make sweet murmurs
With the bees' hum, and melodies of birds,
And all the voices of the hundred fountains,
That drop translucent from the mountain's side,
And lull themselves along their level course
To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds;
And all for foul idolatry, or worse,
To make itself a home and sanctuary?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled
 With sin! even like thy human habitants,
 Thy winds and flowers and waters have forgot
 The gracious hand that made them, ministers
 Voluptuous to man's transgressions—all,
 Save thou, sweet nightingale! that, like myself,
 Pourest alone thy melancholy song
 To silence and to God.

From The Martyr of Antioch.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

TWO SONNETS.

Love Thee!—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
 Whose palace is the vast infinity,
 Time, space, height, depth, oh God! are full of Thee,
 And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
 Love Thee!—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
 And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,
 And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
 When the heavens rock with thy tempestuous ire.
 Oh, Thou! too vast for thought to comprehend,
 That wast ere time—shalt be when time is o'er;
 Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,
 Systems and suns thy changeless throne before,
 Commence and close their cycles:—lost, I bend
 To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore!

Love Thee!—oh, clad in human lowliness,
 —In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows—
 Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes—
 A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
 Love Thee! whose every word but breathes to bless!
 Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language flows;
 The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, uncloze;
 And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
 —I see Thee, doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
 Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps, move,
 With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,
 While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
 Though all—even there—be radiant Deity!
 —Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is Love!

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

A PRIZE POEM RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD, IN THE YEAR MDCCCXII.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
 Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
 In settled majesty of calm disdain,
 Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
 The heav'nly Archer stands—no human birth,
 No perishable denizen of earth;
 Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
 A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
 All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
 Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
 But animate with deity alone,
 In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
 His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
 Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
 And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
 Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
 He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
 The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
 In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
 That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
 Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight
 Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
 View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
 And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
 Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
 And nations bow'd before the work of man.
 For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
 Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
 Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
 Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
 Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep.
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
 With more than rev'rence gazed the Maid of France;
 Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
 With him alone, nor thought it solitude!

To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
 Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
 Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
 Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
 Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
 A voice of music melt upon her ear.
 Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
 Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
 Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied:
 Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

CHORUS OF BABYLONIANS BEFORE THE PALACE.

Awake! awake! put on thy garb of pride,
 Array thee like a sumptuous royal bride,
 O festal Babylon!
 Lady, whose ivory throne
 Is by the side of many azure waters!
 In floating dance, like birds upon the wing,
 Send tinkling forth thy silver-sandal'd daughters;
 Send in the solemn march,
 Beneath each portal arch,
 Thy rich-robed lords to crowd the banquet of their King.

They come! they come from both the illumined shores;
 Down each long street the festive tumult pours;
 Along the waters dark
 Shoots many a gleaming bark,
 Like stars along the midnight welkin flashing,
 And galleys, with their masts enwreath'd with light,
 From their quick oars the kindling waters dashing;
 In one long moving line
 Along the bridge they shine,
 And with their glad disturbance wake the peaceful night.

Hang forth, hang forth, in all your avenues,
 The arching lamps of more than rainbow hues,
 O, gardens of delight!
 With the cool airs of night
 Are lightly waved your silver-foliaged trees,
 The deep-embower'd yet glowing blaze prolong
 Height above height the lofty terraces;
 Seeing this new day-break,
 The nestling birds awake,
 The nightingale hath hush'd her sweet untimely song.

Lift up, lift up your golden-valved doors,
Spread to the glittering dance your marble floors,
Palace! whose spacious halls,
And far-receding walls,
Are hung with purple like the morning skies;
And all the living luxuries of sound
Pour from the long outstretching galleries;
Down every colonnade
The sumptuous board is laid,
With golden cups and lamps and bossy chargers crown'd.

They haste, they haste! the high-crown'd rulers stand,
Each with his sceptre in his kingly hand;
The bearded Elders sage,
Though pale with thought and age;
Those through whose bounteous and unfailing hands
The tributary streams of treasure flow
From the rich bounds of earth's remotest lands;
All but the pomp and pride
Of battle laid aside,
Chaldea's captains stand in many a glittering row.

They glide, they glide! each, like an antelope,
Bounding in beauty on a sunny slope,
With full and speaking eyes,
And graceful necks that rise
O'er snowy bosoms in their emulous pride,
The chosen of earth's choicest loveliness;
Some with the veil thrown timidly aside,
Some boastful and elate
In their majestic state
Whose bridal bed Belshazzar's self hath deign'd to bless.

Come forth, come forth, and crown the peerless feast,
Thou whose high birthright was the effulgent east!
On th' ivory seat alone,
Monarch of Babylon,
Survey th' interminable wilderness
Of splendour, stretching far beyond the sight;
Nought but thy presence wants there now to bless:
The music waits for thee,
Its fount of harmony,
Transcending glory thou of this thrice-glorious night!

Behold! behold! each gem-crown'd forehead proud
And every plume and crested helm is bow'd,
Each high-arch'd vault along
Breaks out the blaze of song,

Belshazzar comes! nor Bel, when he returns
 From riding on his stormy thunder-cloud,
 To where his bright celestial palace burns,
 Alights with loftier tread,
 More full of stately dread,
 While under his fix'd feet the loaded skies are bow'd.

From Belshazzar.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noon-day pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
 By earth that trembles at His doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden, promised ere He died
 To the felon at His side,
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry
 The ghost given up in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
 Crucified! we know Thee now;
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

HYMN FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
 Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd
 The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord,
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 Lo the depths of the stone-cover'd chancel are stirr'd:
 From the sea, from the land, from the south and the
 north,
 The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
 All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on His word!

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
 Creator! on us thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

HYMN.

Sing to the Lord! the desert rocks break out,
 And the throng'd cities, in one gladdening shout;
 The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored;
 Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
 Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
 Earth's universal homage to the Lord;
 Lift up thine head, imperial Capitol,
 Proud on thy height to see the banner'd Cross unroll.

Sing to the Lord! when Time itself shall cease,
 And final Ruin's desolating peace
 Enwrap this wide and restless world of man;
 When the Judge rides upon th' enthroning wind,
 And o'er all generations of mankind
 Eternal Vengeance waves its winnowing fan;
 To vast Infinity's remotest space,
 While ages run their everlasting race,
 Shall all the Beatific Hosts prolong,
 Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant
 song!

From The Martyr of Antioch.



H. Corbould

C. Heath

THIS writer, who obtained a high celebrity by a single poem, which was published anonymously, and attributed successively to our best poets, was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. He obtained a distinguished literary reputation at the University of his native city; but instead of pursuing a career of ambition, he withdrew himself to the labours of an obscure country curacy. He died of consumption on the 21st of February, 1823; and it was not till after that period that the world understood the greatness of his talents, and the loss it had sustained by his death.

S O N G.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou could'st mortal be:
 It never through my mind had past,
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain.
 But when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay even as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been.
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me;
 And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee:
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down—
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory:
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone—
But left him alone in his glory.

THIS poet, who has afforded to so many thousands of readers the luxury of laughter in its highest perfection, was born in London, in 1798. His father, who was a native of Scotland, was partner in a distinguished publishing establishment in London. Thomas was educated at Camberwell, and after taking a sea voyage for the benefit of his health, which was in a very delicate state, he was articled to his uncle, an engraver, with a view of following that profession; but the pen had more attractions for him than the graver, and the poems, which he composed at this period, being inserted in the *London Magazine*, were received with such favour, that he has continued ever since to devote himself to poetry. In this capacity, he is chiefly known to the public as the author of *Whims and Oddities*, and the series called *The Comic Annual*—works abounding in broad wit and humour, and which have yielded him a plentiful harvest of profit and celebrity. But Hood is something better than a good punster; and his serious poems, in which he has evidently followed the natural bent of his genius, although they are comparatively little known, exhibit the finest flights of genuine poetry.

THE SYLVAN FAIRY.

Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,
 Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
 Each at his proper ease, as they had been
 Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,
 And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
 Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—
 So came this chief right frankly, and made good
 His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
 Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup:

“We be small foresters and gay, who tend
 On trees, and all their furniture of green,
 Training the young boughs airily to bend,
 And show blue snatches of the sky between:—
 Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
 Birds' crafty dwellings as may hide them best,
 But most the timid blackbird's—she that, seen,
 Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
 Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

“We bend each tree in proper attitude,
 And fountain willows train in silvery falls;
 We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
 And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,
 Or deep recesses where the Echo calls;—
 We shape all plummy trees against the sky,
 And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
 When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
 Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

“ Sometimes we scoop the squirrel’s hollow cell,
 And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees’ rind,
 That haply some lone musing wight may spell
 Dainty Aminta,—gentle Rosalind,—
 Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call’d to mind
 In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down;—
 And sometimes we enrich grey stems, with twined
 And vagrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown
 Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

“ And, lastly, for mirth’s sake and Christmas cheer,
 We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
 To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
 Careful that misletoe may never cease;—
 Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
 Of sombre forests, or to see light break
 Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
 Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ache,
 Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad’s sake.”

From The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

ARIEL AND THE SUICIDE.

Quoth Ariel now—

“ Let me remember how I saved a man,
 Whose fatal noose was fasten’d on a bough,
 Intended to abridge his sad life’s span;
 For haply I was by when he began
 His stern soliloquy in life’s dispraise,
 And overheard his melancholy plan,
 How he had made a vow to end his days,
 And therefore follow’d him in all his ways,

“ Through brake and tangled copse; for much he loath’d
 All populous haunts, and roam’d in forests rude,
 To hide himself from man. But I had clothed
 My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued,
 Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
 Till we were come beside an ancient tree
 Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew’d
 His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
 The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

“ It was a wild and melancholy glen,
 Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,

Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
 Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark;
 A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
 Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
 Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
 Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
 With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey.

"But here upon his final desperate clause
 Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
 Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
 Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
 The sad remainder oozing from his brain
 In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
 Which through his ardent eyes began to drain;—
 Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclosed their shears:—
 So pity me and all my fated peers!"

From The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies

BALLAD.

Sigh on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse,
 And Beauty's fairest queen,
 Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
 To soil her name between;
 A king might lay his sceptre down,
 But I am poor and nought,
 The brow should wear a golden crown
 That wears her in its thought.
 The diamonds glancing in her hair.
 Whose sudden beams surprise.
 Might bid such humble hopes beware
 The glancing of her eyes;
 Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
 And if my love is sin,
 Death follows on the heels of wrong,
 And kills the crime within.
 Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves,
 It was so pure and fine,
 O lofty weaves, and lowly weaves,
 But hoddan grey is mine;
 And homely hose must step apart.
 Where garter'd princes stand;
 But may he wear my love at heart
 That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there's far from russet frize
 To silks and satin gowns,
 But I doubt if God made like degrees,
 In courtly hearts and clowns.
 My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
 And brought her cheeks to blame,
 And all that's lordly of my birth,
 Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
 'Tis vain this idle speech,
 For where her happy pearls do lie,
 My tears may never reach;
 Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
 May say of what has been,
 His love was nobly born and died,
 Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
 Such love as mine to tell,
 Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
 So, Lady, fare thee well;
 I will not wish thy better state
 Was one of low degree,
 But I must weep that partial fate
 Made such a churl of me.

AUTUMN.

The Autumn is old,
 And sere leaves are flying;—
 He hath gather'd up gold,
 And now he is dying;—
 Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
 The harvest is heaping;—
 But some that have sow'd
 Have no riches for reaping;—
 Poor wretch, fall a weeping!

The year's in the wane,
 There is nothing adorning,
 The night has no eve,
 And the day has no morning;—
 Cold Winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
 The red sun is sinking,
 And I am grown old,
 And life is fast shrinking:—
 Here's enow for sad thinking!

SONNET.

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
 Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
 It is not death to know this,—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

FROM AN ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
 And do not take my tears amiss;
 For tears must flow to wash away
 A thought that shows so stern as this:
 Forgive, if somehow I forget
 In woe to come, the present bliss.
 As frightened Proserpine let fall
 Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
 Even so the dark and bright will kiss.
 The sunniest things throw sternest shade
 And there is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
 The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
 Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud,
 Lapp'd all about her, let her rise

All pale and dim, as if from rest
 The ghost of the late buried sun
 Had crept into the skies.
 The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
 The very face to make us sad;
 If but to think in other times
 The same calm quiet look she had,
 As if the world held nothing base,
 Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
 The same fair light that shone in streams,
 The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad;
 For so it is, with spent delights
 She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
 Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
 To feel her fair ethereal wings
 Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
 Even the bright extremes of joy
 Bring on conclusions of disgust,
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
 Whose fragrance ends in must.
 O give her, then, her tribute just,
 Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
 There is no music in the life
 That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
 There's not a string attuned to mirth,
 But has its chord in Melancholy.

 O D E.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
 In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
 Of London pleasures sick:
 My heart is all at pant to rest
 In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
 My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn;
 I scent no flowery gust:
 But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
 With dry Macadam on its wings,
 And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
 Due east, but with no eastern dues;
 The path is dry and hot!
 His setting shows more tamely still,
 He sinks behind no purple hill,
 But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milk-maid blithe,
 Or early mower whet his scythe
 The dewy meads among!
 My grass is of that sort,—alas!
 That makes no hay, call'd sparrow-grass
 By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
 I think of cowslip-cups,—but meet
 With very vile rebuffs!
 For meadow buds, I get a whiff
 Of Cheshire cheese, or only sniff
 The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
 His periwinkles! mine are strew'd!
 My rose blooms on a gown!
 I hunt in vain for eglantine,
 And find my blue-bell on the sign
 That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
 From tree to tree, and gaily sing
 Or mourn in thickets deep?
 My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
 The watchman is my Philomel,
 My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
 That perch on leafy bough and bush,
 And tune the various song?
 Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
 Street-Handel grinding at my door,
 Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
 Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
 And colours of the skies?
 My rills are only puddle-drains
 From shambles, or reflect the stains
 Of calimanco-dyes.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
 O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
 Singing in soothing tones:
 Not thus the city streamlets flow;
 They make no music as they go,
 Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral, pretty sheep,
 That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap,
 Beside your woolly dams?
 Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
 My Corydons use iron hooks,
 And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
 Th' Arcadian herdsman used to play
 Sweetly, here soundeth not;
 But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
 Meanwhile the city boor consumes
 The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
 On every hand the sense is shock'd
 With objects hard to bear:
 Shades—vernal shades! where wine is sold;
 And for a turfy bank, behold
 An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
 And gardens redolent of flowers
 Wherein the zephyr wons?
 Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
 See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
 And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
 I hold no leasowes in my lease,
 No cot set round with trees:
 No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
 And omnium furnishes my banks
 With brokers, not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
 In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
 Of city pleasures sick:
 My heart is all at pant to rest
 In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick.

"WITH a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may perhaps only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that. There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read, Captain. 'It's hame, and it's hame,' is equal to Burns."

Introductory Epistle to the Fortunes of Nigel.

Such praise from so distinguished a source, gives us a more correct idea of the poetical merits of Allan Cunningham than could be afforded by a more laboured eulogy. This poet, who may be considered one of the best, if *not the best*, of the numerous intellectual progeny of Burns, was born at Blackwood, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, North Britain, on the 7th of December, 1784. His father and grandfather had been settled at the above-mentioned place as farmers: and an ancestor of the poet, we are informed, was an officer of the great Montrose. Allan was destined at an early period to try his fortune in India, where the industry and perseverance which have been so successful in London, would probably have been shown upon a more extensive field, and crowned with a more splendid remuneration, as far as mere wealth is concerned—but on account of the failure of a relative, by whom a situation in the East was to be procured, the experiment was never tried. In consequence of this disappointment, young Cunningham, at the age of eleven, was removed, sorely against his will, from school, and placed under an elder brother, who was a mason, and with whom he soon became a skilful workman. His earliest propensities showed themselves rather in a thirst for general knowledge, than an exclusive love of poetry, and thus he was enabled to acquire those resources and habits which enabled him to excel, at a future period, in the departments of criticism, biography, and the fine arts, as well as that of song.

The first attempt of Cunningham in authorship was rather singular. Cromeck, who was an enthusiast about the poetical treasures of the land of Burns, and who was in search of them with a perseverance equal to his enthusiasm, received from the young mason several songs and ballads, as relics of former years, and which he published in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, a volume of which they constituted the choicest ornaments. But it was this very excellence that occasioned the detection of their author. It was declared that these specimens were too good to be ancient; and the eager inquiry which was made about their origin, obliged Cunningham, who was no doubt amused as well as gratified at the popularity they had acquired, to acknowledge them as his own productions. In 1810, he repaired to London; and his *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem, the characters and scenery of which belong to his native Nithsdale, and several occasional pieces which followed, raised him to that high rank which he now holds among the poets of the nineteenth century. After devoting himself to literature as a profession in the metropolis during four years, with great diligence and success, he became superintendent of the works of the late Sir Francis Chantrey. Indeed the whole career of the young Scotchman in London was exempted from most of those trials and difficulties which beset the literary adventurers of our metropolis; but this was owing to his own prudence and manly straight-forward integrity, that kept him in the right path.

The quantity of poetry which Cunningham has given to the world is small, compared with his powers to delight in that department, and the opportunities of a long life; but what he has written is of sterling merit. When he writes, also, it is evident that his heart is in Scotland, while the legends of his early days, and the scenery of his birth-place, supply him with never-failing themes of interest. His prose works also are numerous, consisting chiefly of lives of the eminent painters and sculptors of Britain, and two Novels. But with a mind as active, and a constitution as vigorous as ever, and with the advantage of more extensive stores of thought, and a matured experience, the hope is not unreasonable, that his future literary labours will surpass in merit all that he has yet accomplished.



CUNNINGHAM.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast :
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high :
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;

And hark! the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud:
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

BONNIE LADY ANN,

There's kames o' honey 'tween my luv's lips,
 An' gold amang her hair;
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil;
 Nae mortal een look there.
 What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
 Or what arm o' luv dare span
 The honey lips, the creamy palm,
 Or the waist, o' Lady Ann.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
 Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
 But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
 Maun touch her Ladie mou.
 But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
 Her jimpy waist maun span—
 O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
 Tied up wi' silver thread,
 An' comely sits she in the midst,
 Men's longing een to feed.
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
 Wi' her milky, milky han',
 An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
 My bonnie Ladie Ann.

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gold,
 Like my luv's broider'd cap,
 An' on the mantle which my luv wears
 Is monie a golden drap.
 Her bonnie eebrow's a holie arch
 Cast by no earthlie han';
 An' the breath o' Heaven's atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

*

I am her father's gardener lad,
 An' poor, poor is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
 Where I darena mint my han',
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
 The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,—
 Its gentle breath amang the flowers
 Scarce stir'd the thistle's top of down;
 The dappled swallow left the pool,
 The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
 When I met among the hawthorns green
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass
 Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
 Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
 Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
 Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
 Her lips had words and wit at will,
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, Fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
 I have look'd long for a weel-faur'd lass,
 By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, Sweet maiden, look nae down,
 But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
 A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
 The tears were dropping frae her e'e.
 I hae a lad who's far awa',
 That weel could win a woman's will;
 My heart's already full of love,—
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
 And seek for love in a far countree?
 Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
 I fain had kiss'd them frae her e'e.
 I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
 For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
 My heart is full of other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
 And lifted up her wat'ry e'e—
 Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
 Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
 While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
 Till my last drop of blood be still,
 My heart shall haud nae other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
 By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
 Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.
 O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
 As ever shone on vale and hill,
 But there's ae light puts them all out,—
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
 Up wi' a golden kame,
 An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
 An' awa to the tryste has gane.
 O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
 An' saft, saft on her brow;
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
 An' I kiss'd it aff, I trow!

O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
 Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
 O whare gat ye that young damsel,
 Wha dings our lasses a'?
 O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
 Wi' heaven in her e'e?
 Here's ae drap o' the damask wine:—
 Sweet maiden, will ye pree?

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
 Twist wi' the satin twine,
 But ruddie, ruddie grew her throat,
 While she supp'd the bluid-red wine.
 Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
 Wha wears the golden kame;
 This night will mony drink thy health,
 An ken na wha to name.

Play me up 'Sweet Marie,' I cried,
 An' loud the piper blew,—
 But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
 An' down his bow he threw:
 Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
 Fair dame o' the stranger land!
 For never a pair o' een before
 Could mar my gude bow-hand.

Her lips were a cloven honey-cherrie,
 Sae tempting to the sight;
 Her locks owre alabaster brows
 Fell like the morning light.
 An' O! her honey breath lift her locks,
 As through the dance she flew,
 While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue e'e,
 An' dwalt on her comely mou'.

Loose hings yere broider'd gold garter,
 Fair ladie, dare I speak?
 She, trembling, lift her silky hand
 To her red, red flushing cheek.
 Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o' gold,
 Thou Lord's daughter sae gay:
 The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue e'e,
 O come, O come away!—

O maid, unbar the siller bolt,
 To my chamber let me win,
 An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,
 I daur na let ye in.
 An' take, quo' she, this kame o' gold,
 Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
 For meikle my heart forbodes to me,
 I never maun meet ye mair!

GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

Go seek in the wild glen
Where streamlets are falling,
Go seek on the lone hill
Where curlews are calling;
Go seek when the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there shall ye find him
My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady-bracken;
And sore, sore they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of iron
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
Where the falcon is flying,
To show me the den where
This bold traitor's lying—
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair principedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits, I found him,
And safe in my fond arms
I clasp'd and I wound him;
I warn you go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
Away they went sweeping,
And behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

The night is cold, the snow falls fast,
 The night is dark and late,
 As I lift aloud my voice and cry
 By the oppressor's gate.
 There is a voice in every hill,
 A tongue in every stone;
 The greenwood sings a song of joy,
 Since thou art dead and gone;
 A poet's voice is in each mouth,
 And songs of triumph swell,
 Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
 The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,
 I heard the green earth say,
 Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
 Since thou art pass'd away;
 I hear no more the battle shout,
 The martyr's dying moans;
 My cottages and cities sing
 From their foundation stones;
 The carbine and the culverin's mute—
 The death-shot and the yell
 Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
 For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
 And caused the raven call
 From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
 Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
 I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
 And silent now to fame
 Art thou, save when the orphan casts
 His curses on thy name.
 Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
 A long and last farewell:
 There's hope for every sin save thine—
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
 Where punish'd spirits wail,
 And ghastly Death throws wide her door,
 And hails thee with All hail!

Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have
That spoke through hollow bones;—
Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout,
From earth to howling hell;
He comes, the persecutor comes!
All hail to thee, Dalzell!

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
A wind, and with a moan
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
Even fellow-bone to bone.
Lo! there he goes, I heard them cry,
Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
And pass'd them 'neath his brand!
Cursed be the spot where he was born,
There let the adders dwell,
And from his father's hearth-stone hiss:
All hail to thee, Dalzell!

I saw thee growing like a tree—
Thy green head touch'd the sky—
But birds far from thy branches built,
The wild deer pass'd thee by;
No golden dew dropp'd on thy bough,
Glad summer scorn'd to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds woo'd
Beside thy dwelling-place;
The axe has come and hewn thee down,
Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
His head, like thine, is grey;
Grey with the woes of many years,
Years fourscore and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his;
Two daughters, sweet and rare;
An old dame, dearer than them all,
And lands both broad and fair:—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee:
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
 A warrior tried and true
 As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
 The splintering lances flew.
 I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
 And hew thy foes down fast,
 When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
 And Gordon stood aghast;
 And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce,
 As one redeem'd from hell.
 I came to curse thee—and I weep:
 So go in peace, Dalzell.

THE SHEPHERD SEEKS HIS GLOWING HEARTH.

The shepherd seeks his glowing hearth,
 The fox calls from the mountain,
 The folded flocks are white with rime,
 Swans seek the silent fountain;
 And midnight starless is and drear,
 And Ae's wild waters swelling,
 Far up the lonesome greenwood glen,
 Where my fair maiden's dwelling.

Wild is the night—green July's eve,
 Ne'er balmier seem'd or warmer;
 For I sing thy name, and muse on thee,
 My mild and winsome charmer;
 Thy bower sheds far its trysting light
 Through the dark air of December—
 Thy father's dreaming o'er his wealth,
 Thy mother's in her chamber.

Now is the time for talk, my love,
 Soft sighing, mutual wishing,
 Heart-throbbings, interchange of vows,
 Words breathed 'mid holy kissing;
 All worldly maxims, wise men's rules,
 My raptured soul disdaineth;
 For with my love the world is lost
 And all the world containeth.

THOU HAST VOW'D BY THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand of thine,
 And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
 That thou wad aye be mine:
 And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart of thine,
 By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
 And the heart wad part sic love;
 But there's nae hand can loose the band,
 But the finger of Him above.
 Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
 And my clothing e'er sae mean,
 I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
 Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
 Far softer than the down;
 And love wad winnow o'er us his kind kind wings,
 And sweetly we'd sleep and soun.
 Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
 Come here and kneel wi' me,
 The morning is full of the presence of God,
 And I cannot pray but thee.

The wind is sweet amang the new flowers,
 The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
 Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
 And a blythe auld bodie is he;
 The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
 Wi' the holie psalmodie,
 And I will speak of thee when I pray,
 And thou maun speak of me.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL

Where gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
 Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare?
 I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
 To shift my hirsels' lair.
 Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
 An' a good long stride took he;

I trow thou be a freck auld carle,
Will ye show the way to me?

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
Sae have I the silver Orr,
And a' for the blood of the young Maxwell,
Which I love as a gled loves gore.
And he is gone with the silly auld carle
Adown by the rocks sae steep,
Until that they came to the auld castle,
That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
The Dee roll'd in his pride;
Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye mayna ride.
He drew the reins of his bonnie grey steed,
And gayly down he sprang,
His warcoat was of the scarlet fine,
Where the golden tassels hang.

He threw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
The bonnet frae 'boon his bree,
And who was it but the young Maxwell,
And his good brown sword drew he.
Thou kill'd my father, thou vile southron,
Sae did ye my brethren three,
Which broke the heart of my ae sister
I loved as the light of my e'e.

Now draw thy sword, thou vile southron,
Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
That sword it cropt the fairest flower
E'er grew wi' a head to the sun;
Take ae stroke for my dear auld father,
Take twa for my brethren three,
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister
I loved as the light o' my e'e.

MY AIN COUNTRY.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O! gladness comes to many,
 But sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countree.

O! it's not my ain ruin
 That saddens aye my e'e,
 But the love I left in Galloway,
 Wi' bonnie bairns three;
 My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
 And smiled my fair Marie,—
 I've left a' my heart behind me,
 In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
 An' the blossom to the bee,
 But I win back—oh never!
 To my ain countree.
 I'm leal to the high heaven,
 Which will be leal to me;
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countree.

THE LASS OF LAMMERMOOR.

I met a lass on Lammermoor,
 Between the corn and blooming heather;
 Around her waist red gowd she wore,
 And in her cap she wore a feather.
 Her steps were light, her looks were bright,
 Her face shone out like summer weather;
 Birds sing, sweet lass, said I, nor fear
 Thy looks so lovely 'mang the heather.

O sic a geck she gave her head,
 And sic a toss she gave her feather;
 Man, saw ye ne'er a bonnie lass
 Before, among the blooming heather?
 Pass on, pass on, so fair a one
 Should be less scornful; I would rather
 Have one I name not in her snood,
 Than thou with thy proud cap and feather.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
 As I pass through Annan Water, with my bonnie bands
 again;
 When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
 But I'll water 't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
 And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 There's nought now from ruin my country can save
 But the keys of kind Heaven to open the grave,
 That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalty
 May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
 The new green grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

DE BRUCE, DE BRUCE.

De Bruce!—De Bruce! with that proud call,
 Thy glens, green Galloway,
 Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
 And plumes in close array:
 The English shafts are loosed, and see
 They fall like winter sleet;
 The southern nobles urge their steeds,
 Earth shudders 'neath their feet—

Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,
 Down to old Solway's flood,—
 The ruddy tide that stains thy stream
 Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
 Along thy greenwood banks
 King Robert raised his martial cry,
 And broke the English ranks;
 Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
 He and the gallant Graeme;
 And, as the lightning from the cloud,
 Here fiery Randolph came;
 And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
 Who spared nor strength nor steel,
 With him who won the winged spur
 Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—yon silver star,
 Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
 The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
 The sod aneath our feet,
 Yon pasture mountain green and large,
 The sea that sweeps its foot—
 Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
 And earth and air be mute;
 The sage's word, the poet's song,
 And woman's love, shall be
 Things charming none, when Scotland's heart
 Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—on Dee's wild banks,
 And on Orr's silver side,
 Far other sounds are echoing now
 Than war-shouts answering wide:
 The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
 Beneath the golden grain
 The sickle shines, and maidens' songs
 Glad all the glens again.
 But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
 And heavenly libertie—
 De Bruce! De Bruce!—we owe them all
 To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
 And theme of many a song!
 Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
 I see thee bound along,—

Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
 That never bore a stain;
 Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
 Which never fell in vain.
 Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle wall
 Gives back the sound agen,—
 De Bruce! De Bruce!—less than a god,
 But noblest of all men!

SATURDAY'S SUN.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile
 On one who is weary and worn with his toil!—
 Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,
 Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives;
 His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh run,
 To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun:
 The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm tune,—
 Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe glow
 Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow;
 Though the sweet blinks of love are most floun frae thy
 e'e,
 Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.
 I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine
 On a form half so fair or a face so divine;
 Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in the ha',
 I came and I won thee frae the wit of them a'.

My hame is my mailen, weel stocket and fu'
 My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I lo'e;
 My wife is the gold and delight of my e'e,
 And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.
 O who would fade away like a flower in the dew,
 And no leave a sprout for kind heaven to pu'?
 Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump of a tree,
 Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

This singular genius, whose life forms the clearest comment to his poetry, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. Although born in the ranks of aristocracy, he showed, from an early period, an utter contempt of wealth, birth, and political distinction; and having precocious talents, without the benefit of experience, he set himself in mere boyhood, not only to oppose the general prejudices of society, but its most sacred principles of religious belief. Thus, at Eton School, he formed a conspiracy to put down the odious practice of *fagging*—and at Oxford he published his atheistic principles, in a dissertation on the being of a God. This last outrage procured, not only his expulsion from College, but the displeasure of his father and family. His next deed, while still in non-age, was to run away with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a coffee-house keeper, to Gretna Green; but this marriage set the seal upon his family delinquencies, so that his father abandoned him. The rash union, also, was so little productive of happiness, that Shelley, who had become a disciple of Godwin's Political Justice, requited his preceptor by eloping with his daughter to the Continent—for it was his belief, that love, instead of being trammelled by vows and obligations, should be free as the wind, to blow where it listeth. On the death, however, of his wife Shelley was obliged so far to succumb to the request of Godwin, and the feelings of society, as to submit to the yoke of matrimony; and accordingly he espoused Miss Godwin, although under a protest, that marriage was nothing better than legal prostitution. Two children remained from his first union; but as the religious belief of Shelley was a matter of public notoriety, they were removed from his guardianship by a decree of Lord Chancellor Eldon. All the while, the life of Shelley, we are told, might have challenged the eye of censure itself. His morals were pure, his life was temperate, his generosity was unbounded, his feelings were warm and affectionate—he did nothing *more* than advocate the principles of atheism, and the promiscuous love of the sexes. But what amount of worth, we ask, could compensate for such delinquencies?

The close of Shelley's life was truly tragical. In 1817, he had left England for Italy; and in 1822, he was temporarily a resident at a house on the Gulf of Lerici, where he had a boat, in which he was in the habit of taking pleasure excursions. On the 7th of July he set sail from Leghorn, whither he had gone to meet Mr. Leigh Hunt; but the night was stormy, the frail vessel was wrecked, and all on board perished. Several days after, the body of Shelley was washed ashore, in such a state of decomposition, that the usual mode of burial was impossible; and it was accordingly reduced to its native dust by cremation, and the ashes were deposited in the Protestant burial ground near Rome.

The first in order of Shelley's poetical works was *Queen Mab*, in which his juvenile opinions on religion, and the political institutions of society, were distinctly and fiercely expressed. His next great poem was *The Revolt of Islam*, in which they are more fully developed, but in a less repulsive form. The most powerful of his works is his *Prometheus Unbound*—a subject which he has altered and modified, so as to become the vehicle of his own favourite theories. He also selected for dramatic composition the Italian story of Beatrice Cenci, on which he produced a tragedy in five acts; but it is one of those subjects in real life which are too frightful even for the Tragic Muse. What painter could have succeeded in removing the veil of Agamemnon, and filling up the void?

The poetry of Shelley, during his life-time, was exposed to fierce and unjust criticism. Indeed, what less could have been expected, when we remember that it was a challenge to society at large; a blast of defiance to the whole world? In old border fashion, he hung his gauntlet over the altar, and there were combatants in plenty to take it down. But these personal rancours have passed away, and even those who are most hostile to his peculiar tenets will acknowledge, that in originality, beauty, and power, he has scarcely, if ever, been surpassed by any poet of the present age. It is also some consolation to think, that if his short life had been extended, he might probably have unlearned many of the fallacies of his youth, and exhibited not only a more chastened taste, but a sounder and purer theology.



H. Gorbett del.

C. Heath

SHELLEY.

AN ASIATIC INSURRECTION AND CONFLICT.

Then rallying cries of treason and of danger
 Resounded: and—"They come! to arms! to arms!
 The Tyrant is amongst us, and the stranger
 Comes to enslave us in his name! to arms!"
 In vain: for Panic, the pale fiend who charms
 Strength to forswear her right, those millions swept
 Like waves before the tempest—these alarms
 Came to me, as to know their cause I leapt
 On the gate's turret, and in rage and grief and scorn I
 wept!

For to the North I saw the town on fire,
 And its red light made morning pallid now,
 Which burst over wide Asia;—louder, higher,
 The yells of victory and the screams of woe

I heard approach, and saw the throng below
 Stream through the gates like foam-wrought water-falls
 Fed from a thousand storms—the fearful glow
 Of bombs flares overhead—at intervals
 The red artillery's bolt mangling among them falls.

And now the horsemen come—and all was done
 Swifter than I have spoken—I beheld
 Their red swords flash in the uprisen sun.
 I rush'd among the rout to have repell'd
 That miserable flight—one moment quell'd
 By voice, and looks, and eloquent despair,
 As if reproach from their own hearts withheld
 Their steps, they stood; but soon came pouring there
 New multitudes, and did those rallied bands o'erbear.

I strove, as, drifted on some cataract
 By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive
 Who hears its fatal roar:—the files compact
 Whelm'd me, and from the gate avail'd to drive
 With quickening impulse, as each bolt did rive
 Their ranks with bloodier chasm:—into the plain
 Disgorged at length the dead and the alive,
 In one dread mass, were parted, and the stain
 Of blood from mortal steel fell o'er the fields like rain.

For now the despot's blood-hounds with their prey,
 Unarm'd and unaware, were gorging deep
 Their gluttony of death; the loose array
 Of horsemen o'er the wide fields murdering sweep,
 And with loud laughter for their tyrant reap
 A harvest sown with other hopes; the while,
 Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep
 A killing rain of fire:—when the waves smile
 As sudden earthquakes light many a volcano isle.

From The Revolt of Islam.

S P R I N G.

The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seeds
 Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rain,
 And frost, and storms, which dreary Winter leads
 Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train;
 Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
 Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings;
 Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,

And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.

Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and heaven,
Surround the world.—We are their chosen slaves.
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves?
Lo, Winter comes!—the grief of many graves,
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter's word,
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorr'd.

The seeds are sleeping in the soil: meanwhile
The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey;
Pale victims on the guarded scaffold smile
Because they cannot speak; and, day by day,
The moon of wasting Science wanes away
Among her stars, and in that darkness vast
The sons of earth to their foul idols pray,
And grey priests triumph, and like blight or blast
A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast.

This is the winter of the world;—and here
We die, even as the winds of Autumn fade,
Expiring in the frore and foggy air.—
Behold! Spring comes, though we must pass, who made
The promise of its birth,—even as the shade
Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings
The future, a broad sunrise; thus array'd
As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,
From its dark gulf of chains, Earth like an eagle springs.

From The Revolt of Islam, Canto IX.

FROM ADONAI: AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandon'd Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not

Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent, alone amid a heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng."

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Would'st thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Would'st thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

DEATH OF LIONEL.

One eve he led me to this fane :
 Daylight on its last purple cloud
 Was lingering grey, and soon her strain
 The nightingale began; now loud,
 Climbing in circles the windless sky,
 Now dying music; suddenly
 'Tis scatter'd in a thousand notes,
 And now to the hush'd ear it floats
 Like field smells known in infancy;
 Then failing, soothes the air again.
 We sate within that temple lone,
 Pavilion'd round with Parian stone:
 His mother's harp stood near, and oft
 I had awaken'd music soft
 Amid its wires: the nightingale
 Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale:
 "Now drain the cup," said Lionel,
 "Which the poet-bird has crown'd so well
 With the wine of her bright and liquid song!
 Heard'st thou not sweet words among
 That heaven-resounding minstrelsy!
 Heard'st thou not, that those who die
 Awake in a world of ecstasy?
 That love, when limbs are interwoven,
 And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,
 And thought, to the world's dim boundaries clinging,
 And music, when one beloved is singing,
 Is death? Let us drain right joyously
 The cup, which the sweet bird fills for me."

He paused, and to my lips he bent
His own: like spirit his words went
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire;
And his keen eyes, glittering through mine,
Fill'd me with the flame divine,
Which in their orbs was burning far,
Like the light of an unmeasured star,
In the sky of midnight dark and deep:
Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire
Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken;
And first, I felt my fingers sweep
The harp, and a long quivering cry
Burst from my lips in symphony:
The dusk and solid air was shaken,
As swift and swifter the notes came
From my touch, that wander'd like quick flame,
And from my bosom, labouring
With some unutterable thing:
The awful sound of my own voice made
My faint lips tremble, in some mood
Of wordless thought Lionel stood
So pale, that even beside his cheek
The snowy column from its shade
Caught whiteness: yet his countenance
Raised upward burn'd with radiance
Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,
Like the moon struggling through the night
Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break
With beams that might not be confined.
I paused, but soon his gestures kindled
New power, as by the moving wind
The waves are lifted, and my song
To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,
And from the twinkling wires among,
My languid fingers drew and flung
Circles of life-dissolving sound,
Yet faint: in æry rings they bound
My Lionel, who, as every strain
Grew fainter but more sweet, his mien
Sunk with the sound relaxedly;
And slowly now he turn'd to me,
As slowly faded from his face
That awful joy: with looks serene
He was soon drawn to my embrace,
And my wild song then died away
In murmurs: words, I dare not say
We mix'd, and on his lips mine fed

Till they methought felt still and cold :
 " What is it with thee, love ? " I said ;
 No word, no look, no motion ! yes,
 There was a change, but spare to guess,
 Nor let that moment's hope be told.
 I look'd, and knew that he was dead,
 And fell, as the eagle on the plain
 Falls when life deserts her brain,
 And the mortal lightning is veil'd again.

From Rosalind and Helen.

RESTORATION OF GREECE.

SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope,
 Like the shapes of a dream,
 What Paradise islands of glory gleam
 Beneath heaven's cope !
 Their shadows more clear float by—
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
 The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
 Burst like morning on dreams, or like heaven on death,
 Through the walls of our prison ;
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen !

CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return ;
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn :
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
 A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far ;
 A new Peneus rolls its fountains
 Against the morning star.
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads, on a sunnier deep ;
 A loftier Argos cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize ;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be!
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free;
 Although a subtle sphynx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew,
 Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime;
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,
 All earth can take or heaven can give.
 Saturn and love their long repose
 Shall burst, more wise and good
 Than all who fell, than one who rose,
 Than many unwitstood—
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But native tears, and symbol flowers.
 O cease! must hate and death return!
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past—
 O might it die or rest at last!

From Hellas.

THE FUGITIVES.

The waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing—
 Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minster bells ringing—
 Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion:
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away!

“ Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now,”
 Shouted he—

And she cried, “ Ply the oar!
 Put off gaily from shore!”
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mix'd with hail speck'd their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
 The blue beacon cloud broke,
 And though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flash'd fast
 From the lee.

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
 And drive we not free,
 O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou?”

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low;—

While around the lash'd ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shatter'd, and shifted,
 To and fro.

In the court of the fortress,
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a blood-hound well beaten,
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
 As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the grey tyrant father,
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
 As ere clung to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest, and last
 Of his name.

THE AZIOLA.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
 Methinks she must be nigh,"
 Said Mary, as we sate
 In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
 And I, who thought
 This Aziola was some tedious woman,
 Ask'd, "Who is Aziola?" how elate
 I felt to know that it was nothing human,
 No mockery of myself to fear or hate!
 And Mary saw my soul,
 And laugh'd and said, "Disquiet yourself not,
 'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."
 Sad Aziola! many an eventide
 Thy music I had heard
 By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
 And fields and marshes wide,—
 Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
 The soul ever stirr'd;
 Unlike, and far sweeter than them all:
 Sad Aziola! from that moment I
 Loved thee and thy sad cry.

SONG OF THE ECHOES.

Echoes we: listen!
 We cannot stay:
 As dew-stars glisten
 Then fade away—
 Child of Ocean!

O follow, follow,
 As our voice recedeth
 Through the caverns hollow,
 Where the forest spreadeth;

(More distant.)

O, follow, follow!
 Through the caverns hollow,
 As the song floats, thou pursue,
 Where the wild bee never flew,
 Through the noon-tide darkness deep,
 By the odour-breathing sleep

Of faint night-flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves,
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently falling feet,
Child of Ocean!

In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken,
Child of Ocean!

O, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noon-tide dew;
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,
Through the many-folded mountains;
To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,
Where the Earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when he and thou
Parted, to commingle now,
Child of Ocean!

From Prometheus Unbound.



ADDRESS TO VENICE.

Sea-girt city! thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne among the waves
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace-gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar,
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aerial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourish'd worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murder'd, and now mouldering:
 But if Freedom should awake
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chain'd like thee, ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,

Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they,
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away,
 Earth can spare ye; while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring
 With more kindly blossoming.

From Lines written among the Euganean Hills.

THE LADY AND THE FLOWER GARDEN.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
 Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
 I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
 From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
 On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
 And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
 She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
 And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;
 If the flowers had been her own infants, she
 Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
 And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
 She bore in her basket of Indian woof,
 Into the rough woods far aloof:

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
 The freshest her gentle hands could pull
 For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
 Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
 Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
 The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
 Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
 Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
 She left clinging round the smooth and dark
 Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
 Thus moved through the garden ministering
 All the sweet season of summer tide,
 And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died!

From The Sensitive Plant.

MUTABILITY.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
 Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
 Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
 Give various response to each varying blast,
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
 We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
 We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh or weep;
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
 The path of its departure still is free:
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
 Nought may endure but Mutability.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

THIS poet, like Bloomfield, whom he most nearly resembles, was born to an inheritance of poverty and hardship; and without the benefits of education, was obliged to struggle into notice, amidst difficulties under which multitudes possessed of equal natural capacities are never heard of—except, perhaps, as “village Hampdens,” or “mute inglorious Miltons.” Clare was born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in 1793; and in early age he learned to read by exhausting his strength in extra tasks, to procure the necessary pittance for the schoolmaster. After this, a carefully hoarded shilling procured him a copy of Thomson’s *Seasons*, and such was the inspiration he derived from the perusal of this work, that he composed verses without being able to purchase paper to transcribe them. In this manner he struggled onward in a career of humble and laborious toil, which was cheered by the visitations of the Muse, until his poems were published in a volume, which was received with such acceptance, that it went through several editions. Encouraged by the success of this attempt, several other volumes succeeded at intervals; but the nine days’ wonder had ceased, and the public no longer felt interested in the lowly peasant of Northamptonshire, so that these works scarcely paid the expenses of publication. And yet, while his productions in their intrinsic merits are worthy of a high place in every collection of British Poetry, they are truly wonderful when we consider the circumstances under which they originated. Clare still continues in his original poverty, as a tiller of the ground, notwithstanding all that he has so worthily accomplished for a better destiny.

WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

The sun is creeping out of sight
 Behind the woods—whilst running night
 Hastens to shut the day’s dull eye,
 And grizzle o’er the chilly sky.
 Now maidens, fresh as summer roses,
 Journeying from the distant closes,
 Haste home with yokes and swinging pail:
 The thresher, too, sets by his flail,
 And leaves the mice at peace again
 To fill their holes with stolen grain;
 Whilst owlets, glad his toils are o’er,
 Swoop by him as he shuts the door.

Bearing his hook beneath his arm,
 The shepherd seeks the cottage warm;
 And, weary in the cold to roam,
 Scenting the track that leads him home,
 His dog goes swifter o’er the mead,
 Barking to urge his master’s speed;
 Then turns, and looks him in the face,
 And trots before with mending pace,
 Till, out of whistle from the swain,
 He sits him down and barks again,
 Anxious to greet the open’d door,
 And meet the cottage-fire once more.

The shutter closed, the lamp alight,
 The faggot chopt and blazing bright—
 The shepherd now, from labour free,
 Dances his children on his knee;
 While, underneath his master's seat,
 The tired dog lies in slumber sweet,
 Starting and whimpering in his sleep,
 Chasing still the straying sheep.
 The cat's roll'd round in vacant chair,
 Or leaping children's knees to lair—
 Or purring on the warmer hearth
 Sweet chorus to the cricket's mirth.

From January—Shepherd's Calendar.

EXPLODED FICTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh! Spirit of the days gone by—
 Sweet childhood's fearful ecstasy!
 The witching spells of winter nights,
 Where are they fled with their delights?
 When listening on the corner seat,
 The winter evening's length to cheat,
 I heard my mother's memory tell
 Tales Superstition loves so well:—
 Things said or sung a thousand times,
 In simple prose or simpler rhymes!
 Ah! where is page of poesy
 So sweet as this was wont to be?
 The magic wonders that deceived,
 When fictions were as truths believed;
 The fairy feats that once prevail'd,
 Told to delight, and never fail'd;
 Where are they now, their fears and sighs,
 And tears from founts of happy eyes?
 I read in books, but find them not,
 For poesy hath its youth forgot;
 I hear them told to children still,
 But fear numbs not my spirits chill:
 I still see faces pale with dread,
 While mine could laugh at what is said;
 See tears imagined woes supply,
 While mine with real cares are dry.
 Where are they gone?—the joys and fears,
 The links, the life, of other years?

I thought they twined around my heart
So close, that we could never part;
But Reason, like a winter's day,
Nipp'd childhood's visions all away,
Nor left behind one withering flower
To cherish in a lonely hour.
Memory may yet the themes repeat,
But childhood's heart hath ceased to beat
At tales, which Reason's sterner lore
Turns like weak gossips from her door:
The magic fountain, where the head
Rose up, just as the startled maid
Was stooping from the weedy brink
To dip her pitcher in to drink,
That did its half-hid mystery tell
To smooth its hair, and use it well;
Which, doing as it bade her do,
Turn'd to a king and lover too.
The tale of Cinderella, told
The winter through, and never old:
The pumpkin that, at her approach,
Was turn'd into a golden coach;
The rats that fairies' magic knew,
And instantly to horses grew;
The coachmen ready at her call,
To drive her to the prince's ball,
With fur-changed jackets silver lined,
And tails hung 'neath their hats behind;
The golden glove, with fingers small,
She lost while dancing in the hall,
That was on every finger tried,
And fitted hers, and none beside,
When Cinderella, soon as seen,
Was woo'd and won, and made a Queen.
The boy that did the giant slay,
And gave his mother's cows away
For magic mask, that day or night,
When on, would keep him out of sight.
The running bean—not such as weaves
Round poles the height of cottage eaves,
But magic one—that travell'd high
Some steeple's journey up the sky,
And reach'd a giant's dwelling there,
A cloud-built castle in the air:
Where, venturing up the fearful height,
That served him climbing half the night,

He search'd the giant's coffers o'er,
 And never wanted riches more;
 While, like a lion scenting food,
 The giant roar'd, in hungry mood,
 A storm of threats that might suffice
 To freeze the hottest blood to ice.

I hear it now, nor dream of woes;
 The storm is settled to repose.
 Those fears are dead!—What will not die
 In fading life's mortality?
 Those truths have fled, and left behind
 A real world and doubting mind.

From January—Shepherd's Calendar.

DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

Often, at early seasons, mild and fair
 March bids farewell, with garlands in her hair
 Of hazel tassels, woodbine's bushy sprout,
 And sloe and wild-plum blossoms peeping out
 In thick-set knots of flowers, preparing gay,
 For April's reign, a mockery of May.
 The old dame then oft stills her humming wheel—
 When the bright sun-beams through the windows steal
 And gleam upon her face, and dancing fall
 In diamond shadows on the pictured wall;
 While the white butterfly, as in amaze,
 Will settle on the glossy glass to gaze—
 And smiling, glad to see such things once more,
 Up she will get and totter to the door,
 And look upon the trees beneath the eaves—
 Sweetbriar and lad's-love—swelling into leaves;
 And, stooping down, cull from her garden beds
 The early blossoms perking out their heads,
 In flower-pots on the window-board to stand,
 Where the old hour-glass spins its thread of sand.
 And while the passing clown remarks, with pride,
 Days lengthen in their visits a “cock's stride,”
 She cleans her candlesticks and sets them by,
 Glad of the make-shift light that eves supply!

POESY.

Oh! I have been thy lover long,
Soul-soothing Poesy;
If 'twas not thou inspired the song,
I still owe much to thee:
And still I feel the cheering balm
Thy heavenly smiles supply,
That keeps my struggling bosom calm
When life's rude storms are high.

Oh! in that sweet romance of life
I loved thee, when a boy,
And ever felt thy gentle strife
Awake each little joy:
To thee was urged each nameless song,
Soul-soothing Poesy;
And as my hopes wax'd warm and strong,
My love was more for thee.

'Twas thou and nature bound, and smiled,
Rude garlands round my brow—
Those dreams that pleased me when a child,
Those hopes that warm me now.
Each year with brighter blooms return'd,
Gay visions danced along,
And, at the sight, my bosom burn'd,
And kindled into song.

Springs came not, as they yearly come
To low and vulgar eyes,
With here and there a flower in bloom,
Green trees, and brighter skies:
Thy fancies flush'd my boyish sight,
And gilt its earliest hours;
And Spring came wrapt in beauty's light,
An angel dropping flowers.

Oh! I have been thy lover long,
Soul-soothing Poesy,
And sung to thee each simple song,
With witching ecstacy,
Of flowers, and things that c'aim'd from thee
Of life an equal share,
And whisper'd soft their tales to me
Of pleasure or of care.

With thee, life's errand all perform,
And feel its joy and pain;
Flowers shrink, like me, from blighting storm,
And hope for suns again:
The bladed grass, the flower, the leaf,
Companions seem to be,
That tell their joys of joy and grief,
And think and feel with me.

A spirit speaks in every wind,
And gives the storm its wings;
With thee all nature owns a mind,
And stones are living things;
The simplest weed the Summer gives
Smiles on her as a mother,
And, through the little day it lives,
Owns sister, friend, and brother.

Oh! Poesy, thou heavenly flower,
Though mine a weed may be,
Life feels a sympathising power,
And wakes inspired with thee;
Thy glowing soul's enraptured dreams
To all a beauty give,
While thy impassion'd warmth esteems
The meanest things that live.

Objects of water, earth, or air,
Are pleasing to thy sight;
All live thy sunny smiles to share,
Increasing thy delight;
All nature in thy presence lives
With new creative claims,
And life to all thy fancy gives
That were but shades and names.

Though cheering praise and cold disdain
My humble songs have met,
To visit thee I can't refrain,
Or cease to know thee yet;
Though simple weeds are all I bring,
Soul-soothing Poesy,
They share the sunny smiles of Spring,
Nor are they scorn'd by thee.

This highly distinguished authoress in an age of illustrious women, was born at Liverpool, in 1794. Her maiden name was Felicia Dorothea Brown. Her father was a native of Ireland, and her mother of Germany, but descended of Venetian ancestry, and to this latter circumstance Mrs. Hemans sometimes playfully referred, as the source of her enthusiasm for poetry and romance. She married at an early age, and became the mother of five sons; but the union was not a happy one, and a voluntary separation from her husband was the consequence.

Mrs. Hemans, from a very early period of her life, had been an indefatigable scholar; her mind was richly stored with classical images and associations, and a thorough knowledge of the principles of taste. On this account, her earliest compositions exhibited a devotedness to what might be called the Classical School, in which it was thought by her critical friends that she sacrificed too much to fastidiousness of selection, and uniformity and correctness of rhythm and style. But in consequence of her subsequent enthusiasm for Spanish and German literature, and her admiration of the writings of Wordsworth, a change was perceptible in the spirit of her poetry and the style of her versification, the one exhibiting more originality, energy, and freedom, and the other, less polish and studied richness. Thus her *Modern Greece*, *Wallace*, *Dartmore*, *Sceptic*, *Historic Scenes*, and subsequent productions, up to the publication of *The Forest Sanctuary*, evince an exclusive devotedness to classical models, while the last-mentioned work, *The Records of Women*, *Scenes* and *Hymns of Life*, and all her following poems, show the superinduced spirit which she had imbibed from the great masters of Spain and Germany.

As Mrs. Hemans had been distinguished for early application to study, and precociousness of intellectual powers, her career of authorship commenced at the age of thirteen, after which the rich treasures of her genius were showered upon the public with a liberality and constancy that seemed to preclude the necessary efforts of careful study and correction. But a single glance at any of her numerous works would at once preclude this suspicion. Stored though her mind was with the knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and information derived from extensive reading and habits of observation, her writings exhibited only a part of these distinguished acquirements. It was not enough that she *knew* the subject upon which she wished to exercise her pen: she required also that inspiration which can only arise from the love of it, and thus every theme which she treated became impressed with the characteristics of her own mind, and was the outpouring of her own individual emotions. And who that considers the felicity of her expressions, and rich music of her numbers, would imagine that these could have been the fruits of haste or carelessness?

In consequence of the talents which Mrs. Hemans had indicated in her numerous productions, the most distinguished literary characters of the day sought her acquaintanceship, among whom occur the dissimilar names of Bishop Heber, Shelley, and Sir Walter Scott. A whole host of imitators also started up, not only in England, but America, who, without her genius and endowments, endeavoured to imitate her singularly beautiful style of writing—and we need scarcely add, without success. But notwithstanding her great and continually growing celebrity, no lady, however obscure, and diffident of her own merits, could have been more retired in society. In company, she was reserved and silent, shunning the honours which were courting her acceptance, as well as those opportunities of procuring admiration by the display of her conversational powers, with which she was so eminently endowed. So great was her sensitiveness upon this point, that she never would visit London after her name had acquired the highest celebrity, but preferred the seclusion of her obscure residence at St. Asaph's, in North Wales, or the neighbourhood of Liverpool. During the latter years of her life, she had suffered much from a delicate state of health; and she died in Dublin, on the 16th of May, 1835, tranquillized and cheered in her last moments by those devotional principles which breathe such a celestial spirit over the charms of her poetry.



HEMANS.

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
 When but his Father's eye
 Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony;
 The Lord of All above, beneath,
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow HIM!
 That He who gave man's breath, might know
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all, the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gather'd round his head;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread;
 It pass'd not—though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead:
 But there was sent him from on high,
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark narrow way?
 Thro' Him—thro' Him, that path who trod—
 Save, or we perish, Son of God!

From Scenes and Hymns of Life.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land.
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours!
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn;
 All other sounds, in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd
 To guard each hallow'd wall!
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God!

RUTH.

The plume-like swaying of the auburn corn,
 By soft winds to a dreamy motion fann'd,
 Still brings me back thine image—Oh! forlorn,
 Yet not forsaken, Ruth!—I see thee stand
 Lone, midst the gladness of the harvest band—
 Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's foam,
 Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father land
 Smiles far away! yet to the sense of home,
 That finest, purest, which can recognise
 Home in affection's glance, for ever true
 Beats thy calm heart; and if thy gentle eyes
 Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not to rue
 Those words, immortal in their deep Love's tone,
 "*Thy people and thy God shall be mine own!*"

From Female Characters of Scripture.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.
And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.
For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustom'd joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.
His wife stood hush'd before him—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd-up flowers a glance of joy,
And met his father's face; but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.
Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and, with a pleading look
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou should'st turn thee from our love away?
"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh, cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,
 But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
 Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place
 Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering hand.
 "Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high
 The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
 And their free torrents; for the days are come
 When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
 And meets the shepherd in his mountain home.
 Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
 Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been
 Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
 Under my household tree, if not serene,
 Yet with the faces best beloved in sight:
 To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
 How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
 Back on the linden stem she lean'd her form,
 And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,
 Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
 'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
 And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
 With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
 Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
 And timid in her happiness the while,
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
 And took her fair child to her holy breast,
 And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
 As it found language:—"Are we thus oppress'd?
 Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
 And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou would'st do:—and be it done!
 Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
 Trust me to Heaven, my husband! this, thy son,
 The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
 And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
 May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

“Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;
And tell in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me:—I can pray!”

He sprang up like a warrior youth awaking
To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair,
And “Worthy art thou,” was his joyous cry,
“That man for thee should gird himself to die.

“My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps:—Farewell!”

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

From Records of Woman.

SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Oh! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love!
Mine still to be!
I bore through death, to brighter lands above,
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our mingled prayer,
Our suffering love, through long devoted years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried—
It was not vain!
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,
I watch again.

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,
I am not gone;
In the deep calm of midnight's whispering hours,
Thou art not lone:

Not lone, when by the haunted stream thou weepest,
That stream, whose tone
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest,
We two have known:

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking
Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
Silent and fast:

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning
Thy dreamy glance,
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are burning
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and around thee,
Where'er thou art;
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound thee,
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken—
Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft our being waken—
They are of heaven!

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Weeper! to thee how bright a morn was given,
After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high voice which burial rocks had riven,
Thrill'd with immortal tones the silent air!
Never did clarion's royal blast declare
Such tale of victory to a breathless crowd,
As the deep sweetness of *one* word could bear
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman! bow'd
By strong affection's anguish!—one low word—
“*Mary!*”—and all the triumph wrung from death
Was thus reveal'd! and thou, that so hadst err'd,
So wept, and been forgiven, in trembling faith
Didst cast thee down before th' all-conquering Son,
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears and love had won!

From Female Characters of Scripture.



THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
 When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
 Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
 Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
 She led him; and her silent soul, the while,
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was her's,
 To bring before her God!

So pass'd they on,
 O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
 Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
 With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
 Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
 That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
 Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
 Making its banks green gems along the wild,
 There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
 Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
 The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
 Her bosom, as before her, through the day
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
 In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
 Beseechingly to her's, and, half in fear,
 Turn'd from the white-robed priest; and round her arm
 Clung, even as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
 Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas!” she cried,

“Alas! my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
 And now fond thoughts arise,
 And silver cords again to earth have won me,
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
 How shall I hence depart?—

“How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

“And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill?

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shall meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn!
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake!

“And thou,—will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

“What have I said, my child?—will He not hear thee
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

“I give thee to thy God! the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

“Therefore, farewell!—I go! my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!”

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
 Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
 Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—Those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 —But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown,
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

DEATH-SONG OF THE SWAN.

“Summer, I depart!
O light and laughing summer, fare thee well!
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

And fare ye well, young flowers!
Ye will not mourn; ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill,
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

And ye, bright founts, that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
—Sweet waters! I must die.

Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines?—one murmur low?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone?

No, ever glad and free!
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell,
Waves, joyous waves, flow on, and fare ye well!
Ye will not mourn for me.

But *thou*, sweet boon, too late
Pour'd on my parting breath, vain gift of song!
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate?

Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies!
O life and love, farewell!”

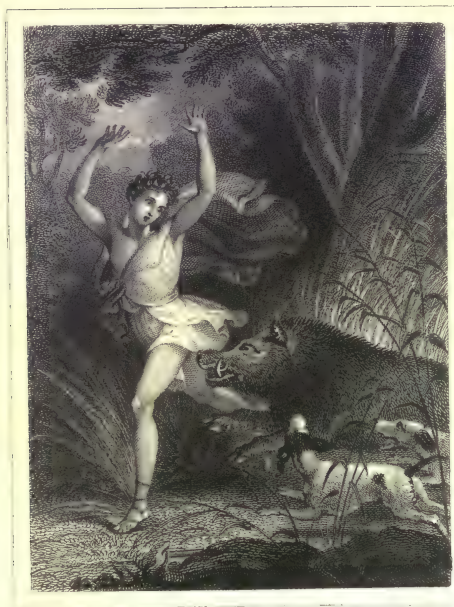
From National Lyrics.

THIS amiable young man, who gave such high promises of excellence which he was not permitted to realize, was of humble origin, being the son of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, where he was born on the 29th of October, 1796. He received a classical education at Enfield, after which he was apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon, at Edmonton. As he inherited, however, a small independence, he soon quitted this uncongenial occupation, and devoted himself exclusively to study and poetry. The young poet was of a sickly constitution and extreme sensibility, so that the aliment by which his mind was nourished into precocious vigour, contained also the seeds of premature decay and death. He was indeed a creature all impulse and feeling, who glowed, trembled, or wept, in the extreme, according as the mood predominated.

In consequence of Keats's enthusiasm for poetry, he obtained through Mr. Clarke, the son of his schoolmaster, an introduction to Leigh Hunt—but perhaps he would have been more fortunate if he had found a director possessed of a colder heart, and a sterner system of criticism. As it was, Hunt received the young aspirant with enthusiasm, and the latter copied in return the peculiarities of his Mentor to exaggeration—even to caricature. Mr. Hunt introduced Keats to public notice as a poet, in *The Examiner*, in 1817, and this was enough to whet the attention of political criticism, and prepare every literary Tory for the onset. In his affectionate Cicerone, however, Keats found an able defender and steady friend, so that while one party vehemently opposed, another as fervently advocated, the claims of the youthful author. The next publication of Keats was *Endymion*, a work overflowing with poetical richness—but by how much it surpassed his first production, was the increased malignity of criticism. It is painful also to mention upon this head, that the editor of *The Quarterly Review*, himself a person who had been raised from humble unnoticed youth to patronage and eminence, forgot the mercy he had received from others in the truculent bitterness with which he anatomized the work, and the fierce condemnation which he pronounced upon it. It is said, that he had expressed his intention to denounce the *Endymion* even before he saw it. It unfortunately happened also that Keats, in his peculiarities of style and expression, had laid himself too open to ridicule—but it should have been remembered that these were only the faults of a young mind, which a few years would have corrected; and that they were nobly redeemed by qualities of the highest promise, and which it was their duty, as it might afterwards have been their boast, to have cherished. The poetical soil was surpassingly rich, and was therefore well worth weeding; but instead of this, it was sown with salt, and trodden under foot.

By this time, the naturally delicate constitution of the young poet showed symptoms of consumption, and the languor and pain of disease were embittered by the malignity he had experienced. A milder climate was judged necessary for his health, and Keats left England for Italy in 1820. But, as in most cases of this nature, the remedy was tried too late, for he expired at Rome on the 24th of February, in the following year. Even his anticipations of death were poetical, for he declared, during the last stages of his decline, that he already felt the daisies growing over him. His remains were deposited in the cemetery of the Protestants at Rome, at the foot of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, near the Porta San Paolo, where a tomb has been raised to his memory bearing the following inscription:

This Grave
contains all that was mortal
of a
Young English Poet,
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his Enemies,
desired
these words to be engraved on his tombstone—
HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.
Feb. 24, 1821.



H. Gorbould.

W. Fawcett.

K E A T S.

ADONIS.

I need not any hearing tire,
 By telling how the sea-born goddess pined
 For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
 Him all in all unto her doting self.
 Who would not be so prison'd? but, fond elf,
 He was content to let her amorous plea
 Faint through his careless arms; content to see
 An unseized heaven dying at his feet;
 Content, O fool! to make a cold retreat,
 When on the pleasant grass such love, love-lorn,
 Lay sorrowing; when every tear was born
 Of diverse passion; when her lips and eyes
 Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
 Came vex'd and pettish through her nostrils small.

Hush! no exclaim—yet, justly might'st thou call
 Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
 But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
 When the boar tusk'd him: so away she flew
 To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
 Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard;
 Whereon, it was decreed he should be rear'd
 Each summer-time to life. Lo! this is he,
 That same Adonis, safe in the privacy
 Of this still region all his winter-sleep.
 Ay, sleep; for when our love-sick queen did weep
 Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
 Heal'd up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
 Medicin'd death to a lengthen'd drowsiness:
 The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
 In all this quiet luxury; and hath set
 Us young immortals, without any let,
 To watch his slumber through. 'Tis well nigh pass'd,
 Even to a moment's filling up, and fast
 She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through
 The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
 Embower'd sports in Cytherea's isle.

From Endymion.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
 Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
 And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
 In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
 The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
 By thy love's milky brow!
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
 Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,

What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
 Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
 Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
 Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
 Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppi'd corn;
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
 All its completions—be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
 For willing service; whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
 Or upward ragged precipices flit
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
 And gather up all fancifullest shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the crown
 With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king!

O Hearer to the loud-clapping shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild boars routing tender corn
 Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
 To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
 That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
 And wither drearily on barren moors:
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their vows
 With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge

Conception to the very bourn of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
 That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
 Be still a symbol of immensity;
 A firmament reflected in a sea;
 An element filling the space between;
 An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
 Upon thy Mount Lycean!

From Endymion.

SOVEREIGNTY OF LOVE

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
 All records, saving thine, come cool and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed years:
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
 Into some backward corner of the brain;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory;
 Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
 To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
 And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.
 But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
 The gluttoned Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
 Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning

Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires.

From Endymion.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirtl .
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath.
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy land forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fated to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

TO HOPE.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
 And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
 When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
 And the bare heath of life presents no bloom:
 Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander at the fall of night,
 Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
 Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
 And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
 Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
 And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
 Strive for her son to seize my careless heart
 When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
 Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
 Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
 And fright him, as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
 Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
 O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
 Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
 Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
 From cruel parents, or relentless fair,
 O let me think it is not quite in vain
 To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!
 Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
 Let me not see our country's honour fade!
 O let me see our land retain her soul!
 Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.
 From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—
 Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
 Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!
 With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
 Bowing her head, and ready to expire:
 But let me see thee stoop from Heaven on wings
 That fill the skies with silver glitterings!

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
 Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar:
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
 Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

DESCRIPTION OF A KNIGHT.

Amid the pages, and the torches' glare,
 There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair
 Of his proud horse's mane: he was withal
 A man of elegance, and stature tall:
 So that the waving of his plumes would be
 High as the berries of a wild ash tree,
 Or as the winged cap of Mercury.
 His armour was so dexterously wrought
 In shape, that sure no living man had thought
 It hard and heavy steel: but that indeed
 It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
 In which a spirit new come from the skies
 Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
 'Tis the far-famed, the brave Sir Gondibert,
 Said the good man to Calidore alert:
 While the young warrior with a step of grace
 Came up,—a courtly smile upon his face,
 And mailed hand held out, ready to greet
 The large-eyed wonder, and ambitious heat

Of the aspiring boy; who as he led
 Those smiling ladies, often turn'd his head
 To admire the visor arch'd so gracefully
 Over a knightly brow; while they went by
 The lamps that from the high-roof'd hall were pendent,
 And gave the steel a shining quite transcendent.

From Calidore.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF VERSES FROM SOME LADIES.

Hast thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem
 Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountain?
 Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
 When it flutters in sun-beams that shine through a
 fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
 That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
 And splendidly mark'd with the story divine
 Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
 Hast thou a sword that thine enemy's smart is?
 Hast thou a trumpet rich melodies blowing?
 And wear'st thou the shield of the famed Britomartis?

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder so brave,
 Embroider'd with many a spring-peering flower?
 Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave?
 And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art
 crown'd;
 Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
 I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
 In magical powers to bless and to soothe.

On this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
 A sun-beaming tale of a wreath, and a chain:
 And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
 Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

This canopy mark: 'tis the work of a fay;
 Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
 When lovely Titania was far, far away,
 And cruelly left him to sorrow and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft-sighing lute
 Wild strains to which, spell-bound, the nightingales
 listen'd!

The wondering spirits of Heaven were mute,
 And tears 'mong the dew-drops of morning oft glisten'd.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
 Soft, plaintive, and melting, for ever will sigh;
 Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change,
 Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die

So when I am in a voluptuous vein,
 I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
 And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
 Till its echoes depart; then I sink to repose.

Adieu! valiant Eric! with joy thou art crown'd,
 Full many the glories that brighten thy youth,
 I too have my blisses, which richly abound
 In magical powers to bless, and to soothe.

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity:
 The north cannot undo them,
 With a sleety whistle through them;
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look;
 But with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting
 About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy!
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passed joy?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbed sense to steel it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

THIS eloquent divine and talented scholar was born in Ireland, towards the close of the last century, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin. His diligence at this distinguished seat of science and literature, and the acquirements which he made, especially in classical learning, have been fully attested in the numerous works which he has already given to the world. His views from the first were directed to the Church, and after having obtained in succession the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to the charge of a parish in the diocese of Meath. It was a place congenial to meditation, and furnished with that rich scenery which was calculated to nourish a love of the beautiful and picturesque, and here he resided for several years, wholly occupied with study, and his clerical duties. He then visited London at the time when public enthusiasm was at the height about the spirit-stirring events of the war in Spain, and Croly, who shared in the general impulse, resolved to repair to that country in person, and be a spectator of those achievements—as a preliminary to which he acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language; but on the peace of 1815, by which Europe was laid open to England, he directed his course to Germany, and fixed his principal residence at Hamburgh. In the same year he went to Paris, and there his mind dwelt among those memorials of gigantic deeds which it was so well fitted to brood over and contemplate—the relics of the Revolution, and its wars and changes, in the convulsion of which, Napoleon, its mighty offspring, was dethroned. On his return to England, and while these images were still fresh upon his mind, he produced his first poetical work, entitled, *Paris in 1815*, to which a second part was afterwards added. His character was at once established as a great poet, which encouraged him to persevere, so that he has since produced his *Tragedy of Catiline*, *The Angel of the World*, *Gems from the Antique*, and numerous fugitive poems, all impressed with the characteristics of the highest genius. Besides these, he has also distinguished himself as a prose writer of fiction of the highest order, of which his *Salathiel*, and *Tales of the Great Saint Bernard*, are a sufficient proof. Amidst these literary labours, his attention to his clerical duties and theological study was still paramount, and he produced several theological works of eminent merit, consisting chiefly of expositions of the Apocalypse; and in consequence of his views on these subjects, he has often been erroneously mistaken by the public for a mere follower of Edward Irving, and the modern Millenarians. Nothing can be more absurd. The early poetry of Croly abounds with his latest views upon the subject, and were given to the world long before Hatton Garden had heard a single note of the northern orator. He had studied the expositors of the early ages of the church for himself, and thus applied at the fountain-head, instead of lingering by any modern stream; and whatever may be thought of his soundness as an interpreter of St. John and the prophets, all parties of Christians must agree in the learning, the ingenuity, and the eloquence, with which they are unfolded, and the holiness of life which they are designed to inculcate. The *Battle of Armageddon*, the personal Reign of Christ during a Thousand Years upon Earth, and the Restoration of Zion, are congenial subjects of grandeur and beauty, among which his spirit loves to dwell, and his sermons upon these transcendent themes are fraught with all the eloquence and inspiration of poetry.

While the clerical and literary labours of the divine and poet have been thus so conspicuous, they have not been wholly allowed to pass without those marks of distinction to which they were so justly entitled. His own University bestowed on him unsolicited the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and although his politics were uncompromisingly opposed to the ruling order of things, Lord Brougham, on being raised to the Chancellorship in 1831, gave him one of the livings in the gift of the Crown. In 1835, Lord Lyndhurst presented him to the Rectory of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in which he still remains.

The poetry of Croly bears a considerable resemblance both in character and style to that of Milman. Grandeur and majesty, rather than tenderness or depth of feeling, are its prevailing characteristics; and therefore he excels in description, and chiefly in that of supernatural objects. He is thus eminently fitted for the high office of a religious poet, so that his sacred pieces are among the noblest specimens of lyrical poetry of which the present age can boast.



W. P. L. 1840

CROLY.

EVENING'S DAUGHTERS.

Come, evening gale! the crimson rose
Is drooping for thy sigh of dew,
The hyacinth woos thy kiss to close
In slumber sweet its eye of blue.

Shine, evening star! the valley-stream
Hath lost the tinges of the sun,
And lingers for thy pearly beam,
To tell its bosom day is done.

Rise, evening moon! thy holy ray
To emblem heavenly hours is given,
When earth shall on our eye decay,
And all our path, like thine, be heaven.

CATILINE'S VISION.

CETHEGUS.

Take this,— [To CATILINE.
'Twas thrust into my hand when I was brought
Before the Senate.

CATILINE.

(*Reads*) "Be firm; we are your friends, and friends
to Catiline.

Signed CRASSUS and CÆSAR."

[*With frantic exultation*

Then Rome is ours! These names are victory!—
This dungeon's hot.—What time is 't o' the night?—
The Senate's pillows shall be red by morn!
Away now with the scabbard! War's let loose!
My stirrup shall give law;—I'll have all Rome
Kissing the dust before my horse's hoof.—
Revenge! swift, full, and bloody!—(To VALERIUS) Sir,
your hand!

VALERIUS.

Your touch is fever.

CATILINE (*to the rest*)

Hunt the city through:

Summon our friends!—Tell them the time *is* come,
That they have long'd for!—That I'm roused at last!
Break up their banquets,—shake them from their beds.—
Torches and swords!—We'll storm the Capitol?

[*He looks at the list.*

What characters are these, thus writ with flame?—

[*He turns away, musing.*

To smite the proud accuser in the teeth,—
Strip pale Hypocrisy, and show the world
The heart within its cloak,—teach Scorn to weep,—
Trample the trampler,—in the zealot's face
Fling his own brand,—root out the slanderer's tongue!—
Does not the chamber shake?—Look there—look there!

[*Tottering, and pointing to the ground.*

VALERIUS (*supporting him.*)

His trouble has exhausted him.

CETHEGUS (*assisting.*)

He faints.

CATILINE (*starting up, and still pointing to the ground.*)
Do you see nothing?

CETHEGUS.

Take him to the gate.

CATILINE.

No grave?—no giant form, laid at its length?
Look—look—it rises—Marius in his mail!—

[*As to a vision*

Thou mightiest and most awful summoner!
Death's majesty,—life's terror,—that hast come,
Passing the gates that none can see and live!
Is not thy visitation gracious?—Hark!
He groans,—and, with a fearful heaviness,
His eye is cast upon the earth:—but speak!—
Great spectre, Demi-god!—I *know* thou'rt come,
To give our lingering swords the lightning's edge,
And put a soul in our too nerveless flesh,
Fit for Rome's final slaughter!—Answer me!—
He will not speak!—Then, Demon! by thy bed
In burning hell, what wrath of fate is theirs,
Who war against their country?—See! he frowns,—
His eye grows meteor-like,—he rends his mail,—
And, with his dagger, stabs his naked breast!

[*He falls into their arms.*

VALERIUS.

Bear him away,—in mercy!

CATILINE (*bursting from them, as following the vision*)
He rises, darkening all the air!—He's gone!

[*He falls,—the Scene closes.*

From Catiline.

A PARISIAN FAUXBOURG.

'Tis light and air again: and lo! the Seine,
Yon boasted, lazy, livid, fetid drain!
With paper booths, and painted trees o'erlaid,
Baths, blankets, wash-tubs, women, all but trade.
Yet here are living beings, and the soil
Breeds its old growth of ribaldry and broil.
A whirl of mire, the dingy cabriolet
Makes the quick transit through the crowded way;
On spurs the courier, creaks the crazy wain,
Dragg'd through its central gulf of mud and stain;
Around our way-laid wheels the paupers crowd,
Naked, contagious, cringing, and yet proud.
The whole a mass of folly, filth, and strife,
Of heated, rank, corrupting, reptile life;
And, endless as their oozy Tide, the throng
Roll on with endless clamour, curse, and song.

Fit for such tenants, lour on either side
 The hovels where the gang less live than hide;
 Story on story, savage stone on stone,
 Time-shatter'd, tempest-stain'd, not built, but thrown.
 Sole empress of the portal, in full blow,
 The rouged grisette lays out her trade below,
 Ev'n in her rags a thing of wit and wile,
 Eye, hand, lip, tongue, all point, and press, and smile.
 Close by, in patch and print, the pedlar's stall
 Flutters its looser glories up the wall.
 Spot of corruption! where the rabble rude
 Loiter round tinsel tomes, and figures nude;
 Voltaire, and Lais, long alternate eyed,
 Till both the leper's soul and sous divide.
 Above, 'tis desert, save where sight is scared
 With the wild visage through the casement barr'd;
 Or, swinging from their pole, chemise and sheet
 Drip from the attic o'er the fuming street.

From Paris in 1815.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,—
 A storm was on the sky;
 The lightning gave its light,
 And the thunder echo'd by.

 The torrent swept the glen,
 The ocean lash'd the shore;
 Then rose the Spartan men,
 To make their bed in gore.

 Swift from the deluged ground
 Three hundred took the shield;
 Then, in silence gather'd round
 The Leader of the field.

 He spoke no warrior-word,
 He bade no trumpet blow;
 But the signal-thunder roar'd,
 And they rush'd upon the foe.

 The fiery element
 Show'd with one mighty gleam,
 Rampart, and flag, and tent,
 Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide,
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan:
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill;
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
Where the fiery torrent roll'd,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there;
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreath'd lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Cæta's twilight brow;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high,—
Then hand in hand, they drank
“To Immortality!”

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They gather'd round the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

Their King sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their Pæan loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old!
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

THE STARS.

Ye stars! bright legions that, before all time,
 Camp'd on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
 Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
 Who bade thro' heaven your golden chariots wheel?
 Yet who earthborn can see your hosts, nor feel
 Immortal impulses—Eternity?
 What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
 With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
 See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie?

For ye behold the Mightiest. From that steep
 What ages have ye worshipp'd round your King?
 Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep
 Of Earth;—ye heard the morning angels sing.
 Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
 The gaze of Adam fix'd from Paradise;
 The wanderers of the Deluge saw it spring
 Above the mountain surge, and hail'd its rise
 Lighting their lonely track with Hope's celestial dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,
 When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
 All were departed.—Mount of Agony!
 But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
 Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
 Your vineyard shall be shaken!—From your urn
 Censers of Heaven! no more shall glory rise,
 Your incense to the Throne!—The Heavens shall
 burn:
 For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

Yet look ye living intellects.—The *trine*
 Of waning planets speaks it not decay?
 Does *Schedir's* staff of diamond wave no sign?
 Monarch of midnight, *Sirius*, shoots thy ray
 Undimm'd, when thrones sublunar pass away?
 Dreams!—yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
 Your spell on gem or imaged alchemy,
 The sign when empire's hour-glass downwards ran,
 'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

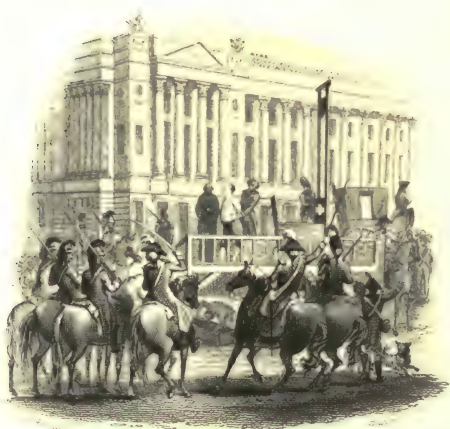
From Paris in 1845, Part II.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

The Guillotine.—It stood in that pale day
 Like a huge spectre, just from earth upsprung,
 To summon to the tomb the fierce array
 That round its feet in desperate homage clung.
 But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung.
 All eyes were turn'd, and far as eye could stray,
 Was caught a light, from moving helmets flung,
 A banner tossing in the tempest's sway,
 A wain, that thro' the throng slow toil'd its weary way.

'Tis done, the monarch on the scaffold stands;
 The headsmen grasp him!—Of the myriads there,
 That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd hands,
 Not one has given a blessing or a tear;
 But that old priest who answers him in prayer.
 He speaks: his dying thoughts to France are given,
 His voice is drown'd; for murder has no ear.
 The saint un murmuring to the axe is driven.
 If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in Heaven.

From Paris in 1815.



THINGS TO COME.

There are murmurs on the deep,
 There are thunders on the heaven;
 Though the ocean billows sleep,
 Though no cloud the sign has given;
 Earth that sudden storm shall feel,
 'Tis a storm of man and steel.

Tribes are in their forests now,
 Idly hunting ounce and deer;
 Tribes are crouching in their snow
 O'er their wild and wintry cheer,
 Doom'd to swell that tempest's roar,
 Where the torrent-rain is gore.

War of old has swept the world,
 Guilt has shaken strength and pride;
 But the thunders, feebly hurl'd,
 Quiver'd o'er the spot, and died;
 When the vengeance next shall fall,
 Woe to each and woe to all.

Man hath shed Man's blood for toys,
 Love and hatred, fame and gold;
 Now, a mightier wrath destroys;
 Earth in cureless crime grows old;
 Past destruction shall be tame
 To the rushing of that flame.

When the clouds of Vengeance break,
 Folly shall be on the wise,
 Frenzy shall be on the weak,
 Nation against nation rise,
 And the worse than Pagan sword
 In Religion's breast be gored.

Then the Martyr's solemn cry,
 That a thousand years has rung,
 Where their robes of crimson lie
 Round the 'Golden Altar' flung,
 Shall be heard,—and from the 'throne'
 The trumpet of the 'Judgment' blown.

"Woe to Earth, the mighty, woe!"
 Yet shall Earth her conscience lull,
 Till above the brim shall flow
 The draught of gall.—The cup is full.

Yet a moment!—Comes the ire,—
Famine, bloodshed, flood, and fire.

First shall fall a Mighty one!
Ancient crime had crown'd his brow,
Dark Ambition raised his throne—
Truth his victim and his foe.
Earth shall joy in all her fear
O'er the great Idolater.

Then shall rush abroad the blaze
Sweeping Heathen zone by zone;
Afric's tribe the spear shall raise,
Shivering India's pagod throne;
China hear her Idol's knell
In the Russian's cannon-peal.

On the Turk shall fall the blow
From the Grecian's dagger'd hand!
Blood like winter-showers shall flow,
Till he treads the Syrian land!
Then shall final vengeance shine,
And all be seal'd in Palestine!

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The air is fill'd with shouts, and trumpets' sounding;
A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.
Now is their van the Mount of Olives rounding;
Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,
Twined with the palm and olives' emerald stem.
Now swell the nearer sounds of voice and string,
As down the hill-side pours the living stream;
And to the cloudless heaven Hosannas ring—
“The Son of David comes!—the Conqueror—the King!”

The cuirass'd Roman heard; and grasp'd his shield,
And rush'd in fiery haste to gate and tower;
The Pontiff from his battlement beheld
The host, and knew the falling of his power:
He saw the cloud on Sion's glory lour.
Still down the marble road the myriads come,
Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,
And deeper sounds are mingling, “Woe to Rome!”
“The day of freedom dawns; rise, Israel, from thy tomb!”

Temple of beauty—long that day is done;
 Thy ark is dust; thy golden cherubim
 In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone:
 The shades of ages on thy altars swim.
 Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim;
 And has its holy lamp been watch'd in vain?
 Or lives it not until the finish'd time,
 When he who fix'd, shall break his people's chain,
 And Sion be the loved, the crown'd of God again?

But then thou wast of Earth the splendid wonder,
 And matchless beauty sat upon thy walls.
 At once, as with a peal of midnight thunder,
 Was shook the crowd within thy ivory halls;
 The priests, with turban'd brows and purple palls,
 The son of Mammon, the pale usurer,
 Like men that see the lightning ere it falls,
 From their polluted seats sprang, smote with fear;
 That shout, like judgment, burst upon the guilty ear.

He comes, yet with the burning bolt unarm'd;
 Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
 Tho' thousands, tens of thousands, round him swarm'd,
 None durst abide that depth divine of eye;
 None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh.
 But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword:
 There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by;
 There Jairus, with his age's child, adored.
 "He comes, the King of Kings: Hosanna to the Lord!"

THE PAINTER.

RUSTICUS loquitur.

That rock's his haunt.—There's not in all our hills
 A hunter that can climb with him. He'll watch
 Before the lark is up; and, staff in hand,
 For hours stand gazing, by the eagle's nest,
 Like one enamour'd of the rising sun;
 And then all day he'll wander through yon woods,
 Till he has found his couch beside a rill:
 Which, in his fantasy, he strews with shells,
 And hangs with garlands of the weedy flowers.
 Some think him love-cross'd;—others, that he deals
 With spirits,—for all such seek loneliness:

And yet I think him holy, for he loves
 Our convent walls, and many an evening strays
 To see the sunset sleeping on its roof
 And its old arches, or but turns away
 To pore upon its image in the stream;
 And then upon his knee he'll spread his book,
 And make wild lines, and smile, and tear the page,
 Flinging it down the stream. Here's one of them.
[Giving a paper.]

STRANGER.

This is LORRAINE! or he is not on earth.

SONG.

Thou loveliest of the lovely, where
 Is thy bright spirit gone?
 Where is thy gentle throne;
 In what sweet and silver sphere?

Tell me, my Angela, that I
 All night on thee may gaze,
 And know thy temple's blaze
 From all the splendours of the sky.

Oh! if the loved in death return,
 To love and look upon
 The pale, heart-broken one,
 That weeps at midnight o'er their urn;

Tell me, when on the blissful air
 They stoop, that I may be
 Found fit to welcome thee,
 With hands and heart upraised in prayer.

Or art thou changed, and to mine eye
 A thing invisible;
 Wrapp'd in the unpierced veil
 Of holy immortality?

No,—thou wilt stoop to earth no more;
 Thy glory were profaned
 By thoughts to earth still chain'd:
 My Angela,—thy trial's o'er.

And I will follow thee, sweet love!
 Life's bitterness is past,
 The world is fading fast,
 My spirit wings its way above.

TO LOVE.

Young tyrant of the bow and wings,
 Thy altar asks three precious things;
 The heart's, the world's, most precious three,
 Courage, and Time, and Constancy!
 And Love must have them all, or none:
 By Time he's wearied, but not won;
 He shrinks from Courage hot and high;
 He laughs at tedious Constancy;
 But all his raptures, tender, true, sublime,
 Are given to Courage, Constancy, and Time.

THE NUN.

In the low echoes of the anthem's close
 The murmurs of a distant chorus rose.
 A portal open'd; in its shadow stood
 A sable pomp, the hallow'd sisterhood.
 They led a white-robed form, young, delicate,
 Where life's delicious spring was opening yet:
 Yet was she stately, and, as up the aisle
 She moved, her proud, pale lip half wore a smile:
 Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,
 Saw on its lash the glistening of a tear.
 All to Sidonia's passing daughter bow'd,
 And she return'd it gravely, like one vow'd
 To loftier things. But, once she paused; and press'd
 With quick, strange force her slight hand to her breast,
 And her wan cheek was redden'd with a glow
 That spread its crimson to her forehead's snow,
 As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak
 Their stings upon young hearts about to break;
 She struggled, sigh'd; her look of agony
 Was calm'd, and she was at Sidonia's knee.

Her father's chasing tears upon her fell;
 His gentle heart abhor'd the convent cell;
 Even now he bade her pause. She look'd to heaven,
 One long, wild pressure to his cheek was given,
 Her pale lip quiver'd, would not say "Farewell."
 The bell gave one deep toll, it seem'd her knell;
 She started, strove his strong embrace to sever,
 Then rush'd within the gate—that shuts for ever.

From Sebastian.

THE FALL OF THE ANGEL.

Th' Enchantress first shook off the silent trance;
 And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
 Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
 Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
 Beyond the power of his vindictive King.
 Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume,
 A purple cloud, and stood in act to spring
 Through that fierce upward sea of storm and gloom;
 She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

The Angel cheer'd her, "No! let Justice wreak
 Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."
 A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;
 She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
 With mad delight; "Oh there is one way, one,
 To save us both. Are there not mighty words
 Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon
 Sits ever guarded by the Genii swords,
 To give thy servant wings like her resplendent Lord's?"

This was the Sin of Sins! The first, last crime,
 In earth and heaven, unnamed, unnameable;
 This from his gorgeous throne, before all time,
 Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell;
 He started back.—"What urged him to rebel?
 What led that soft seducer to his bower?
 Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell
 Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly flower?"
 But for that fatal cup, he had been free that hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood,
 He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
 Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued;
 He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam:

Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!
 A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
 The lightning round them shot a broader stream;
 He felt her clasp his knees in agony;
 He spoke the words of might,—the thunder gave reply!

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud,
 Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire.
 Now, round the Mount its canopy is bow'd,
 A vault of stone on columns of red fire.
 The stars like lamps along its roof expire;
 But through its centre bursts an orb of rays;
 The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire!
 The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping blaze,
 The culprits dared not there their guilty eye-balls raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling sphere,
 That mortal sense might never hear and live.
 They pierced like arrows through the Angel's ear;
 He bow'd his head; 'twas vain to fly or strive.
 Down comes the final wrath: the thunders give
 The doubled peal,—the rains in cataracts sweep,
 Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rive;
 The mountain summits to the valley leap,
 Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd heap.

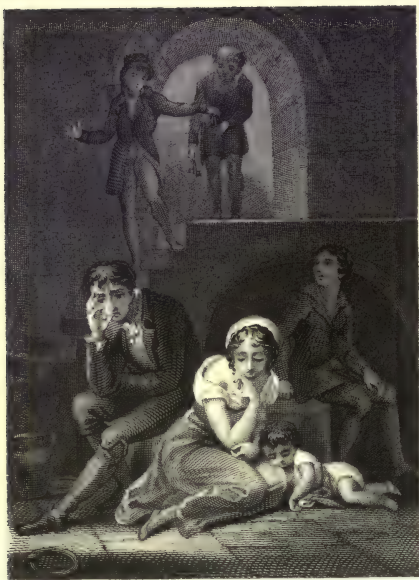
The storm stands still! a moment's pause of terror!
 All dungeon dark!—Again the lightning's yawn,
 Showing the Earth as in a quivering mirror.
 The prostrate Angel felt but that the one,
 Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone:
 He dared not see her corpse!—he closed his eyes;
 A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
 Of the last trump,—he glanced upon the skies,
 He saw what shook his soul with terror, shame, surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him; two broad plumes
 Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd air;
 Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
 Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;
 A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;
 And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
 Her eye-balls shot around a meteor glare,
 Her form tower'd up at once to giant size;
 'Twas EBLIS, king of Hell's relentless sovereignties.

THIS amiable poet of promise, who was so prematurely snatched from the world when he had given hopes of attaining the highest excellence, was born at Eaglesham, a village within a few miles of Glasgow, in 1799. His parents were of humble rank, but he received in his native village that excellent education which the parochial system ensures to the lowliest of the Scottish peasantry, while the picturesque scenery with which his native district abounds, produced an early and indelible impression upon his susceptible mind. As his views were directed to the church, he removed to the University, where, although his shrinking modesty kept him aloof from those academic displays in which he was so well qualified to excel, his excellencies were discovered by the professors of the several classes at which he successively studied. One striking proof of his modesty is, that about his twentieth year, when he had commenced his *Course of Time*, his class-fellows were not aware that he had the slightest pretension to poetical talent, so that on its completion their surprise was allied to merriment when they learned that he had written an epic poem, and was now only seeking for a publisher. He had composed this admirable work during the progress of his studies at the Divinity Hall, and had persevered in it from year to year in silence and obscurity, no doubt finding in the conception and delineation of those beautiful pictures with which the poem so richly abounds, a depth of enjoyment upon which common applause would only have jarred—combined, perhaps with the consciousness that he had produced a work which the world would not willingly let die. On offering *The Course of Time* to the publishers, he experienced all those difficulties which were to be expected under such circumstances, and the bare offer of a religious poem, in ten books, by a youth whom no one had ever heard of, was enough to make them reject it without examination. Fortunately, however, the work was shown to Professor Wilson, and none who know that distinguished individual will believe that his enthusiasm was not awakened in behalf of a production of such obvious merit. He entered into its success with all his characteristic ardour, so that it was published from the press of Messrs. Blackwood, and on its appearance a powerful and eloquent criticism from the pen of the professor analysed the poem, and pointed out its many excellencies. Few volumes produced so strong a sensation as the *Course of Time*; in a year four editions were exhausted, and the unknown youth found himself suddenly transported to popular celebrity, as well as the prospect of lasting fame.

The rest of Pollok's history is soon told. He was licensed as a preacher of the United Secession Church, and high hopes were entertained that the spirit which had been so eloquent in poetry would be equally powerful in prose, and that the usefulness of the preacher would transcend the fame of the poet. But the intense application and excitement which such a lengthened work as that of *The Course of Time* had produced upon his youthful mind and delicate constitution, had already broken the elasticity of the spring, and it was found that a consumption had made fatal inroads upon his system. Change of climate was then prescribed, and he repaired to England with the purpose of proceeding to Italy, and taking up his abode in Pisa; but he got no further on his journey than Southampton, where he died on the 15th of September, 1827.

The poetry of Pollok, as might be expected, evinces many symptoms of immaturity. The descriptions and sentiments are, in many instances, expanded to an undue extent, and weakened by over-anxiety to strengthen them. The style of versification is also irregular, sometimes imitating the grandeur of Milton, at others the sombre heaviness of Young, and sometimes the didactic point of Blair, as each author might be supposed to occur to his thoughts. But who would not forgive even greater faults than these in consideration of such great and numerous excellencies. Had Pollok lived, he would probably have formed a style of his own, and become one of the most original, as well as one of the greatest, of English poets.



POLLOK.

THE BENEVOLENT MAN.

Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal Harp!
 Breathe numbers warm with love, while I rehearse,
 Delighted theme, resembling most the songs
 Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb—
 Thy praise, O Charity! thy labours most
 Divine, thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,
 And groans; thy great, thy godlike wish, to heal
 All misery, all fortune's wounds, and make
 The soul of every living thing rejoice.
 O thou wast needed much in days of Time!
 No virtue, half so much!—none half so fair!
 To all the rest, however fine, thou gavest
 A finishing and polish, without which
 No man e'er enter'd heaven. Let me record

His praise, the man of great benevolence,
 Who press'd thee closely to his glowing heart,
 And to thy gentle bidding made his feet
 Swift ministers. Of all mankind, his soul
 Was most in harmony with heaven: as one
 Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends;
 One in their origin, one in their rights
 To all the common gifts of Providence,
 And in their hopes, their joys, and sorrows one,
 He view'd the universal human race.
 He needed not a law of state, to force
 Grudging submission to the law of God:
 The law of love was in his heart alive;
 What he possess'd, he counted not his own;
 But, like a faithful steward in a house
 Of public alms, what freely he received
 He freely gave, distributing to all
 The helpless, the last mite beyond his own
 Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift
 But justice due to want; and so it was,
 Although the world, with compliment not ill
 Applied, adorn'd it with a fairer name.
 Nor did he wait till to his door the voice
 Of supplication came, but went abroad,
 With foot as silent as the starry dew,
 In search of misery that pined unseen,
 And would not ask: and who can tell what sights
 He saw; what groans he heard, in that cold world
 Below! where Sin, in league with gloomy Death,
 March'd daily through the length and breadth of all
 The land, wasting at will, and making earth,
 Fair earth! a lazaret-house, a dungeon dark,
 Where Disappointment fed on ruin'd Hope;
 Where Guilt, worn out, lean'd on the triple edge
 Of want, remorse, despair; where Cruelty
 Reach'd forth a cup of wormwood to the lips
 Of Sorrow, that to deeper Sorrow wail'd;
 Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty,
 Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent
 With his own burden; where the arrowy winds
 Of winter pierced the naked, orphan babe,
 And chill'd the mother's heart who had no home;
 And where, alas! in mid-time of his day,
 The honest man, robb'd by some villain's hand,
 Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet
 With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts
 Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.

O! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes
Of wretchedness! or who describe what smiles
Of gratitude illumed the face of woe,
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth!
As when the Sun, to Cancer wheeling back,
Return'd from Capricorn, and show'd the north,
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,
His beamy countenance; all nature then
Rejoiced together glad; the flower look'd up
And smiled; the forest, from his locks, shook off
The hoary frost, and clapp'd his hands; the birds
Awoke, and, singing, rose to meet the day;
And from his hollow den, where many months
He slumber'd sad in darkness, blithe and light
Of heart, the savage sprung, and saw again
His mountains shine, and with new songs of love
Allured the virgin's ear: so did the house,
The prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes
Of unprovided helplessness, revive,
As on them look'd the sunny messenger
Of Charity: by angels tended still,
That mark'd his deeds, and wrote them in the book
Of God's remembrance; careless he to be
Observed of men, or have each mite bestow'd
Recorded punctually, with name and place,
In every bill of news: pleased to do good,
He gave and sought no more, nor question'd much,
Nor reason'd, who deserved; for well he knew
The face of need. Ah me! who could mistake?
The shame to ask, the want that urged within,
Composed a look so perfectly distinct
From all else human, and withal so full
Of misery, that none could pass, untouch'd,
And be a Christian; or thereafter claim,
In any form, the name or rights of man;
Or, at the day of judgment, lift his eye;
While he, in name of Christ, who gave the poor
A cup of water, or a bit of bread,
Impatient for his advent, waiting stood,
Glowing in robes of love and holiness,
Heaven's fairest dress! and round him ranged, in white,
A thousand witnesses appear'd, prepared
To tell his gracious deeds before the throne.

REMORSE, AND ETERNAL DEATH.

I paused, and look'd;
 And saw, where'er I look'd upon that mound,
 Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
 But imitating life. One I remark'd
 Attentively; but how shall I describe
 What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
 Of worm or serpent kind it something look'd,
 But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
 Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
 And with as many tails, that twisted out
 In horrid revolution, tipp'd with stings;
 And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
 And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting,
 Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
 And in its writhings infinite, it grasp'd
 Malignantly what seem'd a heart, swollen, black,
 And quivering with torture most intense;
 And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
 Made effort to escape, but could not; for
 Howe'er it turn'd, and oft it vainly turn'd,
 These complicated foldings held it fast.
 And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
 Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
 What this could image, much I search'd to know;
 And while I stood, and gazed, and wonder'd long,
 A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
 I saw, distinctly whisper'd in my ear
 These words: This is the worm that never dies.

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing,
 Another was portray'd, more hideous still;
 Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more,
 For ever undescribed let it remain!
 Only this much I may or can unfold.
 Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
 The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
 Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
 Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
 Original the being seem'd, but fallen,
 And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
 And still around the everlasting lance,
 It writhed convulsed, and utter'd mimic groans;
 And tried and wish'd, and ever tried and wish'd,
 To die; but could not die. Oh, horrid sight!

I trembling gazed, and listen'd, and heard this voice
Approach my ear: This is Eternal Death!

THE BARD OF HEAVEN.

So saying, they, link'd hand in hand, spread out
Their golden wings, by living breezes fann'd,
And over heaven's broad champaign sail'd serene.
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
That never fade; and many a river, rich
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they pass'd;
And mansion of celestial mould, and work
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
By saint and angel bands that walk'd the vales,
Or mountain tops, and harp'd upon their harps,
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
Their wing; not long, for strong desire, awaked
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
Still press'd them on to leave what rather seem'd
Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wish'd-for spot,
The sacred bower of that renowned bard;
That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;
But in immortal vigour young, and young
In rosy health; to pensive solitude
Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing.
Upon a little mount, that gently rose,
He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,
Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloom'd, and rich
With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced.
The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
And every flower of fairest cheek, around
Him, smiling flock'd: beneath his feet, fast by
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walk'd,
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven.
The hallow'd zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
And out before him open'd, in prospect long,

The river of life, in many a winding maze
 Descending from the lofty throne of God,
 That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
 By chance that day, in meditation deep,
 Reflecting much of time, and earth, and man.
 And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
 He touch'd a harp of wondrous melody;
 A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
 Which, at the Day of Judgment, with the crown
 Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
 Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,
 And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
 And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
 But of the heart sincere, into his bower
 Invites: like greeting they return'd. Not bent
 In low obeisance, from creature most
 Unfit to creature, but with manly form
 Upright they enter'd in; though high his rank,
 His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

Long disappointed, disappointed still,
 The hopeless man, hopeless in his main wish,
 As if returning back to nothing, felt;
 In strange vacuity of being hung,
 And roll'd, and roll'd his eye on emptiness,
 That seem'd to grow more empty every hour.

One of this mood I do remember well:
 We name him not, what now are earthly names?
 In humble dwelling born, retired, remote;
 In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
 And melancholy deserts, where the sun
 Saw, as he pass'd, a shepherd only, here
 And there, watching his little flock, or heard
 The ploughman talking to his steers; his hopes,
 His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
 Among the dews and holy mountain airs;
 And fancy colour'd them with every hue

Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
 Of childhood fled away, those rainbow dreams,
 So innocent and fair, that wither'd Age,
 Even at the grave, clear'd up his dusty eye,
 And passing all between, look'd fondly back
 To see them once again, ere he departed:
 These fled away, and anxious thought, that wish'd
 To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
 Possess'd his soul, and held it still awhile.
 He listen'd, and heard from far the voice of fame,
 Heard and was charm'd; and deep and sudden vow
 Of resolution made to be renown'd;
 And deeper vow'd again to keep his vow.
 His parents saw, his parents whom God made
 Of kindest heart, saw, and indulged his hope.
 The ancient page he turn'd, read much, thought much,
 And with old bards of honourable name
 Measured his soul severely; and look'd up
 To fame, ambitious of no second place.
 Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.
 And out before him, open'd many a path
 Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
 Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring;
 But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
 The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
 The harp which utter'd deepest notes, and held
 The ear of thought a captive to its song.
 He search'd and meditated much, and whiles,
 With rapturous hand, in secret, touch'd the lyre,
 Aiming at glorious strains; and search'd again
 For theme deserving of immortal verse;
 Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied;
 Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud,
 Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
 Of ills we mention not: enough to say,
 'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
 He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
 One after one, put out, as nearer still
 It drew his soul; but fainted not at first,
 Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
 Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst;
 Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
 Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
 The bitterest cup that Time could measure out;
 And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He call'd philosophy, and with his heart
 Reason'd. He call'd religion, too, but call'd
 Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
 Ashamed to be o'ermatch'd by earthly woes,
 He sought, and sought, with eye that dimm'd apace,
 To find some avenue to light, some place
 On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain.
 Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
 At length he sunk, and Disappointment stood
 His only comforter, and mournfully
 Told all was past. His interest in life,
 In being, ceased: and now he seem'd to feel,
 And shudder'd as he felt, his powers of mind
 Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
 The vigorous, weak became; the clear, obscure;
 Memory gave up her charge; Decision reel'd;
 And from her flight, Fancy return'd, return'd
 Because she found no nourishment abroad.
 The blue heavens wither'd, and the moon, and sun,
 And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
 And evening, wither'd; and the eyes, and smiles,
 And faces of all men and women, wither'd,
 Wither'd to him; and all the universe,
 Like something which had been, appear'd, but now
 Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried
 No more to hope, wish'd to forget his vow,
 Wish'd to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
 That was his last: enjoyment now was done.
 He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
 Of being sensible, and sensible
 Of loss, he as some atom seem'd, which God
 Had made superfluously, and needed not
 To build creation with; but back again
 To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
 With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
 Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!
 And who can tell how many, glorious once,
 To others and themselves of promise full,
 Conducted to this pass of human thought,
 This wilderness of intellectual death,
 Wasted and pined, and vanish'd from the earth,
 Leaving no vestige of memorial there!

It was not so with him. When thus he lay,
 Forlorn of heart, wither'd and desolate,

As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
 Selecting from its falling sisters, chase,
 Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
 And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
 Eternally, God pass'd in mercy by—
 His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed,
 And bade him live, and put into his hands
 A holy harp, into his lips a song,
 That roll'd its numbers down the tide of time:
 Ambitious now but little, to be praised
 Of men alone; ambitious most, to be
 Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
 His name recorded in the book of life.

Such things were Disappointment and Remorse;
 And oft united both, as friends severe,
 To teach men wisdom; but the fool, untaught,
 Was foolish still. His ear he stopp'd, his eyes
 He shut, and blindly, deafly obstinate,
 Forced desperately his way from woe to woe.

One place, one only place, there was on earth,
 Where no man e'er was fool, however mad.
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."
 Ah! 'twas a truth most true; and sung in time,
 And to the sons of men, by one well known
 On earth for lofty verse and lofty sense.

THE DUELLIST AND THE SUICIDE.

With groans that made no pause, lamenting there
 Were seen the duellist and suicide.
 This thought, but thought amiss, that of himself
 He was entire proprietor; and so,
 When he was tired of time, with his own hand,
 He open'd the portals of eternity,
 And sooner than the devils hoped, arrived
 In hell. The other, of resentment quick,
 And, for a word, a look, a gesture, deem'd
 Not scrupulously exact in all respect,
 Prompt to revenge, went to the cited field,
 For double murder arm'd, his own, and his
 That as himself he was ordain'd to love.
 The first in pagan books of early times,

Was heroism pronounced, and greatly praised.
In fashion's glossary of later days,
The last was honour call'd, and spirit high.
Alas! 'twas mortal spirit, honour which
Forgot to wake at the last trumpet's voice,
Bearing the signature of Time alone,
Uncurrent in Eternity, and base.
Wise men suspected this before; for they
Could never understand what honour meant,
Or why that should be honour term'd, which made
Man murder man, and broke the laws of God,
Most wantonly. Sometimes, indeed, the grave,
And those of Christian creed, imagined, spoke
Admiringly of honour, lauding much
The noble youth, who, after many rounds
Of boxing, died; or, to the pistol shot
His breast exposed, his soul to endless pain.
But they who most admired, and understood
This honour best, and on its altar laid
Their lives, most obviously were fools; and what
Fools only, and the wicked, understood,
The wise agreed was some delusive shade,
That with the mist of Time should disappear.



THE LAST DAY.

No sign of change appear'd : to every man
 That day seem'd as the past. From noontide path
 The sun look'd gloriously on earth, and all
 Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure,
 When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
 Was wrapp'd in darkness, and his beams return'd
 Up to the throne of God, and over all
 The earth came night, moonless and starless night!
 Nature stood still. The seas and rivers stood,
 And all the winds, and every living thing.
 The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
 Rush'd down impetuously, as seized, at once,
 By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
 Stood still : and beasts of every kind stood still.
 A deep and dreadful silence reign'd alone!
 Hope died in every breast, and on all men
 Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour spoke.
 Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child
 The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;
 And, as they stood and listen'd, chariots were heard
 Rolling in heaven. Reveal'd in flaming fire,
 The angel of God appear'd in stature vast,
 Blazing, and lifting up his hand on high,
 By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
 Should be no more. Throughout, creation heard
 And sigh'd ; all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,
 Desponding waste, and cultivated vale,
 Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
 Sigh'd. Earth, arrested in her wonted path,
 As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
 Was fear'd, in all her entrails deeply groan'd.
 A universal crash was heard, as if
 The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
 Foundations fail'd : and deadly paleness sat
 On every face of man, and every heart
 Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
 None spoke, none stir'd, none wept ; for horror held
 All motionless, and fetter'd every tongue.
 Again, o'er all the nations silence fell :
 And, in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
 That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
 And walk'd with penetration keen, through all

The abodes of men, another angel stood,
 And blew the trump of God: Awake, ye dead!
 Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb
 Of immortality! Awake! arise!—
 The God of Judgment comes! This said the voice,
 And Silence, from eternity that slept
 Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
 And all the noise of Time, awaken'd, heard.
 Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
 Her regions of despair; the ear of Death
 Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
 Press'd on his leaden eyelids, fled; and all
 The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

 LOVE.

Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless Love
 On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
 In heaven! sweet chord, that harmonizes all
 The harps of Paradise! the spring, the well,
 That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky!

But why should I to thee of Love divine?
 Who happy, and not eloquent of Love?
 Who holy, and, as thou art, pure, and not
 A temple where her glory ever dwells,
 Where burn her fires, and beams her perfect eye?

Kindred to this, part of this holy flame,
 Was youthful love—the sweetest boon of earth.
 Hail, Love! first Love, thou word that sums all bliss!
 The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
 The silken down of happiness complete!
 Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
 She gather'd, and selected with her hand,
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
 All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
 And brought the holy mixture home, and fill'd
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
 But, who would that expound, which words transcends,
 Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
 Of early love, and thence infer its worth.



Miss Landon's design.

MISS LANDON.

ARIADNE.

At length I made myself a task—
To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,
Whom Love taught such deep happiness,
And whom Love left so desolate.
I drew her on a rocky shore:
Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er
With white sea-foam;—her arms were bare,
Flung upwards in their last despair.
Her naked feet the pebbles prest;
The tempest wind sang in her vest:
A wild stare in her glassy eyes;
White lips, as parch'd by their hot sighs;
And cheek more pallid than the spray,
Which, cold and colourless, on it lay:—

Just such a statue as should be
 Placed ever, Love, beside thy shrine;
 Warning thy victims of what ills—
 What burning tears, false god! are thine.
 Before her was the darkling sea;
 Behind, the barren mountains rose—
 A fit home for the broken heart
 To weep away life, wrongs, and woes.

I had now but one hope;—that when
 The hand that traced these tints was cold—
 Its pulse but in their passion seen,—
 Lorenzo might these tints behold,
 And find my grief;—think—see—feel all
 I felt, in this memorial!

From The Improvvisatrice.

SONG.

Farewell!—we shall not meet again,
 As we are parting now,
 I must my beating heart restrain—
 Must veil my burning brow.
 Oh, I must coldly learn to hide
 One thought, all else above—
 Must call upon my woman's pride
 To hide my woman's love!
 Check dreams I never may avow;
 Be free, be careless, cold, as thou!
 Oh! those are tears of bitterness,
 Wrung from the breaking heart,
 When two, blest in their tenderness,
 Must learn to live—apart!
 But what are they to that lone sigh,
 That cold and fix'd despair,
 That weight of wasting agony
 It must be mine to bear?
 Methinks I should not thus repine,
 If I had but one vow of thine.
 I could forgive inconstancy,
 To be one moment loved by thee.
 With me the hope of life is gone,
 The sun of joy is set;
 One wish my soul still dwells upon—
 The wish it could forget.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
 The corn fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
 And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,
 In silent contemplation, to adore
 Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
 With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
 Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth,
 From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
 And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
 With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
 As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
 When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
 Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
 A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer,
 Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard.
 This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
 Of love, before his country's voice had call'd
 The ardent youth to fields of honour far
 Beyond the wave: and hither now repair'd,
 Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
 Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
 Her lover's safety and his quick return.
 In holy, humble attitude she kneel'd,
 And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd
 One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
 Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn,
 As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd,
 Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
 Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs
 On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
 Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
 A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face;
 It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
 Pure as the drops that hang at dawning time,
 On yonder willows by the stream of life.
 On her the Moon look'd steadfastly; the stars,
 That circle nightly round the eternal throne,
 Glanced down, well pleased; and Everlasting Love
 Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Among the talented females who have distinguished themselves in the poetical world during the present day, Miss Mitford has justly obtained a conspicuous name. She is a daughter of Dr. Mitford, of Bertram House, near Reading. She was educated at Miss Rowdon's establishment, Brompton, and gave proofs of her poetical talent at a very early age. Her first work which she gave to the public, was a volume of Poems published in 1810. The popularity she acquired by this attempt encouraged her to persevere, and her next work, *Christina, the Maid of the South Seas*, a tale founded on the discovery of Pitcairn's Island, was published in the following year. This was succeeded by *Watlington Hill*, a descriptive poem, which appeared in 1812; and *Narrative Poems on the Female Character in the various Relations of Life*, which was published the same year. A considerable period then elapsed, during which she seemed to have retired from the literary world; but it was that she might appear with greater lustre in the character of a dramatic writer, and her tragedies of *Julian*, *Foscari*, *Rienzi*, and *Charles I.*, between 1823 and 1834, obtained for her a continually increasing reputation. They abound in tenderness of feeling and rich poetical description, so that they will always continue to obtain a distinguished rank as dramatic poems, however they may cease to captivate in representation.

FROM JULIAN.

Enter MELFI.

D'Alba (Aside). He's pale, he hath been hurt.

(Aloud) My liege,

Your vassals bid you welcome.

Melfi.

Noble Signors,

I greet you well. Thanks, *D'Alba*. Good *Leanti*,

I joy to see those reverend locks. I never

Thought to behold a friendly face again.

And now I bring ye sorrow. Death hath been

Too busy; though the ripe and bearded ear

Escaped his sickle—but ye know the tale;

Ye welcomed me as King; and I am spared

The painful repetition.

Valore.

Sire, we know

From your own royal hand enough for joy

And sorrow: Death hath ta'en a goodly child

And spared a glorious man. But how—

Melfi.

My Lord,

What wouldst thou more? Before I enter'd here

Messina's general voice had hail'd her Sovereign.

Lacks but the ceremonial form. 'T were best

The accustom'd pageant were perform'd even now,

Whilst ye, Sicilian Barons, strength and grace

Of our Sicilian realm, are here to pledge
Solemn allegiance, Say I sooth, Count D'Alba?

D'Alba. In sooth, my liege, I know not. Seems
to me

One form is wanting. Our bereaved state
Stands like a widow, one eye dropping tears
For her lost lord, the other turn'd with smiles
On her new bridegroom. But even she, the Dame
Of Ephesus, the buxom relict, famed
For quick dispatch o'er every widow'd mate,
Woman, or state—even she, before she wed,
Saw the good man entomb'd. The funeral first;
And then the Coronation.

Melfi. Scoffer! Lords,

The corse is missing.

Calvi. Ha! Perchance he lives!

Melfi. He fell, I tell thee.

Valore. And the assassin?

Melfi. He

Escaped, when I too fell.

D'Alba. He! Why, my liege,

Was there but one?

Melfi. What mean ye, Sirs? Stand off.

D'Alba. Cannot your Highness guess the murderer?

Melfi. Stand from about me, Lords! Dare ye to
front

A King? What, do ye doubt me; you, or you?

Dare ye to doubt me? Dare ye look a question

Into mine eyes? Take thy gaze off! A King

Demands a modester regard. Now, Sirs,

What do ye seek? I tell ye, the fair boy

Fell underneath the assassin's sword; and I,

Wounded almost to death, am saved to prove

My subjects' faith, to punish, to reward,

To reign, I tell ye, nobles. Now, who questions?

Who glares upon me now? What! are ye mute?

Leanti. Deign to receive our homage, Sire, and
pardon

The undesign'd offence. Your Highness knows

Count D'Alba's mood.

Melfi. And he knows mine. Well! Well!

Be all these heats forgotten.

FROM JULIAN.

Julian. Annabel, look forth
 Upon this glorious world! Look once again
 On our fair Sicily, lit by that sun
 Whose level beams do cast a golden shine
 On sea, and shore, and city, on the pride
 Of bowery groves; on Etna's smouldering top;—
 Oh bright and glorious world! and thou of all
 Created things most glorious, trick'd in light,
 As the stars that live in heaven!

Annabel. Why dost thou gaze
 So sadly on me?

Jul. The bright stars, how oft
 They fall, or seem to fall! The sun—look! look!
 He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,
 Like thee—like thee—Dost thou remember once
 We sat by the sea shore when all the heaven
 And all the ocean seem'd one glow of fire,
 Red, purple, saffron, melted into one
 Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line
 Where sea and sky should meet was lost in that
 Continuous brightness; there we sate and talk'd
 Of the mysterious union that bless'd orb
 Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death—
 High mysteries!—and thou didst wish thyself
 A spirit sailing in that flood of light
 Straight to the Eternal Gates, didst pray to pass
 Away in such a glory. Annabel!
 Look out upon the burning sky, the sea
 One lucid ruby—'t is the very hour!
 Thou'lt be a seraph at the Fount of Light
 Before—

Ann. What, must I die? And wilt thou kill me?
 Canst thou? Thou cam'st to save—

Jul. To save thy honour!
 I shall die with thee.

Ann. Oh no! no! live! live!
 If I must die—oh it is sweet to live,
 'To breathe, to move, to feel the throbbing blood
 Beat in the veins,—to look on such an earth
 And such a heaven,—to look on thee! Young life
 Is very dear.

Jul. Would'st live for D'Alba?

Ann. No!

I had forgot. I'll die. Quick! Quick!

Jul. One kiss!

Angel, dost thou forgive me?

Ann. Yes.

Jul. My sword!—

I cannot draw it.

Ann. Now! I'm ready.

FROM RIENZI.

Claudia. Oh! mine old home!

Rienzi. What ails thee, lady-bird?

Cla. Mine own dear home!

Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick set as grass in fields;
My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo—Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond nurse,

And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole province
Laid in a garden, an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers, to flit
Around thy stately bower; and at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo!
Thou shalt have nobler servants,—emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.

Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!

Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them,
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide they heard not oft

A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelm'd the quivering instrument; and then
A world of whispers, mix'd with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
Of nightingales.

Cla. Oh father! father!

Rie. Well!

Do'st love him, Claudia?

Cla. Father!

Rie. Do'st thou love

Young Angelo? Yes? Said'st thou yes? That heart
That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
I cannot hear thy words. He is return'd
To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one;
And now—Is there no casement myrtle-wreathed,
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night
The lover's song?

Cla. Oh father! father!

Rie. Now,

Back to thy maidens, with a lighten'd heart,
Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
From out an eagle's nest.

Cla. Alas! alas!

I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.

Rie. Tremble! Let them tremble.

I am their master, Claudia, whom they scorn'd,
Endured, protected.—Sweet, go dream of love.
I am their master, Claudia.

RIENZI'S INFLEXIBILITY.

Rie. Lords,

If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates, and potentates of Christendom,—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind

As Justice. But this very day a wife,
 One infant hanging at her breast, and two,
 Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
 Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
 Her squalid form, grasp'd at my bridle-rein
 To beg her husband's life; condemn'd to die
 For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi;
 And whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and rear'd,
 Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
 There 'midst the dangerous coil, unmoved, she stood,
 Pleading in piercing words, the very cry
 Of nature! And, when I at last said no—
 For I said no to her—she flung herself
 And those poor innocent babes between the stones
 And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all—
 Thank heaven, we saved them all! but I said no
 'To that sad woman 'midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
 Ask me for mercy now.

 POPULAR APPLAUSE.

Cosmo. (*Shouts without.*) Hark! thou art called.
 The citizens demand their general. Go!
Foscari. I'd rather face
 An enemy in battle.
Cos. Thou wast wont
 To love the people, Foscari.
Fos. I would drain
 The last drop in my veins for them and freedom;
 But these loud shouts, this popular acclaim,
 This withering, perishing blast of vulgar praise,
 Whose noisy echoes do shake off the flush
 Of Fame's young blossoms—Oh, I hate them all!
 True honour should be silent, spotless, bright,
 Enduring; trembling even at the breath
 That woo's her beauty.
Cos. Come.

From Foscari.

THE talented woman of whom the world has been so lately and prematurely deprived, was born in Hans Place, Chelsea. She is supposed to have delineated the history of her own early life and studies in her work entitled *Traits and Trials*, which was published in 1837. Having lost her father at an early period, and feeling within her youthful mind those aspirations of genius which could not be repressed, she began to write even while still in the age of girlhood, and devoted the proceeds of her labours to the comfort of the family. Having commenced a career of authorship thus prematurely, she unfortunately acquired those habits of intellectual independence, which made her indifferent to the conventional forms of society, but against which no female can rebel with impunity. From this cause, her natural cheerfulness of spirit, and fearlessness in the expression of her feelings were exhibited with a frankness, which the censorious blamed as unbecoming, and by which they were enabled to wound most injuriously her peace and good name during her subsequent career.

After Miss Landon had commenced authorship under the anonymous signature of L. E. L., her works succeeded with great rapidity. The titles of these were *The Improvisatrice*, *The Troubadour*, *The Golden Violet*, *The Golden Bracelet*, and *The Vow of the Peacock*. Such indeed was the rapidity of her pen in verse, that she wrote poetry faster than prose. In the latter she often was obliged to hesitate in the choice of a word; but in the former, expressions flowed spontaneously, so that she experienced no impediment. Besides these works, she wrote three novels, which were entitled *Romance and Reality*, *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethel Churchill*, productions distinguished by the same vividness of fancy and depth of feeling that had characterised her poetical productions, and which attained a deserved celebrity.

After having acquired a high poetical reputation, the permanent happiness of Miss Landon seemed to be secured by her marriage in 1838, with Mr. Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle. Immediately after the marriage she set sail with her husband to Africa, and on their arrival at the settlement, she wrote several playful letters to her London correspondents, describing the scenery of the country and the manners of the people. But these cheerful missives were almost immediately succeeded by tidings of her death. Having been subject to spasms and hysterical affections, hydroclanic acid was prescribed to mitigate their attacks, but probably in consequence of injudiciously taking too large a dose she was found dead in her bedroom, on the morning of the 15th of October, 1838.

As Mrs. Maclean published poetry at a very early period, and continued to produce her works in rapid succession, her versification exhibits the consequent defects, being somewhat loose and irregular in its structure, while her several poems bear a resemblance to each other that subjects them to the charge of *mannerism*. But even these serious defects are almost lost sight of in the lively and sparkling imagination and deep tone of feeling with which they everywhere abound. It must also be added to her praise, that notwithstanding this continual strain upon her powers, she was indefatigable in the cultivation of her mind, and the acquirement of new stores of knowledge, so that in her latest poetry there are the obvious indications of very considerable improvement. It had been her purpose also during her sojourn in Africa to maintain her literary connexion with England, and she trusted to produce works superior to those she had already written—a hope which she would probably have realized had her life been continued. But the sweet songstress died—died with a suddenness, and under circumstances, that produced a shudder in the literary world. Even calumny could not spare her memory after that mournful close, and surmises as malignant as they were ridiculous, were circulated, that she had committed suicide. But to this, the evidence furnished upon the coroner's inquest was a sufficient refutation, even if the whole tenor of her life, and the cheerful letter which she wrote on the morning of her death, had not been deemed enough.

I would forget that look, that tone,
My heart hath all too dearly known.
But who could ever yet efface
From memory love's enduring trace?
All may revolt, all may complain—
But who is there may break the chain?
Farewell!—I shall not be to thee
More than a passing thought;
But every time and place will be
With thy remembrance fraught!
Farewell! we have not often met
We may not meet again;
But on my heart the seal is set
Love never sets in vain!
Fruitless as constancy may be,
No chance, no change, may turn from thee
One who has loved thee wildly, well,—
But whose first love-vow breathed—farewell!

ROLAND AND ISABELLE.

They met once more :—and Isabelle was changed
As much as if a lapse of years had past :
She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye
Had wept away its luxury of blue.
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore
A robe of black, with a white crucifix :—
It told her destiny—her youth was vow'd
To Heaven. And in the convent of the isle,
That day she was to enter, Roland stood
Like marble, cold and pale and motionless :
The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length, he snatch'd the scarf
That Isabelle had tied around his neck,
And gave it her,—and pray'd that she would wave
Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening-star,
That he might know she lived. They parted. Never
Those lovers met again! But Roland built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt,
And every evening saw the white scarf waved,
And heard the vesper-hymn of Isabelle
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,

He watch'd and watch'd in vain ; at length his hope
Grew desperate, and he pray'd his Isabelle
Might have forgotten him :—but midnight came,
And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul ; and then
He knew that Isabelle was dead ! Next day
They laid her in her grave ;—and the moon rose
Upon a mourner weeping there :—that tomb
Was Roland's death-bed !

From A Legend of the Rhine.

A SUMMER DAY.

Sweet valley, whose streams flow as sparkling and bright
As the stars that descend in the depths of the night ;
Whose violets fling their rich breath on the air,
Sweet spendthrifts of treasure the Spring has flung there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine own ;
Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown :
But still it is something to gaze upon thee,
And bless earth that such peace on her bosom can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light as I bound
O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful ground ;
And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the leaves,
A blessing in giving and taking receives.

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the sweet,
As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's feet ;
A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy broom,—
I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colours may flec,
As if dying with sorrow at parting from thee ;
And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt but seem
Like the flitting shape morning recalls of a dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave they behind
One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the mind ;
One leaf or one flower to memory will bring
The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring.

From The Venetian Bracelet.

HERO AND LEANDER.

'Twas so at length her thought found utterance,
 Light, feeling, flash'd from her awaken'd glance;—
 She paused—then gazed on one pale star above,
 Pour'd to her lute the burning words of love!

LEANDER heard his name! How more than sweet
 That moment, as he knelt at HERO's feet,
 Breathing his passion in each thrilling word
 Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.

That night they parted—but they met again—
 The blue sea roll'd between them—but in vain!
 Leander had no fear—he cleft the wave.—
 What is the peril fond hearts will not brave!
 Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,
 Delicious were the kind, the gentle things
 Each to the other breathed; a starry sky,
 Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury:
 The measure of its happiness is full,
 When all around like it is beautiful.
 There were sweet birds to count the hours: and roses,
 Like those which on a blushing cheek repose;
 Violets as fresh as violets could be;
 Stars over head, with each a history
 Of love told by its light; and waving trees,
 And perfumed breathings upon every breeze:
 These were around them when they met. And day,
 Though each was from the other far away,
 Had still its pleasant memories; they might
 Think what they had forgotten the last night,
 And make the tender thing they had to say
 More warm and welcome from its short delay.
 And then their love was secret!—Oh, it is
 Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss
 Sacred to us alone, no other eye
 Conscious of our enchanted mystery,
 Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
 Giving us happiness unutterable!
 I would compare this secrecy and shade
 To that fair island, whither Love convey'd
 His Psyche, where she lived remote from all:
 Life one long, lone, and lovely festival;
 But when the charm, concealment's charm, was known,
 Oh then farewell to Love, for Love was flown!
 Love's wings are all too delicate to bear
 The open gaze, the common sun and air.

There have been roses round my lute ; but now
 I must forsake them for the cypress bough :
 Now is my tale of tears.—One night, the sky,
 As if with passion, darken'd angrily,
 And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main
 Like hasty threats, and then were calm again ;
 That night, young Hero by her beacon kept
 Her silent watch, and blamed the night, and wept,
 And scarcely dared to look upon the sky :
 Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—
 With " Surely in such a storm he cannot brave,
 If but for my sake only, wind and wave."
 At length Aurora led young Day and blush'd ;
 In her sweet presence sea and sky were hush'd.
 What is there beauty cannot charm? Her power
 Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour ;
 And light and soft the breeze which waved the veil
 Of Hero, as she wander'd, lone and pale,
 Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye
 Roving in tearful dim uncertainty.
 Not long uncertain,—she mark'd something glide,
 Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide—
 On rush'd she in that desperate energy.
 Which only has to know, and, knowing, die—
 It was LEANDER !



THE PROUD LADYE.

Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride ?
An hundred knights from far and near
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that woo'd for her loveliness ;
But her answer was still the same.

"There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er ;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight
From a strange and far countrie,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love
Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival ;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears
And flung him on his steed, —
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If Heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye Adeline
From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
Ladye, for love of thee?
The honour that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear;
But not in honour of the eyes
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud cruelty,
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell;
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,
And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a veiled nun
In Saint Marie's cell.

From The Troubadour

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

And the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air,
The leaves of the grove were still,
As the presence of death were there ;

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea,
It was as if, like life,
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
Pass'd through the sacred wood,
Which, like a mystery,
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
With the weight of casque and plume,
And sun-burnt was his cheek,
And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
But the forehead large and high,
And the dark eyes' flashing light
Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,
And stood before the shrine,
It stream'd with the victim's blood,
With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
The thunder shook the dome,
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
O'er which tears of blood were wept,
And that page is the record
How that oath of hate was kept.

CRESCENTIUS.

I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power ; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily ;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he look'd with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh :
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graced with many a dint that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger, gone
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.

It was a people's loud acclaim,
 The voice of anger and of shame,
 A nation's funeral cry,
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot, and her latest one.

LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

Love may be increased by fears,
 May be fann'd with sighs,
 Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts;
 But without Hope it dies!
 As in the far Indian isles
 Dies the young cocoa-tree,
 Unless within the pleasant shade
 Of the parent plant it be:
 So Love may spring up at first,
 Lighted at Beauty's eyes;—
 But Beauty is not all its life,
 For without Hope it dies.

THE EMERALD RING,

A SUPERSTITION.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
 If plighted lovers keep their faith, or no:
 If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
 If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
 Take back again your emerald gem,
 There is no colour in the stone;
 It might have graced a diadem,
 But now its hue and light are gone!
 Take back your gift, and give me mine—
 The kiss that seal'd our last love-vow,
 Ah, other lips have been on thine,—
 My kiss is lost and sullied now!
 The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
 And, more than either, you are changed;
 But *my* true love has alter'd not,
 My heart is broken—not estranged!

WHEN the modern revolution occurred in the literature of our country, it was felt that a change was as necessary in the Drama as in the other departments of poetry. Unfortunately, however, when the works of the German dramatists were applied to, for the purpose of infusing a fresh spirit into our decaying theatre, the worst authors were adopted; and thus our stage was inundated with translations and adaptations from Kotzebue, and his class of sickly sentimentalists, instead of such writers as Goethe and Schiller. It was in a happy hour, therefore, that Knowles appeared, to rescue us from perverted morality and bombastic sentiments, ghosts, trap-doors, and rusty daggers, and lead us back to truth and nature.

James Sheridan Knowles was born in Ireland towards the end of the last century, and is now about fifty years old. His father was a teacher of considerable repute, and the Dictionary of the English Language which he published a few years ago, is a respectable monument of his talents and industry. We are unacquainted with the particulars of the education of the future dramatist; but his intimate scholastic knowledge of the ancient drama evinces, that his classical education was carefully attended to. The predilection of his early studies was towards that department of poetry in which he has since excelled; and his peculiar tastes during his early years made him an actor by profession, and a lecturer on the drama, in both of which capacities he spent several years. Thus admirably was he fitted for that revolution of the English Stage which was so imperiously needed. He was by nature a poet; by study he had made himself familiar with the whole range of dramatic writing, and especially that of our own country; and as a practical orator he was well acquainted with all the mechanical powers and intellectual resources, which are so necessary to constitute stage effect. He was thus qualified by his peculiar avocations for combining the racy old spirit of the Elizabethan age, with those modern improvements which are so essential to fill and gratify the eye in spectacular representation. From his native country he removed to Glasgow, where he taught elocution with great success; and of several of our northern orators who have since distinguished themselves by their eloquence, he might now exclaim, with honest pride, "I taught the boys to speak!" But in all these changes he felt that his proper office was still in abeyance, and he endeavoured to procure a representation of his *Virginius*. None who are acquainted with the politics of our theatres will wonder that his repeated applications were unsuccessful: even Shakspeare himself, had he risen from the dead, would have been unheeded in the same manner without an influential introduction to a manager. At length, however, the perseverance of Knowles procured him the attention of Macready, by whom his play was brought upon the boards under the most favourable circumstances, after which his reputation was established beyond the power of accident. From that period to the present time, he has been placed without a rival at the head of our modern drama. His diligence in maintaining that ascendancy has been equal to the perseverance which he displayed in acquiring it, so that since 1820, the period when he first became known to fame as the author of *Virginius*, thirteen plays have proceeded from his pen, all of various but distinguished merit, and whose titles are now as familiar with the public as household words. Of these, his *Hunchback* is perhaps the most popular, as it is the most perfect of his productions.

The great quality of Knowles's pieces, for which they are justly admired is, their dramatic effectiveness. In poetry, his claims are certainly not very high: he has no powerful and finished pictures which could stand out by themselves in the shape of extracts—but if he could even produce these he would perhaps throw them aside, as impediments of the dialogue and action. His aim is to strike, to astonish, and interest, by the number and variety of his situations, and in this he shows the skill of a finished play-wright. He also seldom or never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," notwithstanding the examples of his own immediate predecessors. Above all, he has pointed the way to a better dramatic era, which we trust will be occupied by still abler successors.



JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

DEATH OF DENTATUS.

Scene—THE FORUM.

App. Do you see my lictors?

Den. There are twelve of them.

App. What, if I bid them seize thee?

Den. They'd blush to do it.

App. Why now, Dentatus, I begin to know you;
I fancied you a man that loved to vent
His causeless anger in an under breath,
And speak it in the ear—and only then
When there was safety! Such a one, you'll own,
Is dangerous; and, to be trusted as
A friend or foe, unworthy. But I see
You rail to faces—Have you not so much
Respect for Appius as to take him by
The hand; when he confesses you have some
Pretence to quarrel with his colleagues' plans,
And find fault with himself? Which, yet you'll own,

May quite as well be kindly done, Dentatus,
As harshly—Had you only to myself,
Declared your discontents, the more you had rail'd
The more I should have thank'd you.

Den. Had I thought—

App. And have you been campaigning then so long,
And prosperously? and mistrust you, Sicinius,
That a young scarless soldier, like myself,
Would listen to your tutoring? See, now,
How much you have mistaken me! Dentatus,
In a word—Can you assist the generals;
And will you?

Den. I have all the will—but as
For the ability—

App. Tut! Tut! Dentatus,
You vex me now! This coyness sits not well on you.
You know as well as I, you have as much
Ability as will. I would not think you
A man that loved to find fault, but to find fault!
Surely the evil you complain of, you
Would lend a hand to remedy! See, now
'Tis fairly put to you—what say you?

Den. Appius!
You may use me as you please.

App. And that will be,
As you deserve! I'll send you, as my Legate,
To the army. (*Shout from the people.*) Do you hear
your friends, Dentatus?

A lucky omen that! Away! Away!
Apprise your house—prepare for setting out.
I'll hurry your credentials—Minutes now
Rate high as hours! Assist my colleagues with
Your counsel; if their plans displease you, why
Correct them! change them! utterly reject them;
And if you meet obstruction—notice me,
And I will push it by—There now!—Your hand!—
Again! Away! All the success attend you,
That Appius wishes you.

Den. Success is from
The gods; whose hand soe'er it pleases them
To send it by—I know not what success
'Tis Appius' wish they send; but this I know—
I am a soldier; and, as a soldier, I
Am bound to serve. All the success I ask,
Is that which benefits my country, Appius.

[*Exit Dentatus.*]

App. You have served her overlong! (*aside.*) Now
for our causes.

Scene—THE CAMP.

*Enter S. OPPIUS and Q. F. VIBULANUS.**Opp.* Has he set out?

Vibul. He has, my Oppius,
 And never to return! His guard's instructed
 To take good care of him. There's not a man
 But's ten times sold to us, and of our wishes
 Fully possess'd. Dentatus will no more
 Obstruct us in our plans. He did not like
 The site of our encampment. He will find
 At least the air of it was wholesome.

Opp. What
 Report are they instructed to bring back?

Vibul. They fell into an ambush.—He was slain.*Opp.* But should the truth, by any means, come out.

Vibul. Imprison them, and secretly despatch them,
 Or ope the dungeon doors, and let them 'scape.

Opp. I should prefer the latter method.

Vibul. Well,
 That be our choice. But when it is determined
 To spill blood otherwise than as it may
 Be spill'd, to hesitate about some drops
 Is weakness may be fatal.

From Virginius.

THE VAIN BRIDE.

Julia. An ample fortune, Helen—I shall be
 A happy wife! What routs, what balls, what masques,
 What gala days!

Clifford (aside). For these she marries me!
 She'll talk of these!

Julia. Think not, when I am wed,
 I'll keep the house as owlet does her tower,
 Alone,—when every other bird's on wing.
 I'll use my palfrey, Helen; and my coach;
 My barge too for excursions on the Thames;
 What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington!
 What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Blackheath!
 What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham, Kew!
 I'll set a pattern to your lady wives!

Clifford. Ay, lady? Trust me, not at my expense.

Julia. And what a wardrobe! I'll have change of suits
 For every day in the year! and sets for days!

My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,
 And evening dress! then will I show you lace
 A foot deep, can I purchase it; if not,
 I'll speedily bespeak it. Diamonds too!
 Not buckles, rings, and ear-rings only,—but
 Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems!
 I'll shine! be sure I will.

Clifford (aside). Then shine away;

Who covets thee may wear thee; I'm not he!

Julia. And then my title! Soon as I put on
 The ring, I'm Lady Clifford. So I take
 Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en
 The richest heiress in the land! At town
 Or country ball, you'll see me take the lead,
 While wives that carry on their backs the wealth
 To dower a princess, shall give place to me;—
 Will I not profit, think you, by my right?
 Be sure I will! marriage shall prove to me
 A never-ending pageant. Every day
 Shall show how I am spoused! I will be known
 For Lady Clifford all the city through,
 And fifty miles the country round about.
 Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, barenet,—
 Not perishable knight! who, when he makes
 A lady of me, doubtless must expect
 To see me play the part of one.

Clifford (coming forward). Most true.

But not the part which you design to play.

Julia. A list'ner, Sir!

Clifford. By chance, and not intent.

Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er
 More thankless duty to my heart discharged!
 Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense
 Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most
 It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!
 O Julia! is it you? Could I have set
 A coronet upon that stately brow,
 Where partial nature hath already bound
 A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—
 I had been proud to see thee proud of it,—
 So for the donor thou had'st ta'en the gift,
 Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have pour'd
 The wealth of richest Cræsus in thy lap,
 I had been blest to see thee scatter it,
 So I was still thy riches paramount!

Julia. Know you me, Sir?

Clifford. I do! On Monday week,

We were to wed, and are, so you're content
 The day that weds, wives you to be widow'd. Take
 The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!
 Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;
 Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me,
 Although the coveted of every eye,
 Who would not wear me for myself alone.

Julia. And do you carry it so proudly, Sir?

Clifford. Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, Lady!
 I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week,
 Till then, farewell! and then,—farewell for ever!
 O Julia, I have ventured for thy love,
 As the bold merchant, who, for only hope
 Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk.
 Before I ask'd a portion of thy heart,
 I perill'd all my own; and now, all's lost!

From The Hunchback.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

Constance (courtesying). What delight
 To back the flying steed, that challenges
 The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
 Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
 Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!
 Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
 He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
 I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
 Is ecstasy of motion!

Wildrake. You are used,
 I see, to the chase.

Constance. I am, Sir! Then the leap—
 To see the saucy barrier, and know
 The mettle that can clear it! Then your time
 To prove you master of the manage. Now
 You keep him well together for a space,
 Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
 Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
 And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes
 Light as a bird on wing.

Wildrake. 'Twere a bold leap,
 I see, that turn'd you, Madam.

Constance (courtesying). Sir, you're good!
 And then the hounds, Sir! Nothing I admire
 Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.

The training's every thing! Keen on the scent!
 At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
 None leaving his task to another!—answering
 The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
 As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
 How close they keep together!—What a pack!
 Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream, divides them—as
 They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
 And then the concert they keep up!—enough
 To make one tenant of the merry-wood,
 To list their jocund music!

Wildrake. You describe
 The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Constance. I love it!
 To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
 A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
 But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
 All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
 Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,
 While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
 Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
 Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
 And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
 Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
 Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
 Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
 Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
 That life was life before!

From The Love Chase.

FROM WILLIAM TELL.

Tell. Could I find
 Something to tear—to rend were worth it—something
 Most ravenous and bloody—something like
 Gesler; a wolf—no, no; a wolf's a lamb
 To Gesler! it is natural hunger makes
 The wolf a savage, and savage as he is,
 Yet with his kind he gently doth consort.
 'Tis but his lawful prey he tears, and that
 He finishes, not mangles, and then leaves
 To live! they slander him who call him cruel:
 He hath no joy in cruelty, but as
 It ministers to his most needful want:
 He does not know that he is cruel—no—
 Not when he rends an infant. I would let
 The wolf go free for Gesler! Water! water!
 My tongue cleaves to my roof.

FROM WILLIAM TELL.

Meletal. What is 't you fear, my daughter?
Is 't the lake?

Emma. No—no! The lake is rough,
Chafed with the storm of yesternight—'tis rough;
But 'tis not that I fear. What business have
The lances in that bark? What's that he does?
He steers her right upon a rock!—'Tis in
Despair, and there he'll die before my eyes!—
Ha! what!—What's that?—He springs upon the rock!
He flies!—he's free!—but they pursue him!

* * * *

Enter TELL from an eminence.

Tell. Whene'er I choose, I have the speed of them.
Nor dare they shoot: so oft as they prepare,
If I but bend my bow, the terror of
The deadly aim alone transfixes them,
That down they drop their weapons by their sides,
And stand at gaze, with lapsed power, as though
In every heart an arrow from my bow
Stood quivering. I knew that beetling cliff
Would cost them breath to climb. They top it now.
Ha! (*Bends his bow*) Have I brought you to a stand
again?

I'll keep you there, to give your master time
To breathe. Poor slaves! no game are you for me;
But could I draw the tyrant on that shrinks
Behind you!—There he is! I'll take the crag,
From which a leap, they dare not take, at once
Enables me to distance them, and there
Bring him to parley. (*Ascends the crag.*)

Enter ARCHERS and SPEARMEN followed by GESLER.

Ges. Wherefore do you fly?

Tell. Wherefore do you pursue me? Said you not
You'd give me liberty, if through the storm
I safely steer'd your prow? The waves did then
Lash over you; your pilot left the helm;
I took it, and they rear'd their heads no more,
Unless to bow them and give way to me
And let your pinnacle on. You did repeat
Your promise, as you trembling lay along
The bottom of the bark, and scann'd the looks
Of your pale crew that shrunk, while fiercer wax'd
The fury of the wind, and to its height

The roaring of the angry thunder rose,
Through which I bore you as through savage foes,
My friends, that for my sake forbore. You twice
Promised me liberty. I only take
What you did promise.

Ges. Traitor, 'twas your place
To wait my time.

Tell. It would have been, had I
Believed that time would come. If I'm a prize
Worthy to take, why hang you thus behind
Your minions? Why not lead the chase yourself?
Lack you the manhood e'en to breast the sport
You love?

Ges. Transfix the slave with all your darts
At once.

Tell. Ha!

*[Takes aim again—they drop their weapons,
which they had half raised.]*

Follow me! Keen huntsmen they
The game itself must urge. Keep up the chase!

Ges. You keep too close together. Spread yourselves,
That some of you may hit him unawares.
His quiver full of ducats to the man
That brings him down. On, cowards—on, I say! *[Exeunt.]*



LOVE SEEKS CONTRAST.

Julia. You're from the town;
How comes it, Sir, you seek a country wife?
Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that.

Clifford. In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.
Complexion, stature, nature, mateth it,
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell!
Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,
Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,
That makes the orient poor! So with degrees.
Rank passes by the circlet-graced brow,
Upon the forehead bare of notelessness
To print the nuptial kiss! As with degrees
So is't with habits; therefore I, indeed
A gallant of the town, the town forsake,
To win a country wife.

From The Hunchback.

THE VAIN WIDOW.

Widow Green. Thou'lt find out better when thy time
doth come.
Now would'st believe I love not Master Waller?
I never knew what love was, Lydia;
That is, as your romancers have it. First,
I married for a fortune. Having that,
And being freed from him that brought it me,
I marry now, to please my vanity,
A man that is the fashion. O the delight
Of a sensation, and yourself the cause!
To note the stir of eyes, and ears, and tongues,
When they do usher Mistress Waller in,
Late Widow Green, her hand upon the arm
Of her young handsome husband!—How my fan
Will be in requisition—I do feel
My heart begin to flutter now—my blood
To mount into my cheek! My honey-moon
Will be a month of triumphs!—"Mistress Waller!"
That name, for which a score of damsels sigh,
And but the widow had the wit to win!

Why, it will be the talk of East and West,
 And North and South!—The children loved the man,
 And lost him so—I liked, but there I stopp'd;
 For what is it to love, but mind and heart
 And soul upon another to depend?
 Depend upon another!—Nothing be
 But what another wills!—Give up the rights
 Of mine own brain and heart!—I thank my stars
 I never came to that extremity!

From The Love Chase.

THE GROWTH OF DEVOTED LOVE.

Lorenzo. I dare be sworn your passion
 Was such a thing, as by its neighbourhood
 Made piety and virtue twice as rich
 As e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,
 Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,
 And see how innocent a thing it is
 Which thou dost fear to show.—I wait your answer.
 How grew your passion?

Mariana. As my stature grew,
 Which rose without my noting it, until
 They said I was a woman I kept watch
 Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
 An avalanche my father rescued him,
 The sole survivor of a company
 Who wander'd through our mountains. A long time
 His life was doubtful, Signor, and he call'd
 For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
 Morning and night, invoked along with him.—
 So first our souls did mingle!

Lorenzo. I perceive:—you mingled souls until you
 mingled hearts?
 You loved at last.—Was't not the sequel, maid?

Mariana. I loved, indeed! If I but nursed a flower
 Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
 That flower of all our garden was my pride:—
 What then was he to me, for whom I thought
 To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
 With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up,
 I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
 Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
 And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
 Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day!

Lorenzo. You loved, and he did love?

Mariana. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As nought remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct!
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour,
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

Lorenzo. This spoke impediment: or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.

Mariana. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was.—I wonder'd still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talk'd of leaving us; at length,
He fix'd the parting day—but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound!—Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fix'd to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

Lorenzo. To follow him,
You came to Mantua?

Mariana. What could I do?—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home; he loved his child,
And ask'd me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, "To Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua! to breathe the air he breathed,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance, on him!—perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told, I lived and died his love.

From The Wife.

THIS accomplished lady, who has written such beautiful and touching poetry, was born of a family in which genius may be said to be hereditary, being granddaughter to the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Having lost her father at an early period of life, the education of Caroline, the future poetess, was chiefly conducted by her mother, who devoted herself to the happiness of her children with a zeal and affection, of which none but a woman and a mother can be susceptible. Her cares were nobly repaid by the genius and accomplishments of her daughters, and especially of the subject of this notice; and such was their early proficiency, that Caroline and her sister, before the age of twelve, had filled two manuscript volumes with their verses. As Mrs. Sheridan, however, was a mother who studied the solid happiness rather than the celebrity of her children, she kept works of fiction carefully out of their way, and rather discouraged than promoted these efforts of genius; so that when Mrs. Norton published her poem, entitled *The Undying One*, she had read fewer novels and romances than most young people of her age.

At the age of nineteen, Miss Sheridan became the Honourable Mrs. Norton, by her marriage with the brother of Lord Grantley; but the infelicity of this union, and the unfortunate results, are too well known to require further mention. Of her poetry, it is almost impossible to speak in terms of sufficient commendation. It is not enough to say, that it possesses all the elegance and tenderness which are to be expected from a female pen; it also exhibits, with these qualities, a strength of thought, and a depth of feeling, which are generally looked for in the other sex only. As the charms of intellectual exertion, next to the duties of religion, form the chief solaces of the afflicted and persecuted, we trust that a still brighter literary career than the past is to be fulfilled by the future productions of Mrs. Norton.

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

And be not thou cast down, because thy lot
 The glory of thy dream resembleth not.
 Not for herself was woman first create,
 Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.
 Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,
 The first, the last, the faithfulest of friends;
 Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,
 Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;
 Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries
 'To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!
 And doubt not thou—(although at times deceived,
 Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and grieved;
 Too often made a victim or a toy,
 With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;
 Too oft forgot 'midst Pleasure's circling wiles,
 Or only valued for her rosy smiles—)
 That, in the frank and generous heart of man,
 The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;
 Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,
 He sees in *her* the angel of recall;

Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,
 Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;
 Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride
 His faithful partner by his calm fire-side;
 And oft, when barr'd of Fortune's fickle grace,
 Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,
 Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,
 And owns her power to soothe him into rest—
 Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth
 To cheer his toils and trials upon earth!

From The Dream.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
 Where in bright days, long past, we play'd together?
 Do you remember all the old home faces
 That gather'd round the hearth in wintry weather?
 Do you remember all the happy meetings,
 In summer evenings round the open door—
 Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender greetings,
 And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more?
 Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter;
 The voices round the swing in our old garden:
 The dog that, when we ran, still follow'd after;
 The teasing frolic sure of speedy pardon?
 We were but children *then*, young happy creatures,
 And hardly knew how much we had to lose—
 But *now* the dreamlike memory of those features
 Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit muse.
 Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed
 From all the old companions who were round us,
 How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
 And talk'd with smiles of all the links which bound us?
 And after, when our footsteps were returning,
 With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain;
 How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,
 To think how soon we'd be at home again:
 Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
 Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;

How we thought less of being famed in story,
 And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?
 Do you remember, in far countries, weeping,
 When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
 Old happy thoughts which till that hour were sleeping,
 And made us yearn for those we left behind?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound 'woke gladly,
 But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
 How for a while we talk'd—then paused full sadly,
 Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing?
 Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my brother,
 Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,
 For we have nothing left but one another;—
 Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go—

Let us remember this.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
 And what they do or suffer men record;
 But the long sacrifice of woman's days
 Passes without a thought—without a word;
 And many a holy struggle for the sake
 Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd—
 For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
 And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd—
 Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
 And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
 Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
 In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
 Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells
 Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate:
 The soldier dies surrounded;—could he live
 Alone to suffer, and alone to strive?

Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom
 Shows deeper horror than a common tomb!
 Who sleep within? The men who would evade
 An unseen lot of which they felt afraid.
 Embarrassment of means, which work'd annoy—
 A past remorse—a future blank of joy—
 The sinful rashness of a blind despair—
 These were the strokes which sent your victims there.

EVENING.

Oh! dear to him, to all, since first the flowers
 Of happy Eden's consecrated bowers
 Heard the low breeze along the branches play,
 And God's voice bless the cool hour of the day.
 For though that glorious Paradise be lost,
 Though earth by blighting storms be roughly cross'd,
 Though the long curse demands the tax of sin,
 And the day's sorrows with the day begin,
 That hour, once sacred to God's presence, still
 Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
 The holiest hour of earth. Then toil doth cease—
 Then from the yoke the oxen find release—
 Then man rests pausing from his many cares,
 And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!
 Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,
 The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast;
 The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
 Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep;
 And angels, floating by, on radiant wings,
 Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings,
 Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,
 The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle song,
 And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,
 As things too sacred for this fallen star.

From The Dream.

MOSES AMONG THE BULRUSHES.

When the mournful Jewish mother
 Laid her infant down to rest,
 In doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
 On the water's changeful breast;
 She knew not what the future
 Should bring the sorely tried:
 That the High Priest of her nation,
 Was the babe she sought to hide.
 No! in terror wildly flying,
 She hurried on her path;
 Her swoln heart full to bursting
 Of woman's helpless wrath;
 Of that wrath so blent with anguish,
 When we seek to shield from ill
 Those feeble little creatures
 Who seem more helpless still!

*

Ah! no doubt, in such an hour,
Her thoughts were harsh and wild;
The fiercer burn'd her spirit,
The more she loved her child;
No doubt, a frenzied anger
Was mingled with her fear,
When that prayer arose for justice
Which God hath sworn to hear.
He heard it! From His heaven,
In its blue and boundless scope,
He saw that task of anguish,
And that fragile ark of hope;
When she turn'd from that lost infant
Her weeping eyes of love,
And the cold reeds bent beneath it—
His angels watch'd above!
She was spared the bitter sorrow
Of her young child's early death,
Or the doubt where he was carried
To draw his distant breath;
She was call'd his life to nourish
From the well-springs of her heart,
God's mercy re-uniting
Those whom man had forced apart!

From Twilight.



FROM THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

Nor only these thy presence woo,
The less inspired own thee too!
Thou hast thy tranquil source
In the deep well-springs of the human heart,
And gushest with sweet force
When most imprison'd; causing tears to start
In the worn citizen's o'erwearied eye,
As, with a sigh,
At the bright close of some rare holiday,
He sees the branches wave, the waters play—
And hears the clock's far distant mellow chime
Warn him a busier world reclaims his time!

Thee, childhood's heart confesses—when he sees
The heavy rose-bud crimson in the breeze,
When the red coral wins his eager gaze,
Or the warm sunbeam dazzles with its rays.
Thee, through his varied hours of rapid joy,
The eager Boy—
Who wild across the grassy meadow springs,
And still with sparkling eyes
Pursues the uncertain prize,
Lured by the velvet glory of its wings!

And so from youth to age—yea, till the end—
An unforsaking, unforgetting friend,
Thou hoverest round us! And when all is o'er,
And earth's most loved illusions please no more,
Thou stealest gently to the couch of Death;
There, while the lagging breath
Comes faint and fitfully, to usher nigh
Consoling visions from thy native sky,
Making it sweet to die!
The sick man's ears are faint—his eyes are dim—
But his heart listens to the heavenward hymn,
And his soul sees—in lieu of that sad band,
Who come with mournful tread
To kneel about his bed—
God's white-robed angels, who around him stand,
And wave his spirit to "the Better Land!"

THIS unfortunate victim of calumny, whose name is still associated with our most tender and mournful recollections, was born in February, 1806, and was eldest daughter of Francis, late Marquis of Hastings, and Flora, Countess of Loudon in her own right. Thus highly distinguished by a birth which connected her with the ancient royal family of Scotland, and that of the present dynasty of Great Britain, she was also endowed with beauty, talents, and amiable manners, so as to be the delight of her own domestic and social circle, and an ornament of elevated society. She received the appointment of Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Kent; and while in this office, the disease of which she ultimately died (an enlargement of the liver) excited those injurious whispers which led to results that are still fresh in the memory of the public. She died at Buckingham Palace on the 5th of July, 1839, and was interred in the family vault at Loudon, Ayrshire.

Lady Flora had for several years been requested by her friends to publish her poems: but this she steadfastly refused, from her delicate aversion to public notice. Just previous to her death, however, she had collected them for publication, "with the view," as she expressed it, "of dedicating whatever profits might be derived from them to the service of God, in the parish where her mother's family have long resided." During the present year they have been published by her sister, and their excellence is such as to deepen our regret for the loss which has been sustained by her untimely death, as well as to increase our indignation for the causes that occasioned it.

THE SWAN SONG.

Grieve not that I die young.—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am bless'd—but I would be *more free*;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world;
Till fancy's many-colour'd wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?
I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to *Him* who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart.
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
Let me depart!

THE CROSS OF VASCO DA GAMA.

We have breasted the surge, we have furrow'd the wave,
We have spread the white sail to the favouring breeze;
We have sped from the land of the fair and the brave,
Widely to wander o'er untried seas.
There is hope in our hearts, there is joy on our brow,
For the bright cross is beaming before us now!

Sadly we swept through the sounding deep,
Sadly we thought of our distant home—
Of the land where our fathers' ashes sleep,
Of the land where our fairy children roam.
Brothers! our sad tears must cease to flow,
For the bright cross is beaming before us now!

Spread we the sail to the winged wind—
Hail to the waves of the southern sea!
Deep is the furrow we leave behind,
As we dash through the waters merrily;
And snowy the spray round our lofty prow,
For the bright cross is beaming before us now!

Cross of the south, in the deep blue heaven—
Herald of mercy, thy form hath shone!
Gladly we welcome the presage given—
The land, the fair land of the south is our own;
And mildly the light of true faith shall glow,
For the bright cross is beaming before us now!

SONG.

When first I met thee, on thy brow
The light of fancy play'd,
And brightly beam'd the eyes which now
Those downcast lashes shade.
Thou mov'dst an airy form of light,
A thing almost divine;
I might not dim thy fortunes bright
By love so sad as mine.

For I had seen the dreams depart
Which once illusion shed;
Had known the chillness of the heart
When youth's gay charm is fled.
Thou wert so bless'd, thou could'st not share
The darkness of my doom;
Thou wert a flower too sweet, too rare,
To cheer the desert's gloom.

But years are past, and thou hast known
Youth's noon-dreams fade away;
The light of *cloudless* mirth is flown,
And rapture's fleeting ray.
Chasten'd and calm the hope appears
That gilds thy placid brow;
Sweet sister! in this vale of tears,
I dare to love thee now.

THE END.



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